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18/1901

Wofford College Journal.

Literary Department.

T. F. WATKINS, Editor.

Woman's Love and Influence.

This is the day of great things. Some great master minds have taken hold of the lesser things of life and, by a fixed determination and diligent research, have discovered in them some formerly unknown truths.

Education forms the fundamental basis upon which science, art, religion, politics, social and industrial pursuits rest. But progress in education is attained only through a series of steps and not by a single leap. The different stages of development are clearly seen when we recognize the college as the outgrowth of the public school, and as a stepping stone to our greatest educational institution. As the "never ending Flood of Years" rolls onward with untiring energy, the field of education is being broadened, and its influence is being disseminated with enthusiastic vigor, until the area of its work almost comprises the world.

Science, art and religion go hand-in-hand. For wherever man's views of education are broadened, wherever he gazes with admiration at the works of nature, at the infinite hosts of heaven, the stars and the golden sun, he begins to worship, in sacred adoration, some Divine Being. Wherever his conceptions of nature—the true handiwork of God—are more thoroughly adjusted, he takes the unchangeable laws of nature and applies them to his own wants and needs. As long as man sees the celestial heavens studded with glittering

constellations of resplendent beauty, he forms some conception of the Divine Creator, and he offers up, with an unfaltering trust, his thanks for the numberless blessings he has received. As long as man has the faculty of perceiving much that is beautiful, sacred and good, with divine inspiration, he can draw the great pictures suggestive of life and delicate transcriptions of nature which are to be found not only in the ideal home but in the great halls of state.

Even as education must be developed through successive steps so politics and socialism, dependent upon it, must undergo the different changes characterizing that development. By the process of evolution the tribal organizations of many centuries past have been developed, through the still lapse of ages, into the most complete systems of governmental mechanism. Social aggregation follows the natural order of convenience and necessity in government. From the tent life of the nomadic age to the modern metropolis, the same principle governs both, and economic considerations for the masses of humanity have determined residence.

Only through the instrumentality of man are these elements made possible. Without his foresight and keen observation, and without his unfailing determination to succeed, the accomplishment of all would be impracticable.

The development of man forms a parallel construction with that of education, for he can only advance through a series of steps, namely, the stages of life. Deepest impressions are made upon his mind during the age of childhood. Conceptions of the new can more easily be formed, and the conditions with which he is surrounded more easily absorbed and assimilated. But the sole forces, the impulsive powers, by which man is made to strive after the accomplishments of the yearnings of his soul for the higher things of life, are woman's love and influence.

These attributes that are given to woman first make themselves evident in the home, the place of peace, and the shelter not only from all injury but from all doubt, terror and division. The ideal home is the place where the inconsistency of society is denied admittance, and where the cares and

anxieties of life are soothed and lessened in their penetration. It is a sacred place, a vestal temple, where all the good and amiable are received with love. And wherever a woman comes this home is always round her. It matters not whether out under the deep blue heavens, shedding their quiet light upon those gathered around her, the home is where she is. Now, may we not grant that her love and influence are more evident and strikingly forceful here? Ruskin has said of woman's love, "As variable as the light, manifold in fair and serene division, that it may take the color of all that it falls upon and exalt it." In the home with such a mother the child is to be trained up to manhood. The tiny plant is imbedded in the hot-house. It receives the warmth of the kindly sun whose beaming rays penetrate the glass above it. Together, with the attentive care of the gardener, this little plant opens wide its delicate folds to drink in its life-giving rays, and bursts forth into a full grown flower. The seeds of this little flower are either blown about by the winds, or carried away by the songsters whose sweet notes fill the fragrant air with one melodious strain. It matters not whether they are dropped upon the brow of a hill studded with pines, or in the deep valley, a flower having the likeness of the first springs forth to share equally the dews of heaven with the violet and the wild rose growing near by.

The same is true of the child sustained by the influence of early training. The mother in the home, guided by the hand of the Divine Providence, administers to its every need, and its growth is seen in its upward step to manhood. At this period in life he is brought in contact with the world around him. The thoughts which he communicates to those over whom he must necessarily have an influence, are, in some degree, dependent upon the care and attention that he received when a child, and even more upon the influence exerted upon him at that time.

The sun moves onward in his course from day to day. Although it is sometimes veiled in obscurity by dark clouds, yet it imparts that same warmth and glow to the universe,

for in its regular course through the heavens it is directed by the Creator. Man goes onward, upward, higher, higher, from effort to success. Sustained and guided by the Divine Providence, through the instrumentality of woman's love and influence, he walks in the footsteps of those who trod the narrow path that leads to the eternal resting place of God's chosen laborers. Were it not for this sustaining influence "man, the suspension-bridge over the river of life, would not be able to bear the countless treasures of seven thousand years."

The degradation of humanity, when once deprived of its honor, does not create a surprise. The untimely death of those who debar the sunshine of peace from their souls, who sever all intimate relations with the joys of daily life, is not abnormal. Yet it is a wonder to see a woman having unlimited power to wield over her child and its father in the home, purer than the air of heaven and stronger than the seas of earth, abdicate on account of trivial jealousies. "Flowers can only flourish in the gardens of those who love them." Is it not the greatest aim of humanity to save the wayside Flowers, that have life as well as we, from withering away—from the temptations of the intemperate world, and show them how beautiful the law of love can make the cares and toils of a daily life? Are not woman's love and influence great, are they not the predominating forces in human society, when, through their instrumentality, the Flowers, filled with the breath of life, can be charmed along life's pilgrimage until they arrive safely at home?

Woman's love and influence, though first evident in the home, are not confined to that limited sphere. They are found in all parts of the world and in every phase of life. In the great temple of nature her power is to rule, not to battle. Over her head, arched "like some cathedral dome", are the star-lit heavens; beneath her feet is the floor, clothed with costly green of spring. "The fair ranks of trees bud forth, shake their green leaves in the breeze, and shoot towards heaven." The meandering streams well softly forth and wander through the mighty forests, then down into the deep

valleys of this temple. The miracle still goes on around her, and the "perpetual work of the creation is finished, yet renewed forever."

Most fortunate was that day on which woman took a place in the world of literature. There are countless numbers who would take issue here, but there is plenty of room for argument for woman—not the modern woman, but the woman of letters. She is nevertheless given the privilege of expressing herself, and generally, when a woman advertises herself by her pen, she is quite prepared in sustaining her influence over those into whose hands her literary productions may happen to fall. The old theorem that a "drop of ink will make a million think," was never thought of with reference to a woman. Now, in this advanced age of civilization, when woman wields such a powerful influence, she is permitted to become verily a queen, if she has the essential qualities; and her pen is a mighty instrument in conveying beautiful thoughts if she herself wishes to give an exposition of her philosophy of life, or general opinion of co-existing circumstances.

George Eliott has won a world-wide fame in literature. The secret of her success was her ability to portray character. Many writers have made an equal distribution of the essential elements of prosody, the back-ground plot and characters; but she has laid more stress, she portrayed with more vividness the characters, having the power to go to both extremes—that is, to be able to portray the most beautiful life-like characters or those suggesting participation in infamous crimes and vices. Her success as a moralist has been unparalleled in the history of literary achievement.

What have been the opinions of the wisest and purest minded men respecting the true dignity of woman? With the exception of Henry V, Shakespeare has no heroes, and we notice that the catastrophe of every play is caused by the subsequent folly of some man, the redemption of which can only be brought about by the virtue of some woman. We are conscious of the presence of some wicked women, as "Lady Macbeth," yet these are exceptions to the ordinary

laws of life. "Fatal in their influence, also, in proportion to the power of good, which they have abandoned." Such, in broad light, is the testimony of Shakespeare regarding the position and character of woman in human life.

Sir Walter Scott has given us the broadest views of the conditions and modes of ordinary thought in modern society. In his writings it is the woman who occupies the chief place, who watches over and teaches the youth.

Woman's love and influence are felt where courage and faithfulness to duty are needed. There are times when they have been a source of inspiration to the soldier. Cherishing the pure thought that he is battling in her behalf, he goes forth to overcome the powers of darkness and to march triumphantly to the goal of his hope and ambition. Not only has woman been an inspiration to man, but she has entered into life's conflict to perform her duty. It is a high attainment in self-conquest to preserve silence. Yet there are times when silence and inactivity are cowardice and disloyalty. Some innate feeling, some impulsive thought, forces one to act, even if life is the forfeit. The destiny of many nations has been intrusted in the hands of woman, nor has she failed at any critical moment to think wisely, judge correctly and act nobly. This inborn feeling was the same that possessed Joan of Arc when her country was threatened with civilization's greatest enemy—war. This rural maiden, touched by the pitiful cries ol her nation, rose, as it were, out of the dim unknown to free her country from the encroachments of its relentless oppressor. Inspired by the God who watched over her, and believing that she would conquer, she led her followers to victory, but gave up her life at the martyr's stake.

But when we see woman taking a part in the affairs of public life we cannot see her in her true dignity and worth. The greatest need of France today is the help of woman. Not the modern woman—the woman of fashion, frivolity and vanity; but the woman in the home pure and unspotted before the world.

John Randolph has wisely said that he would have been

an atheist if he had not been taught to say the Lord's prayer at his mother's knee.

Society has been corrupted because of the encouragement given, by men, to frivolous women in their vice and wickedness. Let us not encourage or endorse this frivolity practiced by women; let us not look upon the modern woman with satisfaction; but rather let us cherish in our hearts the deepest respect for the purity and modesty of woman. Let us all zealously endeavor to guard the honor of woman, to shield her from the dangers of wordly influence and to protect her name and character from the vulgar sayings of an intemperate world.

O, mothers of a mighty race, do not forsake the home with its happy surroundings for the fashions and pleasures of social life, but learn to realize that "she who rocks the cradle rules the world." Let this be done and then despair and desolation in the home, corruption and disgrace in public affairs, will vanish as a fog before the rising sun. Let this be done and then politics will be purified, social evils will be eradicated, religion shall be exalted to its proper sphere. Paganism will yield to Christianity, and peace and harmony will rule the world.

WALTER K. GREENE.

Echo Rock.

There are few old places in South Carolina that have not some legend to boast of. The little town of Clinton is not an exception to this well established rule. Natural curiosities are rare and Clinton is justly proud of Echo Rock.

In a wide valley, through which the Santee majestically flows, is a small hill upon which is situated a large rock that the uneducated people of the neighborhood believe to be infested with evil spirits that are guided directly by the devil himself. Many weird stories are told concerning the rock, and probably the most gruesome is that one which concerns

the discovery of the wonderful properties which belong to it. Two brothers, Jim and John Baxter, lived in a neat little brown cottage nestled among the evergreens on the steep bank. On a calm Sabbath evening John, as tradition has it, was seen slowly making his way down the precipitous bank to the river side. Here he secured a small boat and prepared to cross the rapidly flowing stream. It was not a difficult undertaking for he was an excellent oarsman, and soon the weeping willows which skirted the banks hid him from view.

The neighborhood was thinly populated, the parsonage, two miles distant, being the nearest residence. It was rumored that John was a favorite at the parsonage—especially with the parson's eldest daughter. Thus it takes no great amount of intuition on the reader's part to guess where John is bound for. When leaving he told his brother he would return in a few hours. He did not return at the specified time; however, his brother was not alarmed, for it was not an unusual thing for him to get in late. At his usual hour Jim retired, and when he awoke he found to his surprise that his brother had not returned. Having some business to transact near the parsonage, he decided to drop in and learn if John was still there. The trip was short, and soon Jim's sturdy frame was seen striding up the gravel path which led to the house. Before reaching the house he was greeted by the parson who was lying at full length on the luxuriant grass under a giant oak, whose high head and massive branches shot far out in the balmy air and were being swayed gently back and forth by a morning breeze.

Upon inquiry he found that his brother had left the parsonage as usual, and saw at once that something serious must have prevented his return home. Jim became alarmed, and the preacher, seeing his fright, offered to aid him in the search for the young man. His services were gratefully accepted and the two set out—one alarmed for the safety of his brother, the other offering advice as to the probable course which the young man might have taken, and telling him that under all circumstances John was in the safest

hands, and whatever befell him he must remember that it was the will of Him who doeth all things for the best.

After deciding on the places to be searched, they separated, one going on the hill near the open country and the other following the swamp and marshes.

The search was continued for perhaps an hour when the voice of the preacher was heard to break the awful stillness of the swamp, and sounding as though it bore ill news in its muffled tones. At first Jim did not understand, but on coming nearer soon learned that tracks had been discovered in the mud which were indeed John's. The tracks led towards the house, but were on the opposite side of the river.

The mud was becoming softer and softer, and at each step it became more difficult to go forward. The searchers were now thoroughly alarmed on account of the mud and quicksand bars. Both despaired of ever hearing of the young man again. A white piece of paper was seen to rustle as a breath of air stirred the leaves, and the parson thinking perhaps it was a clue to the search, after almost being overwhelmed in the mud and sand, succeeded in reaching it. But to his horror he saw that it was clutched between the fingers of a hand. He knew the rest, and the only exclamation that escaped him was, "Thy will be done." The fatal truth flashed to Jim--he saw, he knew it all. The parson composed himself and read the crumpled sheet of paper, closed it and, sighing heavily, handed it to Jim. The contents were: "I have fallen in the quicksand; probably help will reach me too late. At first I shouted for help, and as my voice died away the cry 'being entombed in quicksand, was wafted back to me from the hill. I shouted again and again, thinking that you thought I was trying to frighten you, but at each time the cry came back 'being entombed in quicksand.' Then I remembered that sounds were echoed here. Forgive me, brother, for doubting you." Here the 'you' was stretched over the line which showed

that the sand had forced his arms apart and that the cry 'being entombed in quicksand' was rapidly being fulfilled.

T. C. Moss.

Side Lights of the Pan-American.

It is altogether impossible in the limited space accorded me to give other than a general description of the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo. So many things confront the visitor's eye on entering the grounds that he is confounded when asked what is the most interesting feature of the exhibition by the lake side. Everything is interesting, in fact. On passing through the great archway that serves as an entrance to the grounds, the visitor's attention is directed first to four stately colonnades situated upon the Bridge of Triumph, upon each of which are written in bas-relief the four civic graces—Benevolence, Virtue, Justice and Liberty. There they stand, serene and vigilant, keeping an untiring watch over the exposition scene. Going further down, on his left one sees the Temple of Music—around which shall ever cluster recollections of a darksome deed a building which, indeed, is surpassed by none in beauty of architecture and in decorative treatment. On his right he beholds a most beautiful spectacle—the wonderful hydraulic and fountain effects, the magnificent court settings and the splendid horticultural and floral effects. Here art and nature join in fitting combination to tell the story of the progress of the human race in the century that has just passed. Here the lovely trees, the glistening fountains, and the beautiful lakes bespeak, in a language all their own, of the time when man made his first settlements and fought his first battles for liberty of conscience and liberty of speech on this sacred soil.

The next thing that attracts one's attention is the Grand Electric Tower, which is a spectacle of wondrous beauty. The most impressive view to be had of the Tower is to stand on the Triumphal Bridge just as the evening shades begin to

hover over the grounds. The electric lights, beginning with a pale blue colored tint, brighten, not glaringly, but with increasing beauty until the hundreds of thousands of vari-colored bulbs burst forth in all their resplendent loveliness. The scene reminds one of a fairyland and he is almost constrained to ask the question "Is it truly real?" and yet he knows it is not an irridescent dream, not a delusive fancy, but a veritable reality.

In the northern portion of the three hundred and fifty acre tract of land, known as the exposition ground, one finds the Midway, or Vanity Fair, as you like it. This is an indispensable part of an exposition, it seems. Yet, it is not a vice-breeding Midway. Here the curious visitor may spend very pleasantly a few moments of his time in an alleged "Trip to the moon;" he may take an electric spin around the scenic tramway; he may be constrained to poke ten cents into the hands of the cashier to take in the "Streets of Cairo," and there to his utter astonishment, it may be, he beholds "Fair Women" mounted upon the back of the ungainly camel. "How but graceful they do ride," he exclaims; then again he may be seized with an irresistible desire to inspect the infant inhabitants of the incubators. The Pan-American Exposition at the Rain Bow City has come almost to a close. Its buildings will soon vanish out of sight, those beautiful works of art and sculpture will fade away; but their influence will abide to "Make it live beyond its too short living

With praises and thanksgiving."

LOY D. THOMPSON.

The Modern Corner-Stone.

Combination is a modern corner-stone. In the language of an eminent writer, whose arguments have impressed me, "A combination of labor is a trades union; a combination of intelligence a university; a combination of money a bank; an industrial combination is a combination of labor, intelligence and money."

With the advance of civilization there necessarily come changes in our customs and in our industries. In ancient times, when all people were savages, each was independent, supporting himself by hunting and fishing. But as years and centuries rolled by, each began taking up a trade, and exchanging the products of his labor for those of another. Then, two who were engaged in the same trade would form a partnership, and they would eventually combine with the others in the same trade. When we look at the status of things today, we see that these gradual concentrations of labor formed corporations. The combination of these corporations, which is simply the result of the process of centuries, formed what we now call by the name of "Trusts."

A great many regard these "Trusts" with horror. They have not learned enough of the subject to know what such an organization really is, and think of it as some terrible monster, which has the people in its clutches and from which they cannot escape. In 1880 several companies in New York State combined, turning over their stock to several Trustees, who kept the certificates of stock "in trust." From this we get the name, although this first and only real Trust was declared illegal by the courts of New York, and that decision was accepted throughout the United States. Soon after this several corporations combined, and the New York Trust being fresh in the minds of the people, this combination was called a "Trust." Ever since that time the name has been applied to certain business corporations. There is no reason why this should be objected to, since the word represents all that is good and best in human character.

Of course we find today some opposed to combinations of capital. There always has been, and always will be, certain men who try to stand in the way of progression. Nothing in this world stands still—we either go forward or else go backward. These men seem to think it time for us to stop and take a rest; they do not realize that the moment we stop we begin to go back. In the time of Charles II. there was an anti-fast mail party in England, which advanced the petition that "no public coach should be permitted to have

more than four horses, to start oftener than once a week, or to go more than thirty miles a day." Macauly, in commenting on this, said: "It is not impossible that our descendants, when they read of the hostility offered by cupidity and prejudice to the improvements of the nineteenth century, may smile in their turn." Perhaps the same prediction may be made now in regard to antagonism to Trusts.

Those opposed to trusts are in many cases highly intelligent, educated people. But they are out of the world of finance, where they probably read a great deal, but really have no practical knowledge of the subject. As some one has expressed it, "they are studying the history of industrial progress, but they are not making that history." In many cases they propose principles, which, if adopted, would ruin the financial condition of the United States, and seriously effect that of all foreign powers.

A prominent instance of this is the silver views of William Jennings Bryan. In 1896, while he was making his presidential campaign on this issue, our total exports amounted to eight hundred and eighty-two millions. Immediately after the election, and the removal of the doubtful issue, our exports jumped to one billion and fifty millions, the largest, up to that date, in our history. And yet Mr. Bryan was the champion of free silver. How could the acknowledged leading thinker and statesman in the Democratic party make such a gross, such a critical mistake. If Mr. Bryan, who was supposed to know more about the subject than any other of his party, was so mistaken about such a leading question as this, what grounds have we to suppose that his views, and those of many Democrats, in regard to expansion and Trusts are correct, two things so closely connected, and of such vital importance to our rapidly growing and expanding commerce? It is acknowledged that the Democratic party is not what it once was. It depends little on principle, but of late has become simply an anti-Republican party—opposing all issues the Republicans bring up. It is too much like the old farmer, who, arriving late at a meeting, and being asked for his opinion on the subject under

discussion, replied, "I don't know what it is y'r talking about, but whatever it is, I'm ag'in it."

The Democrats declare, and are always declaring that they are solidly opposed to Trusts, and that they will advocate any and all measures made against them. In 1890 an act was introduced by Mr. John Sherman, Republican, and passed by Congress, entitled, "An Act to Protect Trade and Commerce Against Unlawful Restraint and Monopoly," but this proved inadequate for its purpose. At the session of Congress in 1900, the Republican party proposed an amendment to the constitution, giving the Federal government absolute power over corporations, trusts and "combines," even to the extent of destroying them. This amendment was voted solidly against by the Democrats on the Judiciary Committee, on the normal ground that the proposed amendment was a violation of State rights. Yet every well-informed person knows that, in case there should be need of such restraint, since it is beyond the power of a State, the only way to control Trusts is by Federal legislation.

Today, notwithstanding what is said against the Trusts, our country is enjoying a period of prosperity never before equalled. In 1900 the balance of trade in our favor was $649,000,000. This makes a "surplus reserve" in our favor amounting to $1300.00 for every tick of the minute hand, or nearly $2,000,000 a day. Small wonder that European countries are getting alarmed. The thrifty, energetic, wide-awake American is pushing forward, until now we are the leading nation on the globe, and the coming century is destined to see the most hotly contested commercial war on record. Proof of this is seen in the following portion of a speech which Lord Roseberry recently made before the Wolverhampton Chamber of Commerce. He said: "The war I fear is not a military war—it is the war of trade which is unmistakably upon us. I cannot blind my eyes to the fact that so far as we can predict anything of the twentieth century on which we have now entered, it is that it will be one of acutest international conflict in point of trade.

There are two nations which are obviously our rivals and our opponents in this commercial warfare to come—I do not intend by any means to put others out of the category, but I do say that it is to America and to Germany that we have to look in the future for an acute and increasing competition with regard to our trade. * * * The alertness of the Americans, their incalculable natural resources, their acuteness, their enterprise, their vast population, which will in all probability in the next twenty years reach 100,000,000, will make them very formidable competitors with ourselves."

Looking at statistics we are convinced of the fact that Lord Roseberry has grounds for his fears, and that the United States has already taken a long stride in this direction. The output of England's iron mines has dropped to 14,000,000 tons of ore in 1898, from 18,000,000 tons in 1882; her copper to 640 tons from 9,817 tons in 1868; her lead to 25,355 from 73,420 tons in 1870; and her tin has dropped to 4,013 from 10,900 tons in 1871. It seems that that nation is doomed to buy her metals abroad.

But it is not only in metals that the American manufacturer undersells the European on his own ground. Notwithstanding the high wages of the American laborer, shoes, tools, sewing machines, bicycles, agricultural implements and scores of other necessary articles are driving European goods out of the market. The *Freuedenblatt* notes that, "Incidentally, it may be remarked that the type-writing machine with which this article is written, as well as the thousands—nay, hundreds of thousands—of others that are in use throughout the world, was made in America, that it stands on an American table, in an office furnished with American desks, bookcases, and chairs, which cannot be made in Europe of equal quality, so practical and convenient, for a similar price."

In 1898, for the first time in our history, we surpassed the English in exports. In 1899 they again succeeded in getting ahead of us, but were unable to keep up in 1900, when we led them by about ten millions, and if we continue at our present rate for 1901, the prospects are that there will be

three or four times ten millions balance on our side of the ledger at the end of the year.

The amount of money brought into our country by our exports is almost inconceivable—one billion, four hundred millions of dollars. If one billion, four hundred million one dollar bills were placed in a pile, face to face, like the leaves of a book, the height of this pile would be twenty-four times that of the summit of Mt. Hercules, the highest mountain in the world, above the sea level. Such an enormous amount of wealth pouring into the country is what has largely brought about the prosperity of our entire people—for the laborer, as well as the financier, has been benefitted. The wages paid today to the laborers of the United States are the highest in the world's history. They are rapidly becoming the capitalists of our country. In the savings banks of New York State there are on deposit to their credit over two billions of dollars, a growth of two hundred and fifty millions in round numbers in the past two and a half years.

Our exports being such an important feature in our welfare, the question for us today is how are we to maintain our position as a supplier of the world's market? It is absolutely necessary for us to do this, since our supply is far beyond our home demand. We already have a good lead. To keep it, we must continue to sell better goods for less money than our foreign competitors can sell at their own doors. This is all important, for if we do not succeed, hundreds of thousands of our laborers will be thrown out of employment. Thus we shall have the hardest "hard times" ever known. How are we to keep ahead—by reducing the salaries of our superintendents, and the wages of our laborers? No, never. Let the pay of both be kept where it is—at least no lower. It is largely on account of their content and satisfaction with their employers that they produce the high quality of goods they do. It can only be by the concentration of our energies and our capital.

Great economies are effected by concentration—elimination of excessive freight rates, of the losses of keen com-

petition, and of hundreds of detail costs which counts up into the thousands of dollars. Taking the Trust as our corner-stone, and confiding in our incalculable natural resources and native shrewdness, may we not continue as a nation the same rate of sure but steady progression that we have so brilliantly made in the last few years?

R. I. MANNING, JR.

Wofford College Journal.

Established 1888 | Spartanburg, S. C., October, 1901. | Vol. XII No. 1

V. XII

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Local Editor, D. S. Murph.
Asst. Bus. Mgr., F. E. Bradham.

PRESTON

Literary Editor, T. F. Watkins.
Alumni Editor, R. E. Sharpe.
Asst. Lit. Ed., L. D. Thompson.

T. C. Easterling, Business Manager.

Editorial Department.

B. H. Brown, Editor.

Salutatory. With this issue of the Journal a new set of editors take charge. We realize the responsibility of our positions and shall do all in our power to keep the Journal up to its former standard in all departments, and we hope to receive the hearty co-operation of the student body. If we make mistakes, and no doubt we will, do not criticise us too harshly, and attribute it not to carelessness but to our inexperience in the work.

The Journal depends as much on the other students as it does on the staff, and the magazine cannot succeed unless the boys contribute good, readable articles to its literary department. We want to impress this on your minds, and would be glad to have the literary editor receive for each issue enough poems, stories, essays, etc., to fill three or four numbers. This is the place to give expression to your thoughts and to let people know what you can do. So send in your contributions.

The JOURNAL will be larger this year than previously, due to the addition of a new department, under the charge of the Young Men's Christian Association, which we know will be a benefit to the whole magazine.

• •

New Students. From new students this year the faculty and old students are expecting great things. All departments of the college should be enlarged and benefitted.

We extend to you a most hearty welcome and earnestly beg you to throw yourself heartily into every phase of college life. In the class-room, on the athletic field, and in every other college duty and privilege prove yourselves equal to the great things expected of you. We extend to you the pages of the JOURNAL and ask you to make use of them. When you entered college it became as much your paper as it is ours, and we want you to consider it so. Further advice is unnecessary, as we feel sure you came here for good, earnest work.

• •

The Fitting School. The new Fitting School building is about completed. This is one of the handsomest and best equipped school buildings in the State. It is a three-story building, and is heated by steam and lighted by electricity. It is situated near the old building, which has been rebuilt and is now used for dormitories by the college boys. Both buildings are a credit to the college and to the city.

There is a larger number of men in the Fitting School this year than last, which is very creditable, considering our disaster of last spring. The boys are using the college class-rooms for the present, but they will move in the new quarters very shortly.

• •

President McKinley. Probably never before in the history of our country has such a heavy calamity befallen our whole people as when our honored President was struck down by the hand of an assassin.

He had endeared himself to the people of North and South alike by his earnest efforts to unite tbe two sections. Several times he remarked to his friends that during his term of office he intended, by the help of God, to be the ruler of the whole United States, and he came nearer being the President of all than any man since the War of Secession. He first struck the tender chord in the heart of the South when he announced, in his Atlanta speech, his intention to care for the graves of the Confederate dead in the same manner that those of the Union had been cared for.

In private life he was a model man. From a boy he had been a Christian, and he was much honored and respected in his community. Then began that influence which was to broaden and be felt over a nation. He was a kind and devoted husband, and his official home was above criticism.

In public life he was conspicuous for his uprightness in all legal and political dealings. He became what he was in politics by hard and conscientious work. He was elected to several State offices, including the Governorship, and twice before he accepted the nomination for the Presidency he could have received it. He refused, however, to be unfaithful to friends whom he had promised to support. When he was elected he proved equal to the occasion, and ruled in a way that he considered best for the masses, and just when all sections were beginning to appreciate him he was shot down by a Judas, and a nation mourns.

During his burial ceremonies every train stopped for a short time, and not a tick was heard over the telegraph and cable lines. Commemoration ceremonies were held over the whole country. Then the body of our martyred chieftain was laid in its last resting place.

• •

Is It Right? In olden times when a man performed an heroic deed he was honored by his people and his government, and received credit for doing his duty faithfully. But in these times he is very likely to be censured by the press and the public and court-

marshalled by the government. Take the cases of Dewey, Schley, Sampson and Hobson. Each one has had maledictions hurled at him and doubts expressed about their heroism. What does this mean? Does it mean that courage and the performance of duty is no longer an honor, and that a man is likely to be shamed and disgraced because he does right? Is that justice to an honorable man?

Exchange Department.

W. Z. DANTZLER, Editor.

In taking up the pen of the Exchange Editor of the JOURNAL, we feel that there is no little responsibility resting upon us, not only for the welfare of the Department but for the developing and strengthening of the literary impulse among college students. We hope to measure to the high limit reached by our predecessors, and to review what comes before us with painstaking sympathy rather than with harsh criticism. To all the "brethren" and the "sister" colleges, greeting for the year 1901–1902 !

The *Georgetonian* comes to us early with its October number. There are a few new ideas in the makeup of the magazine—the Editorial Department and Y. M. C. A. Notes are injected into the pages of the Literary Department. We suggest that the reading matter be grouped under special departments, with a responsible head over each, instead of having several "miscellaneous contributors." We notice that one editor, besides his spicy editorials as to how the *Georgetonian* would fare in the hands of those whom it visits in the South this month, has a suggestive piece of prose and a composition in dialect poetry in this number. "A Fortunate Mistake" is well told. "The School of His Boyhood Days" is calculated to arouse pleasant reminiscences in all who read it. The author of "The Rock House" should be careful as to how he divides paragraphs. The poetry is very good.

The *Baylor Literary* is one of our most valuable exchanges. We notice that the articles, taken together, are good, solid reading. "Alice of Old Vincennes," is reviewed; and we have the whole story, which crowds out critical

opinion. "Uncrowned Queens," oration, is very expressive and reminds us of an airy pedestal surrounded at its base by a profusion of flowers. One sentence: "If the dead flowers of Paradise ever bloom again they must bloom in the happy hearts of home." There is an appreciative article on Poe. If only there were more fiction, and a few breathing spells of earnest or sentimental poetry, this number of the *Literary* would certainly be a well-rounded one.

Alumni Department.

R. E. SHARPE, Editor.

Twenty-eight More in the Various Fields.

There were twenty-eight members of the class of '01 and all of them took the A. B. degree. This is the first class that has any alumnae in it.

Miss Puella M. Littlejohn is teaching at Pacolet in Cherokee county. Miss May D. Wannamaker is at her father's home in St. Matthews.

M. S. Asbelle, or better known as Shaw, is teaching at Oakhurst, Lancaster county. M. Auld has been granted license to preach since he left college. He is principal of the Lynchburg school in Sumter county.

G. C. Bates is in the bank at Batesburg. Old "Sister" will make a good one along that line. Vance W. Brabham, one of the few of the class who will be physicians, has gone to Baltimore to study medicine. Horace M. Brown has charge of the school at Cowpens. His community show their appreciation of one of their noble sons by keeping him in their midst.

J. B. Crews has decided to be a journalist, and is in that business in Spartanburg.

T. H. Daniel has accepted the position as Congressman Johnson's private secretary. A. E. Driggers has two churches to supply and also teaches a school near Pelham.

H. G. Eidson instructs the youth at Campbell's Bridge, Marion county.

J. S. Fair has charge of a school at Brownsville, Marlboro county. F. W. Fairy is teaching at Branchville, Orangeburg county.

J. B. Gibson is reading law at Laurinburg, N. C. He is

with Neal Bros. D. L. Guy is principal of the Fountain Inn school. He has three lady assistants.

R. K. Hayes is teaching at Nicholls, Marion county.

D. D. Jones is teaching at Bowman, Orangeburg county.

W. C. Koger is teaching at Springfield, Sumter county.

F. K. Lake is studying pharmacy at Florence. Dr. B. B. Lancaster has had an extensive practice since leaving college. He is located about twenty miles north of Spartanburg at Sandy Plains. K. W. Littlejohn is running on the railroad. A. A. Manning is taking a further academic course ot the University of Virginia.

Clarence E. Peele is training students, for Wofford and other places, over at Gibson, N. C.

E. M. Salley has begun his study of medicine at Baltimore, I believe.

D. D. Wannamaker is on his father's farm at St. Matthews. C. W. Watson, I suppose, is teaching. I have not been able to find him.

J. R. Williams is teaching at Dothan, in Marion county. "Buck Shot" has a good school.

The last one, alphabetically, was the first member of the class to pass away from this world. The class of '01 may well lament the loss of one of its best members. V. C. Wilson was a great and good boy. The loss to the class was a gain to the Master.

Y. M. C. A.

N. L. PRINCE, Editor.

Last June the Calhoun and Preston Societies created a new department of the JOURNAL—a department devoted to the interest of the Association (realizing that the Y. M. C. A. had become a real and vital part of the college life), which should elect its editor. The Association appreciates this courtesy and will strive to make its department interesting to the readers.

The Association committee to meet the new students did splendid work this year, meeting the trains for several days before and after college opened to give the new men a welcome, and to do everything possible to make them feel entirely at home. This is the Association's method of hazing, a method which has almost entirely superceded the old-fashioned method which brought so much terror and homesickness to the Freshman.

Saturday night, Sept. 28, a reception was given to the students, old and new, the especial aim of which was to give the new students a better acquaintance with the various sides of college life and to welcome them into a place in all of these organizations representing the many-sided college life. The faculty was there, including Dr. Carlisle. Prof. Snyder was master of ceremonies, and represented the faculty in a hearty and well received speech of welcome. Then came the following:

For the Calhoun Society, Mr. B. A. Bennett; for the Preston Society, Mr. C. H. Brown; for the Senior class, Mr. T. C. Easterling; for the Junior class, Mr. W. C. Owen; for the Sopomore class, Mr. C. L. Smith; for the Lyceum, Mr. A. Morrison; for the Glee Club, Mr. F. S. DuPré; for the JOURNAL, Mr. D. S. Murph; for the "Hall," Mr. R. E.

Sharpe; for the Athletic Association, Mr. T. F. Watkins; for the Y. M. C. A., Mr. N. L. Prince.

Mr. Walker, our new foot ball coach, was then called on and gave us a very enthusiastic foot ball talk. College songs added life to the reception.

Through the kindness of Rev. S. A. Nettles the Association will soon have a first-class hall of its own.

The Bible Classes, four in number, have started out with a very encouragingly large enrollment. As yet only a three years' course is offered here, but by next year the fourth year will be most probably put in. The plan is to offer the student beginning this work in his Freshman year a course for every year he is in college, so when he graduates he has had a systematic course covering the whole Bible.

Local Department.

D. S. Murph, Editor.

Wofford's Opening.

The friends of Wofford all over South Carolina have been very much gratified by her fine opening. The awakening to the importance of education—the knowledge that a college education is absolutely necessary for anyone intending to keep abreast of the times—has filled the halls of our colleges with earnest, thoughtful young men, and Wofford has reaped her share of the harvest. There have been enrolled to date about 175 students. There are 27 Seniors, an unusually large class, all of last year's Junior class having returned but one. The faculty and students are looking forward with confidence to a prosperous and profitable session.

The Literary Societies.

The Calhoun and Preston Literary Societies held their first meetings on the evening of Sept. 28. A large number of the new men joined immediately, intending thus to secure the full benefit of their first year's society work. Others have joined since, making the total number of new men initiated by the Calhouns, 39; by the Prestons, 24. We gladly welcome these men into our halls, hoping that they may derive much profit from their society work. The importance of the literary societies can hardly be over-estimated. They stand second to no department in college work, a fact which the faculty have declared by the regulation that every student, whether regular or irregular, must join one of the societies. The joining is as inevitable as peanuts or the contingent fee, but the amount of good which each man gets from his society must depend on the spirit with which he enters the work.

The Fitting School.

The loss of our Fitting School building by fire last January has been more than compensated by the magnificent new building which is to take its place. It is a three-story structure containing bed-rooms, dining-room, and class-rooms all under one roof, lighted by electricity, heated by steam. Professors DuPré and Shockley will occupy rooms in the same building, so that the students will be under the personal supervision of their teachers. Already there has been a large enrollment on the Fitting School register, but, better still, the students have the appearance of men who mean business—who are here for hard work and plenty of it, to which, we may say by way of parenthesis, they will doubtless be accomodated.

Football.

During the past few days the student body has become very enthusiastic on the subject of football. More than thirty men have been out on the grounds in uniforms and have shown a lively interest in the game. Our efficient coach, Mr. Norman Walker, has succeeded in enlisting the interest and sympathy not only of the students, but of the faculty and alumni as well. There is plenty of good material in college and Mr. Walker is the proper man to develop it. The prevailing opinion seems to be that Wofford's team this year will furnish no walkover for any of its opponents.

Some of the alumni from the city have offered a handsome trophy cup to that class which shall furnish the best team.

Below is a schedule of the games with dates and places, as far as possible, as arranged by Manager Watkins:

Monday, Oct. 14, with King's Mountain Military Academy, at Spartanburg.

Saturday, Oct. 19, with Georgia School of Technology, at Atlanta.

Monday, Oct. 28, with Bingham, at Spartanburg (?).

Wednesday, Nov. 6, with University of North Carolina, at Spartanburg (?).

——— ——— Furman University, at Greenville.
Monday Nov. 18, S. C. College, at Spartanburg.
Thanksgiving Day, wîth Davidson (?).

The Lyceum.

We note with pleasure that the Wofford College Lyceum, one of Spartanburg's strongest mediums of intellectual culture, offers to the students of Converse and Wofford a much stronger and fuller course of lectures for the coming season than ever before. Among the lecturers already engaged are Dr. Thomas Dixon, Mrs. Arthur S. Gielow, Robarts Harper, Dr. Woodrow Wilson and Prof. Eugene Foster, the famous liquid air lecturer. The expensive apparatus and transportation of same necessarily make this lecture one of special subscription. But the lyceum management has made special arrangements with students of both colleges for this lecture. We hope to again have the privilege of being held under the charming spell of Hamilton W. Mabie. The boys of Wofford realizing from the past what it means to be a member of the Lyceum, have readily shown their appreciation of a golden opportunity by purchasing more than one hundred and forty-five season tickets. This movement, at first considered a venture and a luxury, has through its own merits become a necessity to our growing society. A. M.

Our First Game.

The game of foot-ball with King's Mountain on Monday, October 14, was an "easy snap" for Wofford. Though the King's Mountain boys have plenty of "grit and gumption" and fought heroically, still it was evident from the first that Wofford would have a walk-over. At the opening of the game Wofford kicked off and King's Mountain received the ball, but in less than five minutes Wofford had secured the ball and scored a touch-down. The final score was 55 to 0. Coach Walker and Captain McWhirter are very much encouraged and intend to sustain this magnificent beginning by a series of honorable victories.

News on the Campus.

The campus is everywhere alive with students. The Freshman is here, using "official" stationery and wearing his colors on all possible occasions. If he is in the hearing of a group of strangers, he makes it convenient to refer, very familiarly, to "the college." The Sophomore, too, goes around telling jokes on the Freshman and pretending to wonder how any human being can be half so "green" as these "Fresh." The Junior, from his lofty throne of dignity, looks complacently down on the Fresh. and Soph. and wonders if they cannot realize that they are only infinitesimal atoms in the make-up of the college community. The Senior lounges around very carelessly with his cigar, walks the streets with an air of deliberation and calmness, calls the name of a few planets and learnedly discusses Shakespeare. Verily, the world is not homogeneous.

We are very glad to have with us again as head of the English department, Prof. Snyder, who spent last year in Europe. He has come back more enthusiastic, if possible, than ever before. Our cordial interest and sympathy will follow Prof. O. D. Wannamaker, who last year filled Prof. Snyder's chair, during his course at Harvard and wherever his sphere of action in after life shall lead him.

There is only one new co-ed in college this year. Miss Tarbeaux, daughter of Rev. J. W. Tarbeaux, has entered the Sophomore class.

The following marshals have been elected by the societies to serve this year: From the Calhoun, Mr. L. Q. Crum, chief; Mr. T. C. Moss, Junior; Mr. J. M. Abbergotti, Sophomore; Mr. C. P. Wofford, Freshman. From the Preston, Mr. I. E. Curry, Junior; Mr. W. C. Herbert, Sophomore; Mr. J. P. Kilgo, Freshman.

Prof. Snyder: (after discussing the meter of Enoch Arden) Well, gentlemen, we have now learned something about the verse itself, but we have not yet learned the name of the verse. It is a word of Greek derivation—what is it?

A pause.

Freshman: September.

One Freshman, pointing out Converse College to another, asked, "What building is that?"

"A broom factory," replied the other.

Fresh R., learning from an upper classman that quarter-dollar mirrors were given free with every purchase at N. Y. Racket Store, bought a one-cent pair of shoestrings and asked for the mirror.

Mr. G. B. Dukes, who was in college for two years with the class of 1900, has returned and taken up his work with the present Junior Class.

The friends of Mr. W. C. Koger were very glad to see his familiar face on the campus several days ago.

Mr. D. E. Camak, who finished the Junior Class last year and who is now teaching school near the city, paid the College a much enjoyed visit several days ago.

The first of the series of Lyceum lectures was that on "Saul of Tarsus," by Mr. Geo. R. Wendling, October 8. While it was a fine lecture, it seems to be the general opinion that Mr. Wendling failed to sustain his former reputation as a speaker.

The Inter-society Oratorical Contest has been postponed this year till after Christmas. It will be held about the middle of January. The following speakers will represent the Preston Society: Messrs. N. L. Prince, Loy D. Thompson and I. E. Curry. The Calhoun speakers are: Messrs. C. H. Varner, W. K. Greene and D. H. Marchant.

Mr. Loy D. Thompson has been elected assistant literary editor of the JOURNAL to fill the vacancy caused by the failure of Mr. Harold Wright to return to College.

For outline and material for essays and orations, address Colchester, Roberts & Co., Tiffin, O.

Whereas, Victor C. Wilson, one of our honored members, has fallen by the hand of Death. Be it resolved by the Calhoun Literary Society:

That, while we bow in humble submission to the will of the Almighty, we mourn the loss of our friend and fellow member;

That in the death of Victor Wilson the Calhoun Society has lost a valuable and loyal member;

That we extend to the bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy;

That a page of our minute-book be inscribed to his memory;

That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the sorrowing family and a copy be published in the WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL.

D. S. MURPH,
B. H. BROWN,
WM. C. OWEN,
Committee.

Wofford College Directory.

Jas. H. Carlisle, LL.D., President.

J. A. Gamewell, A. M., Secretary.

D. A. DuPre, A. M., Treasurer.

Calhoun Literary Society

President, A. Morrison.
Vice-President, F. S. DuPre.
1st Critic, D. S. Murph.
Secretary, George Hodges.
Treasurer, W. C. Owen.

Preston Literary Society

President, B. A. Bennett.
Vice-President, T. C. Easterling.
1st Critic, M. Hoke.
Sec. W. W. Boyd.
Treasurer, M. B. Stokes.

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Asst. Lit. Ed., L. D. Thompson.

Y. M. C. A.

President, N. L. Prince.
Vice-President, R. E. Sharpe.
Secretary, C. H. Varner.
Treasurer, W. C. Owen.

Gymnasium Association

President, C. H Varner.
Vice-President, E. F. McWhirter.
Sec. and Treas., R. C. Oliver.
Captain, F. S. DuPre.

Alumni Association

President, W. E. Burnett, '76.
Sec. and Treas., J. F. Brown, '76.

Fraternities

Chi Psi.
Chi Phi.
Kappa Sigma.
Kappa Alpha.
Pi Kappa Alpha.
Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

Senior Class.

President, N. L. Prince.
Vice-President, T. C. Easterling.
Sec. and Treas., B. A. Bennett.

Junior Class.

President, L. Q. Crum.
Vice-President, W. C. Owen.
Sec. and Treas., M. W. Sloan.

Sophomore Class

President, J. C. Harmon.
Vice-President, E. K. Hardin.
Sec. and Treas., E. F. McWhirter.

Freshman Class

President, H. Dial.
Vice-President,
Sec. and Treas.,

Athletic Association.

President, Prof. A. B. Cooke,

Secretary and Treasurer, C. H. Varner.

Football Department

Manager, T. F. Watkins.
Assistant Mgr , C. H. Varner.
Captain, E. F. McWhirter.

Baseball Department

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Assistant Manager, L. Lee.
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Presented March 25, 1988, by Mrs. C. B. Goodlett, Box 73, Travelers Rest, SC 29690, widow of Claude Bernard Goodlett, ~~1904 graduate of Wofford College~~.

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Wofford College Journal.

Literary Department.

T. F. WATKINS, Editor.

Reflection.

On the dear old Wofford campus,
'Neath the whisper of the pines,
I have often spent the hours of closing day;
When the twilight shadows shifting,
Like the broken seaweed drifting,
Deepened round the old square towers grim and gray.

In my dream I saw the future
All before me then unroll,
And ambition's wildest flights were all fulfilled;
Prophecy of failure never
Did they make of my endeavor,
And my heart with deep emotions throbbed and thrilled.

Through my veins young blood coursed freely.
And my heart no sorrow knew,
As I stood before the towering walls of fame;
How to scale their heights so dizzy
Kept my throbbing brain full busy
Till ambition's cup my thirsty soul had drained.

And I thought of earth's great heroes—
Thought of what I, too, might do
In the world's wild din of battle and of strife;
Till an owl the reverie breaking,
From my dream so rudely waking,
Turned my thoughts to duties of the present life.

And returning thus so swiftly,
Thought touched higher, nobler chords,
And I saw how foolish thus to waste life's power;

Why lie dreaming, idly dreaming,
When the busy world is teeming
With the little tasks that call us hour by hour?

Just a gentle word now speaking
To some crushed and bleeding heart
Will more blessed be than conquering lords and kings;
Never a poor beggar spurning,
Never from the needy turning,
Will to thine own thirsty soul sweet waters bring. C. L. S.

Diamonds.

This is the day of great things. In material and intellectual achievements we have done and are doing the work of giants. The iron steed, an evolution of Watts' teakettle, is now dashing heedlessly through Africa's darkest jungles and across Siberia's frozen plains. The greyhounds of the deep, phantoms of Fulton's wild imagination, are now in mad chase across Neptune's billowy realms. Spirit nymphs of Morse's strange fancy flit through space, carrying messages as speedily as Hermes at Zens' command. Bell, by his mysterious touch, has brought our cities into whispered conversation. The wizard of Winslow Park, through his wierd manoeuvres, has dethroned the horse and put human speech into the mouth of a mere machine. Galileo, with his telescope, has given the world an eye to spy out the secrets of the universe, while Giambatista della Porta, with his camera obscura, has given another eye which gives a lasting impression of all it looks upon. Franklin's hand-printing press has grown to be the most powerful medium in the exchange of thought, a bulletin of the daily actions of all nations. These achievements in science are enough within themselves to make us great; but no, we are reaching to greater things. Our various branches of industry are being organized into gigantic trusts with fabulous capital and schemes of operation almost incredible. Many men have found Aladdin's lamp and are now princes of fortune.

In the midst of this onward rush for material gain the thoughtful man is confronted with these questions: Are men developing in greatness in proportion to their commercial prosperity? Are they as great as their forefathers? Or, are they degenerating in proportion to their rapid material advancement? As we have no Wesley, Beecher, Calhoun, Webster, Lincoln, or Lee today, to answer these questions, we find it necessary to consider the latter one.

The present boast and pride of the United States is the commercial sovereignty of the world. This greatness, obtained through highly organized capital and minutely specialized labor is one of the chief causes of our present scarcity of truly great men. To narrow the field of man's work narrows the man, is an old law of human nature. Fifty years ago a tailor on receiving an order for a suit of clothes took the measure, cut the goods, made the suit, and sewed on the buttons. Now the order is not given for a single suit, but for so many hundred suits, and the tailor who used to make the whole suit is the inmate of a sweat-shop and does nothing but sew on buttons. Then one man made the whole suit, now it takes twenty-five—the former knowledge of one man divided between twenty-five. While this method of specialization turns out a greater number and perhaps better grade of suits, what is it doing for the individual tailor? Can the monotonous life of nothing but sewing on buttons be otherwise than narrowing? This tailor has been reduced to nothing but a mere button-attaching machine in a great industry. So it is in every branch of commercial life. Why? Because it is the shortest and surest method of bringing the capitalist to success, measured by dollars and cents, and on the other hand is the only means for the poor of making bread.

This narrow commercial ideal of success is fast becoming national and displacing the higher and broader ideals of the professional world. Here the danger is most threatening, for the greatness of every nation rests upon its statesmen, lawyers, ministers and teachers. When the disciples of these callings turn from their lofty purpose of uplifting and

ennobling humanity and become part of the masses, accepting their ideas of success, we can readily read the nation's prophecy, "Commercial superiorority will come at the cost of true greatness."

The increase in commercial contagion is apparent in the growing demand for early specialization and short cuts in business and professional training. The so called practical man of today asks, "as specialization is necessary to success in life why not, after a good high school education, turn every energy at once upon life's chosen work and thereby save the time and expense of a college training?" This question has caused some of our prominent educators to advocate the plan of adding one year to the high school course and lowering the entrance requirements of the university, and thus eliminate the college course. This plan seems practical and pregnant with advantages over the present educational system. And so it is from a financial point of view. But what would the adoption of such a system mean to posterity and the nation's future?

The diamond, earth's brightest jewel, is torn from its dark bed where it had slumbered for ages, and though rough and unattractive it is carefully brought from its dark home into the light, where even through its rough and soil-stained surface is an occasional tiny reflection of its pent up beauty. Then it is taken to the lapidary shop where, after a rough grinding, it is held up to the light and examined by the expert who finds its flaws and estimates its future value. If its flaws are few and its color good it passes into the hands of the cutter and polisher who closely studies the qualities of the stone and then cuts and polishes each side and angle that they may catch every ray of light that falls upon the gem and after converting each ray into a tiny rainbow reflect them back in a blaze of beauty. After shaping and polishing, it passes from the lapidary to the jeweler who studies its beauty and commercial value, decides the place most suitable for it and adjusts it to that place. So with the human mind. At birth it is brought from its dark bed of oblivion into the light of existence, and though only occasional rays

of intelligence are at first given forth, it is carefully cared for until it is brought into the grammar school where the first rough grinding takes place and where, at graded school graduation, it is pronounced a gem worthy to be cut into permanent shape and polished into greater brilliancy. Leaving the high school in its rough, unformed state, it passes into the college, the cutting and polishing shop of education. Here a faculty of experts study its qualities, cuts with the aid of its own priceless gems the mental, moral, spiritual, and many other intellectual sides, giving it definite shape, and polishes the whole with the pummice stone of personal influence. By this process we have a mind matured in thought, fixed in character, resplendent in the beauties of manhood, intelligence, reverence and love, and ready for the university, the jewelry store of education, where it receives an additional polish and is so set in life that it may reflect through its business or professional side the combined rays drawn in through its various faces.

Seeing the importance of these three steps in education, shall we allow the most vital, the one of giving definite shape to the mind and developing it to maturity, to be lightly overstepped because it seems to bring no material gain? The work of the college is to bring the mind to maturity, mental, social, moral and spiritual. According to Lewis V. Price, "make the citizen intelligent and severely moral and all else is secured that makes a people prosperous and happy." Where is this to be done except in the college? The mind on leaving the graded school is developed just enough to show its flaws and possibilities, lacking much of having a fixed character and being fully developed. Are we to allow the mind of youth in this immature condition, indefinite in shape, to be thrown into our universities where only one special business or professional side is polished and no claim made for moral and spiritual training? That is, shall we allow the present so-called advance of the times to inflict on posterity the curse of one sidedness and narrow mindedness? Let us see that the coming generation is fully developed in

all its possibilities and bestow upon it things eternal that it may rise up and call us blessed.

The millionaire tells us that a college course is time wasted. He boasts, "I reached success without it. Why not every young man?" He may have reached the commercial standard of success; but what else has he done that he might have done? Like the moth he hath fallen in the blinding glare of wealth, seared by the heat of passion for gold, when by a little patience, self denial and toil he may have soared into space and learned the mysteries of the sun. What a sad awakening when in old age he realizes that he has lightly given the eternal treasures of the store house of knowledge for the temporal wealth of life's short span. Is this not a return of his own cry, "Time wasted?" No, let us as Solomon of old, first get understanding.

Realizing that it is the broad-minded, moral men that constitute the strength of the nation and that it is through college that these qualities are properly developed, let every patriotic and God-fearing man stand boldly forth and demand full education for his sons and daughters and thus resist the threatening tidal wave of commercialism. SAMM.

The Halloween Goblin.

A ship was nearing the coast of the Carolinas. It was not a modern ocean greyhound but one of those small, frail vessels in which the explorers and colonists reached America. The deck was crowded with people and the gentle breezes wafted over the waters to the sea gulls the excited accents peculiar to the land of the lilies. It is a party of French Hugenots, those people who were driven from France by a cruel and short-sighted policy and came to the Carolinas to form the best element in their heterogeneous population. The faces were pale and peaked, telling of months of privation and suffering on the waters, but in their eyes the sight of the coast of the New World, the Utopia of their dreams, had put hope and joy.

Among those in the bow was a group which would have attracted the attention of even a casual observer. One was a man of towering height and powerful frame. His eyes were full of restless energy and determination, yet his face wore a hardened look which only the fire of persecution can make.

Monsieur Mene had been an inn keeper in a small village in the ancient dukedom of Burgundy. "The White Falcon" was noted far and wide for the quality of the wine and the richness of the pastry it could offer; and by his thrift and industry Mene was able to save money until a new levy of his prince would sweep it away. Thus he had lived with checkered fortune until one fateful day a trivial disturbance brought a band of the king's soldiers to a neighboring city. Easily putting down the revolt, they were returning to Paris when night caught them near "The White Falcon" and flushed with victory they determined to celebrate it. The captain entered the inn and bade Mene bring him a stoup of his best Burgundy. When Mene returned from the cellar he found the room crowded with men, some cutting down the hams and pieces of bacon from the rafters and others raiding the larder while the captain was giving orders to others to bring up casks of wine from the cellar. Mene begged the captain to stop these depredations but curses were the only answer he received. He seized a stool and struck down one of the soldiers and in an instant was knocked senseless. Pandemonium reigned. The revel lasted far into the night and when the drunken soldiers, representing peace and order and sent to uphold the majesty of the law, departed, they left the inn in flames.

By his side was a small woman who was beautiful even in the coarse garments that she wore. Her raven locks encircled a patrician face. "Petite Marie" was the daughter of one of the better class of burgeois and her beauty had been noted through all the country-side. Madame Mene's attention seemed divided between the two children at her feet and the ever nearing coast.

On a box nearby, sat a small, frail boy whose wasted body

told of years of sickness. He held a crude crutch in one hand while he nervously rocked his withered leg to and fro. His white hair intensified the pallor of his face in which we can discern the beauty of his mother and the firm chin of his father. Pierre had been cursed all of his life with a withered limb. But off from physical labor and recreation he became an earnest student. Father Beaubien enjoyed teaching Latin to so gifted a youth and Pierre eagerly devoured all the manuscripts that the monastery afforded. He loved to sit in the sun by the brown stone wall, from whose top purple clusters of grapes were pending in the garden full of roses and lilies which were so sedulously cultivated by the monks, and to hear Father Beaubien tell of bygone battles and of martial bishops or all-powerful popes or to dream, as the drowsy murmurs of the bees soothed the ceaseless pain in his leg, when he would be a cardinal and rule a king.

This was the family which was to brave the hardships of the New World. We find broken spendthrifts, daring buccaneers, reckless soldiers and stern Puritans seeking their fortune in the colonies, but what could seem more foolhardy than for an inn-keeper, one who knew how to sell food but not how to raise it, with a delicate wife and two small children and a son who could barely walk and who knew more about the Latin of father Baubien than of the agriculture of the peasants, to seek his fortune in the colonies. But Mene hoped to build up a new fortune in a New World and he thought that nature could not be as cruel as men had been. So he sold all of his property and joined a party of Huguenots who were going in vessel bound for Charlestown.

The destination of the Huguenots was a tract of land, which had recently been ceded to the proprietors by the Indians, near the headwaters of the Savannah. The travelers found the journey on land even more trying than the voyage had been. The French were amazed at the wildness of the country and awed by the majesty of the forest. The Huguenots reached their future home in May and scattered over their grant of land.

Mene chose a fallow piece of ground on the beautiful Tugaloo for his future home. He went to work with a will for he must build a house and raise a crop of corn ere the approach of winter. With the help of the Indians, he built a one-room cabin on a beautiful knoll and deadened around it a sufficient number of trees to plant a field of maize.

All seemed able to adapt themselves to the new life except Pierre. But how could a cripple adopt himself to such a life? A life where brawn and not brains were needed. While the other boys of his age would help their fathers fell the giant oaks, kill the deer and bear in the forests and draw the fish from the river, he must sit in the house and dream of the vine clad hills of France and the erudition of Father Beaubien. It galled his soul to be so helpless while other boys learned to guide the fairy birch bark canoes through the foaming rapids and kill the panthers in desperate hand-to-hand encounters. How he longed to show them that his weak body held a spirit as brave as the bravest! But the opportunity would not come.

Thus affairs went for several years. Mene enlarged his field and improved his cabin. He became a typical pioneer, brave, self-reliant, ingenious, while Madame Gene became a thrifty housewife. The Indians came often to the settler's home. They loved to sit for hours watching the deft fingers of Madame Mene twirl the spinning wheel and sing old French songs and gaze at Pierre, or as they called him, the lame fox, read his Latin poetry. The dirty braves were very repugnant to the neat soul of Madame Mene while their harsh gutturals grated on the sensitive ear of Pierre. The braves disdained the few chairs the house afforded and soon displayed a partiality for the white bed of Madame Mene. Her outraged soul thought of some means of revenge. Little thinking of the consequence, one morning she concealed several armfuls of thorns under the white counterpane and awaited results. Soon several proud braves walked in. One chief resplendent in his paint and feathers immediately sat upon the bed but he rose with a cry of pain. All the braves looked surprised but made no comment. They soon departed

with lowering looks and Madame Mene in her innocence did not see the danger of her deed.

Tomorrow was to be All Saints' day and the settlers were to celebrate Halloween by a feast at Monsieur Crye's. After dinner Mene and his wife proceeded thither on their horse. Pierre must stay at home while other youths of his age were enjoying the autumn frolic.

Had an artist been on the edge of the Mene clearing that night he would have appreciated the scene. The moon like a fairy gondola was sailing through fleecy clouds. Its soft, mellow light gave an unnatural appearance to the whole scene. The huge, dead trees like ghosts waved their naked limbs in unison with the sighing of the pines. The yellow pumpkins nestled in the grass twinkled and glistened like lumps of gold in the moonlight. The rows of corn were like a silent army drawn up in line of battle, while the haycocks looked like the bivouac of a host. The faint roar of the beautiful Tugaloo is heard as it dashes over the shoals. The spray leaps into the air and separates into a thousand sparkling diamonds. Around the clearing is the dark, dismal, mysterious forest, stretching into unknown lands, in whose depths prowl savage beasts and still more savage men.

The fireplace in the cabin is full of burning logs. How gayly the flames leap up the chimney while the great logs hiss and pop, sending out showers of sparks to live their little life of brilliancy and then find a grave in the ashes below. The water in the great black pot leaps madly. In the background the large white bed looms up like a snow-clad mountain. Pending from the soot covered rafters are huge hams and strings of red pepper, which add a touch of color to the scene. On the walls are the skins of various animals and the settler's long flintlock which reminds us of the fearful forest that surrounds us.

Pierre has determined to celebrate Halloween also, although in imagination he sees the huge hut of Monsieur Crye transformed into a sylvan bower by the leaves of fire and gold and the long table groaning under its burden. He sees the fat pig at the head of the table with a red apple in

its mouth and brown turkeys and wild ducks, swimming in oceans of their own grease, flanked by mountains of pies and pyramids of cakes. He hears the merry French laugh and the music made by the dancers' feet. Pierre displays to the admiring gaze of the children several hollow pumpkins with noses, mouths and eyes cut in them and a lighted candle within. As the children gather around him he tells them, while the jack-o-lanterns beam approval, of the significance of All Saints' day and describes the fate of the foolish one who had followed the alluring will-o-the-wisp. He describes the elfs, fairies and goblins who roam the earth on Halloween. The children as they look into his sensitive, finely chiseled face, flush with emotion and brought into strong relief by the firelight, seem to hear the tread of a goblin in every rustle of the leaves. Little did they dream of the real goblins who lurked in the dismal forest.

The old owl who lived in a great hollow tree on the outskirts of the clearing saw a dusky band of men slipping through the forest while on their faces glistened the horrible war paint. The Indians have come to avenge the insult given their chief in the morning by Madame Mene. They had watched Mene and his wife depart and have determined to disregard their usual strategy and make an open attack.

A wild, fierce war whoop interrupts Pierre in the midst of his story. What a chill of fear it sends through him! Not for himself but those under his protection. Protection, what mockery! How was he to protect those under his care? It was not for want of courage, for no more courageous soldier ever died for the white flag of the Louises, no braver knight ever stained the lillies of France with his life blood. He looked at his weak body and his heart grew bitter. Forever to be weak, forever to be useless was his lot! And now was he to see his brothers killed and his home burned when he should have been their defender? How those shriven pumpkin faces winked and leered at him. Like demons they grinned at him in his agony. How they gloated over his distress! An insane desire to crush those demons with their diabolical smiles rushed through his fevered brain. But in

an instant the grin of mockery became the smile of encouragement. The mind was to conquer brute force, armed with an idea he was to conquer men armed with weapons. Hastily pushing the two children under the bed, he snatched off the counterpane, the innocent cause of all his trouble. Wrapping it around him he seized the largest jack-o-lantern and held it above his head. He hobbled out of the house and turning around the corner of the house he slowly limped toward the approaching savages. The Indians looked on the apparition with fear and awe, for surely a being with a white body and a large head from which the eyes and mouth of which poured light must be the Great Spirit. One, more daring than his fellows, shot an arrow at the spectre. The shaft came swift and true and went through the head of the monster. This decided the savages. The demon was invulnerable. They fled in terror.

The report went through the tribe that the home of the limping fox was protected by the Great Spirit himself and several months later when the settlers were massacred the house of Mene was not molested. Thus, Pierre had defended his father's home better than a band of the king's soldiers could have done.

M. W. Sloan, '03.

The Fate of War.

There is a special attractiveness in natural scenery. The inhuman monster conceived of this when he darted into the closest thicket of the deep jungle and made his home there. Such a scene is never again to be witnessed, because man has asserted his right to work in opposition to nature. Where once the giant forest stood, unhurt, untouched, in the likeness of its first growth, man has placed the log hut, the long row of houses, the winding roads and spacious avenues. Instead of the lonely cry of wandering beasts, echoing against the rocks of an impenetrable forest, we hear the rustling of the bushes and the cracking of the leaves as man treads the narrow paths through the forest, and the

splashing of waters as he rows up stream. Undisturbed for years by the skill of man, it no longer flows silently to the sea but must necessarily serve as man's agent to effect his purpose.

But such a change was good, it was necessary, it was inevitable. How much greater the grandeur, the nobility of the forest contrasted with the stretch of lowland, the meadow and the bare hillside. How suggestive of life and activity is the busy hamlet, yet how suggestive of plenty, of quiet, peace and happiness is the far distant stretch of mainland. Away from the cares and toils of daily life in cities, from the monstrous hum and buzz of nature in the likeness of a machine.

What can inspire the artist more than this broad field interspersed with thickets, vines, shrubbery, pines and fruit trees. Where natural beauty is unobstructed in its wavering course and "where the perpetual work of the creation is finished yet renewed forever.

Amidst such a scene, surrounded with all the comforts that wealth and splendor can give, our story centers. Situated in the heart of the Province of Santiago, the flower of Cuban pride, is a magnificent palace clothed in the loveliness of natural beauty, and upon whose towers the last reflection of the dying sun beams brilliantly. Its history will bring to mind the time when knighthood was in flower, when the Spanish government was enshrined in all its glory, splendor and wealth, when the Spanish nobility, the princes and monarchs with kingly power, boasted of their unrivaled eminence upon land and sea. The history of this noble work of architecture, towering high over the tree tops, instantly turns us back to the time when Spain lavished her wealth upon this lonely isle.

What peace, what joy does not such a home express? It was a beautiful palace surrounded with all the wealth and splendor of Spanish pride and nobility. Around it were the rich fields of sugar, large tobacco farms and through its avenues were walks and drives winding here and there, along the side of which were the honeysuckle, the banana shrub

and the jassamine mingling their fragrance with the cool breezes of the balmy air.

About two miles from this home there was another palace, older but by no means less grand. Mr. Willis, an American merchant, chiefly for material ends, had moved out to this vast plantation and had built up his trade extensively, each year adding to the over-supply of profits. He had only one child, who would have found it quite lonely and tiresome here compared to the hum of his native town were it not for the presence of his young lady friend who lived "across the way" at the Ricardo place.

She lived alone with her grandfather, a man far along in years and experience. He still adhered to the custom and usages of his father-land, having been born in the most flourishing city in Spain and brought up within great circles of influence and under many advantages. Yet now upon his brow was written the history of a disappointed life. Of highest hopes. noblest aims, immeasureable ambition groping in the dust. Torn by conflicts from within, yet suppressed by force of will, which had shorn that once proud figure of its supernal grandeur, its magnificent, yet etheral beauty and stateliness.

Cardinal Ricardo had met Mr. Willis and his son and had invited them over to share his hospitality and in the social pleasures of the evening.

One bright evening Jack Willis and his father were well on their way to the Ricardo place to help change loneliness and solitude into real pleasure. In the gloaming they could see the lights from the windows shining through the trees, a starry firmament it was. Long avenues of pines, shady trees and lovely vines enclosed us on both sides. And they were walking through nature's avenues into the life and joy of Cuban pride. They were approaching the front entrance when the sounds of music rang clear in the open air. Their souls were filled with infinite delight, and naturally looking toward the skies they beheld the heavens studded with the glittering constellations of resplendent beauty. They

drew closer to the music as its tones were wafted onward by the lulling breezes of a summer's night.

Seated beneath the tall pine with harp in hand was the unrivalled beauty of the Province. Near her was the parent of seventy-three winters. What a contrast between the two. Angelina's graceful form bent softly over her harp as the delicate fingers set in vibration the chords of harmony. She is not a type of our Southern beauty, or of Northern industry and energy. She is not a second Thelma in uniqueness of character, nor a Cleopatra in lavishness of display. She is a Spanish girl of seventeen summers, a frank, free soul, a noble character, with delicately clear cut features. Dark hair, with dark eyes, flashing brilliantly in the moonlight and suggestive of courage, force and will power. A fit being to comfort her aged grandfather and to soothe and lessen the sorrows of life in their penetration.

However they were not long in adapting themselves to the situation, Jack especially to the exigencies of the time. Cardinal Ricardo and Mr. Willis were soon engaged in a debate as to the probable course of Cuban politics, Mr. Willis defending Cuba in every argument. Although to some extent embarrassed, Jack talked of the same, at length finding out that his argument for Cuba was supported by Evangelina for she loved Cuba better than her native land.

"A proud American I am," Jack exclaimed, "loyal and patriotic, yet I sympathize with a nation suppressed in its public speech, stifled in its free thought, massacred in its frank beliefs. Proud I am to help in the cause of freeing an unfortunate victim from the hands of cruel fate."

"I am a Spanish lady, born on the sunny soil of that land. For many years my heart beat in unison with those of my kinsmen, I loved my land and my people. Its traditions were dear to me, and the glory of such a nation filled my heart with joy, nay even swelled it with pride."

"Yet," and her dark eyes flashed fire and her placid cheek flushed with an indignant smile, "I no longer love the land of my fathers, I no longer cherish their ideals and rejoice in their joys; but Cuba has my heart in her struggle for life,

my hopes are centered in her success, and my prayers are offered for her speedy deliverance." Those visits were oftentimes repeated, for nothing is happier or better than the continued associations of true friends.

But there came a time when Cuba and Spain no longer loved each other. Cuba cherished not the ideals, aims and customs of Spanish insolence. And see what a change has been wrought in their hearts. What mighty forces have been suppressed by this Rebel with an infant's power. and what wonderful change in affairs is likely to be wrought in the lapse of days by the few but determined Cubans. Free speech was suppressed, free expression of thought forbidden and slavery under peaceful skies was instituted. Then as sudden as the report of a gun in the still, open air, the cry of war and vengeance rang clear in the land beneath sunny skies, and sank deep into the hearts of loyal Cubans. Cuba was at war with the mother country. Shorn of all pride, loyalty and duty by the repeated insults of Spain, she rose up to defend the right, protect the weak, and guard the honor of her women.

On one occasion Jack again alluded to the state of things existing on Cuban soil and even within the limits of that neighborhood.

"Proud of my birth, I am an American, and though no land is more peaceful, no country more prosperous, no government more glorious in its firmness and magnificence, I have willingly sacrificed all these invaluable treasures to aid the oppressed and weak against the encroachments of the strong."

On looking up he beheld a change of countenance. Her fiery eyes had ceased to glow and the fair face was turned toward heaven. The pale light of the moon fell upon her face and her snowy cheek contrasted beautifully with the raven tresses.

"I am unhappy," she said. "Fortune, that plaything of the gods has not favored me and I must yet fail to convince my grandparent of his undue regard for my feelings. He cannot understand. Oh, the roughness of man's thought,

unpolished, unrefined, and so hard to bend beneath the plea of delicate feeling. Yet, in the rich dawn of an ampler day, when the blackness of darkness shall be changed into the clear light of day, he shall appreciate my thoughts, my sentiments, my wishes and desires, and he shall scorn to give his only grandchild into the merciless hands of a Spanish nobleman.''

Was she dreaming? The same expression was there nor had she ceased to gaze with intensified interest into the great beyond, the eternal splendor of the heavens.

''If in any way I can lift the burden from your soul, the weight from your heart and help to bring the sunshine into your life again, my services are yours, my hand will do what the heart findeth to do.''

''Then save me,'' she said, ''from the clutches of the villianous scoundrel of that Spanish nobleman, Col. Mirajo, who has fooled my parent and dares insult his old age by forcing a pledge of my hand.''

''Since the noble mind, the courageous heart, the invincible soul cannot do otherwise then I shall overcome and destroy the cunning powers of evil forever.''

''Then he shall be here tomorrow night,'' she said.

PART II.

It was a stormy night. The last reflection of the glowing sun upon moving clouds had faded away. At least, everything was enveloped in the blackness of darkness. Anticipating a storm, Jack, with a party of twenty Cubans, stationed himself in the tanglewood and thicket just behind the Ricardo Palace before the twilight had faded into deepest night. No moon lent its light to grace the occasion of celebration, and few stars shone as brightly as the night before. Clouds floated in space it seemed, some darker than others, hurried over and the distant clap of thunder heralded the approach of the storm. White flames of lightning spurted from the clouds and shot zig-zag across the heavens. The thunderbolts of the war god were not more violent, the bril-

liancy in the electrical display of human skill could not rival this blinding brightness in its heavenly magnificence and radiance.

Amid all this Col. Mirajo came riding up, dismounted rapidly, gave some orders to his guard and approached the house. Notwithstanding the cordiality of the greeting and the warmth of his reception, suspicion lurked in his ear, his keen perceptive power was at play, and in the storm and rain he discerned a fate and a meaning.

Evangelina was brilliant in her silks, bedecked with jewels and diamonds, yet false show has no special attraction for the true heart.

Mirajo had seized her hand intending to imprint a kiss there, to stain those fair hands with the foul breath of a villian. The jealous avenger seeks an opportune time to destroy and suppress the pleasures indulged in by the tyrant. Suddenly he felt a strong arm around, a rope about his neck and he knew that he was a prisoner. He was jerked toward the rear of the house, yet not without repeated cries for help from his guard.

He was ushered into the thicket where the band of Cubans were concealed. His guard tracked him here and in the rain and storm they were shot down one by one. The drops of rain fell on their bayonets and in the light from the castle windows they sparkled brilliantly. The clash of weapons, the groans and struggles of dying men were superceded by calm. The last faint echoes of the conflict had died away upon the wings of the wind.

Jack entered the hall again. Not a soul was to be seen. He looked, may be it was only a dream, yet no, he heard a footstep. He walked into the piazza. His heart was filled with joy. The noblest expression of thanks, of appreciation was seen in those penetrating eyes.

"Evangelina I have rescued you from the tyrant, you are free now, free and unspotted before the world. You can express your noblest sentiments, your proudest thoughts in an

air of freedom. Your aims have been changed, your purposes and ideals have been renovated, your life now is a revelation of the greatest happiness, prosperity and peace that this life can give. I shall soon leave the vision of a beautiful land, the land of the pine, the honeysuckle, the jassamine shall fade before my eyes yet it is indelibly stamped upon my memory. When again in that far off land of liberty, my country, my home, I shall ever watch the course of the same magnificent splendors of heaven as they shone on Cuban soil. And when on the silent steps of some massive church, I shall think of the castle enshrined in all its beauty and loveliness, a fit monument of the wealth and splendor of Spanish nobility. And doubtless I shall come again when changes shall have been wrought, and when the patriots you love shall have established a Republic of justice and truth, more lasting than the earth we tread upon. I boast not of wealth, of fame and splendor, nor of vain show and false pride, yet for many years you have seen and read the tendency of my thoughts, the highest aim and motive of my life. Surely since the tyrant has been lost, and the sting of the avenger has been felt you will not hesitate. I can offer you a land more beautiful than the fair shores of Spain, with greater luxuriance and beauty than much of your now desolate home."

"Mere words are not a fit representation of my feelings. Though silver-tongued I may be, yet the deed is unspeakable, the nobility and service of your life and the character of your soul are invaluable. Thoughts are ruined when expressed in words. You could never understand the mysteries of a soul other than your own, you can never fathom its depths, nor can you grasp the smallest thought, the weakest feeling of the heart as it is meant. With a heart full of praise, a mind of thoughts and a soul of blessings, I wish you farewell, wishing you prosperity, happiness and peace in every endeavor. But when you come again to this once fair land, when the terrors of war, lit by the unquenchable fires of disaster, shall have passed away, when the

hopes of our lonely isle shall have brightened into the clear light of day, and when our land shall have been crowned with the imperishable victories of peace, then you shall have my promise.''

WALTER K. GREENE.

Wofford College Journal.

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Story Contest The attention of the student-body is called to the prize-story contest. The announcement and conditions will be found in another part of the Journal. Every student should take this opportunity of showing his ability in the line of story writing. Do not keep your light hid under a bushel. Give the other students the advantage of your talent. Do not say you cannot win the medal, for you do not know what you can do until you try, and the trial itself will do you a great amount of good. It will arouse a part of your mind which has probably been latent heretofore. Write, and encourage your friends to write. "The more the merrier." More zest will be given to the contest.

The object of offering this medal is to awaken interest in literary work. There are a great many good story writers in college, and it is hoped this will arouse the sleepers from their lethargy. The offer is opened to every student, and

the time is extensive enough to call forth the best efforts of all.

• •

Our Advertisers We desire to call the attention of the students to the men who advertise in our magazine. It is the duty of the students to patronize those who help us, so when you have any money to spend go to the men who advertise with us. We feel perfectly safe in recommending these men to you because we know them to be men of first-class standing. Our advertisers have an interest in the college, and we should not show ourselves to be less interested than they by not showing our appreciation of their aid. So spend your money with them and they will "give your money back."

• •

The Literary Societies Too much stress cannot be laid on the importance of joining one of the literary societies and of doing good work in them. This is a very necessary part of the college course, and the faculty having seen this have made it compulsory that every man in college shall belong to one. Some of the new men have not joined yet, and we wish to impress upon these the necessity of joining at once. The earlier the better.

In after life no matter what profession we may follow the ability to express one's self easily and clearly and to think on one's feet will be an accomplishment. With our debates, essays and declamations we are trained in originality of thought and expression and learn to throw off that feeling of false modesty and self-interest. Men who have preceded us and who are out in the world tell us that this is the chief element in the college course and that considerable time should be given to it, not to the neglect of other college duties of course, but as one essential part of an harmonious whole.

The Lyceum The Lyceum this year is keeping up to its former standard. Already we have had two noted lecturers and have dates with several more. The lecture on liquid air especially, which is booked for January, will be a credit to the course judging from the criticism it is getting. This lecture is in great demand both in places where it has been before and elsewhere, and it is a credit to the management that it is coming here.

Spartanburg now has a lyceum course that can cope with any in the larger cities, having several of the most noted lecturers every year.

• •

The Schley Inquiry The evidence in the case of Admiral Schley has been given in and the public are waiting with interest for the decision of the judges.

Admiral Schley took the stand and made a very favorable impression on his hearers. He made his statements clearly and calmly and spoke very kindly of his brother officers. He spoke cordially of Admiral Sampson also, with the acknowledgement that he was commander-in-chief. His speech and the whole trial were very dramatic though not sensational. The listeners showed intense interest through it all.

There was much diversity of testimony. On account of the rush and turmoil of battle the officers seeing the affair from different points of view might have thought they saw different things. However in some judicial cases there is intentional misrepresentation. It is possible and strongly to be hoped that this was unintentional.

• •

The Dinner Probably no meal has attracted more widespread criticism in the South than the dinner President Roosevelt gave to Booker Washington. Some of the Southern people take a calm view of the matter and attribute it merely to President Roosevelt's desire to show the negroes that he is not prejudiced against them. They say that it is very natural for the president to show

friendship to a race of people by having their greatest representative as a guest.

The majority, however, take a very adverse view of the matter. Their idea is that President Roosevelt wishes race prejudice eliminated and wishes the whites and blacks to meet on a plane of social equality.

This shows how versatile and how quick to judge public opinion is. Before this Southerners were praising President Roosevelt and remembering with pleasure that he was half Southerner, and they were predicting great things for him. Then—he had a negro to dine with him. A wave of indignation swept over the South. They said that he had set a precedent which if kept up would bring about the amalgamation of the races.

It is not likely that President Roosevelt thought of any of these things when he invited Washington to dine with him. One Southern paper took a common sense view of the matter. It said that Roosevelt had a right to do as he pleased in his own home. This is not uncommon anyhow. Washington dined with Queen Victoria while in England, and President McKinley was his guest at Tuskegee in 1898. Compare them. Conditions in other places are not like they are in the South. Of course a true Southerner would not have a negro in his house among his family. The feeling has been bred in us and has become a vital part of us.
we don't want a negro around, that is our business, but t is also the other fellow's business if he does want him round. That is not our lookout. We of the South are generally too quick to judge, and draw too many conclusions from a man's actions.

Exchange Department.

W. Z. Dantzler, Editor.

Among the first exchanges received this month was the *Mount Holyoke.* This is one of the high-class magazines, but we must say that this number did not quite come up to our expectations. First on the bill of fare was the baccalaureate sermon of last June by a noted preacher, Dr. Hall, and, though deep, solid and practical, we cannot but feel that it is out of place in a magazine devoted to the literary efforts of young college students. "The Mascot" is unique; a well-told story of the basket-ball arena. The two short poems are delightful, and their brevity seems to proclaim them only as a sample of "what might be." "A Reminiscence," "A Martha Washington Geranium" and "Nell Studies" are charming storiettes, the last quite rich in humor. We learn from this number that Mount Holyoke has over six hundred students. Why should there, then, be any lack of material for the college magazine?

The Emory and Henry Era came to us in neat form. Two excellent views of the society halls are ornaments to this issue. The college song, poetry, to the air Bonnie Blue Flag, occupies the first page. Next we plunge up to our ears, yea, beyond them, into a serious and well-arranged oration or debate on the race problem. "Touchee" is a good piece of ficton by "Dumas, Jr." Then follows an oration "The Man With the Hoe." "The Spheroid Carrier," or football player is a good adaptation of the "Ancient Mariner." Now comes a piece of criticism on Shakespeare's Iago, the villain. We are reminded of Iago's lack of motive, like Richard III; but Iago was more repulsive than even Richard.

The new cover of the *Trinity Archive* is quite an improvement over the old. The first story, "His Answer at the Bar," is an impressively told tragedy. "A Journal of the Eigh-

teenth Century,'' contains some interesting historical matter. ''A Game for Two'' is a lively, well-arranged piece. There is another appropriate piece of historical research. ''Pino Cave'' is an interesting though somewhat sombre piece of prose. We notice with pleasure an article by Mr. Robert A. Law, a Wofford graduate. With an article on John Fiske and several good poems, the literary department closes.

The Clemson College Chronicle, one of our best exchanges, tho' not from a distinctly literary college, opens with a spirited discussion of the negro problem ; then comes a delightful piece of romantic fiction (?) ''Tom's Friend in Need,'' followed by ''Sister Ursula's Story,'' on the well-cultivated theme of a parting caused by the civil war. We have next a suggestive imaginative article, a sly humor running through its ghost stories. Lastly we have a disquisition on the first automobile, run by steam, about 1770-1780. Are there no poets at Clemson this fall? Or has the prosaic duty of initiating the ''rats'' kept poetic thoughts from bestirring themselves?

The Wesleyan Literary is one of our neatest exchanges. There is a dearth of poetry in the *Stylus* and the *Center College Cento.*

The Converse Concept for October is evidently a prefatory number. The contents are of high merit and we imagine some of them would be listened to closely if read before an audience. ''The Evolution of the Fool'' is a fine piece of humor; there is a stirring story; scene in France a hundred years ago. Then there are two or three articles depicting human life in relation to Nature; i. e., Nature's sympathy with our various experiences.

CLIPPINGS.

Lives of football men remind us,
That they write their names in blood;

And departing, leave behind them,
Half their faces in the mud.

—*Clemson College Chronicle.*

EVENTIDE MUSIC.

The garish day is done at last
And peace has come;
O'er all the land a solemn stillness dwells.
Through the holy calm of night
Shine myriad spheres of light,
More silent than this quiet over our world.

And yet, methinks, in God's vast home,
Sweet music swells
Orchestral harmonies sublime,
Great choruses of praise,
Unending with the days,
Triumphant o'er all discords of mankind.

—*Trinity Archive.*

THE EVOLUTION OF TRANSPORTATION.

When I was a Freshman green,
A lexicon was all I seen.
I pulled the buggy all alone
O'er many a steep and many a stone.

But in a year, a Sophomore big,
I learned to ride in a pony rig;
And seated now in a buggy high
I made old "Bob" and "Bucephalus" fly.

A Junior next, twelve months now gone,
An interlinear sped me on—
In an automobile, over asphalt roads,
With all the pleasures such travel affords.

In countless years, a Senior now,
With learning deep stamped on my brow.

With ponies I moved not a peg,
But went through simply on my leg. —*Ex.*

A DIALOGUE HEARD IN THE MESS HALL:

1st Cadet: Say, this is Sophomore butter.
2d Cadet: Why?
1st Cadet: Because it was Fresh last year.
—*Clemson College Chronicle.*

THE MISUNDERSTOOD.

The great are oftenest misunderstood;
Their lives are far above the common throng,
And what they know is right they follow long,
And often shed for it their hearts' best blood.

Their lives, so great, are far beyond our ken,
Just as the highest peaks by clouds are veiled,
And understanding not, we oft have railed
At them and at their teachings.
J. M. L., Randolph-Macon Monthly.

We have received this month the Southern Collegian, the Converse Concept, the Centre College Cento, Wake Forest Student, Stylus, Emory and Henry Era, Davidson College Magazine, Clemson College Chronicle, College Rambler, Ottawa Campus, Trinity Archive, Wesleyan Lit., Millsaps Collegian, Limestone Star, a neat, classic-in-theme magazine, but like a few others, without any poem by the students; we have also received the Columbia Literary Monthly and Emory Phoenix, Furman Echo, Georgia Tech, and William Jewel Student.

RECEIPT FOR KISSES.

To one pint dark piazza add a little moonlight, take two persons for granted. Press in two large hands a small soft

one. Sift lightly two ounces of attraction, one of romance. Add a large quantity of jolly. Stir in a fleeting of ruffle and one or two whispers. Dissolve a half dozen glances in a well of silence. Dust in a small quantity of hesitation and one ounce resistance and two of yielding. Place the kisses on a flushed cheek or on two lips and press well.—Daily Evening Press.

Y. M. C. A.

N. L. PRINCE, Editor.

The Southern Students' Summer Conference.

The Southern Students' Summer Conference met at Asheville last June in its eighth annual session. This is but one of four conferences for the student Association workers of our country, held annually under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association: one for the Northern students, at Northfield, Mass., the home of Mr. Moody, a man deeply and actively interested in this great movement for college men; one for the students of the Central States at Lake Geneva, Wis.; one for the students of the West, at Pacific Grove, Cal.; and lastly our own Southern Conference at Asheville. It was seventeen years ago since the first conference assembled at Northfield.

The attendance at the Asheville conference is a great deal smaller than the attendance at any of the other conferences, with the possible exception of the Western. Altogether at Asheville were enrolled one hundred and sixty-four. Of this number one hundred and twenty-six were representing college Associations, the others being the speakers and leaders, with a few delegates from the city associations. Sixty-five colleges, distributed throughout twelve Southern States, were represented. South Carolina had fifteen men there, delegates from the following colleges: Clemson one, Clinton College one, Erskine one, Orangeburg College one, Furman three, South Carolina College four, Wofford four—Messrs. Prince, Sharp, Varner and Owen.

For the first three years after its birth this conference met annually at the University of Tennessee, but for the last five it has been assembling at the Bingham School, three miles out from Asheville. This is almost an ideal place for such a gathering—the school buildings crowning a high hill, around

whose foot flows the swift French Broad, and whose sides, green with luxuriant grass, rise abruptly from the river's edge. In every direction, as far as the eye can reach, rise mountains above mountains, range after range, fading away in the dimming distance. To the southwest the white marble of Vanderbilt's home glistens in the afternoon sun. To the east, across the winding French Broad, lies Asheville against its back-ground of mountains, all, city and mountains, now bathed in the dim light of the westerning sun.

In this spot, so beautiful and pleasant, shut in from all the rush and hurry of the affairs of every-day life, gathered some of the choicest college men of the South to study the best methods for the advancement of Christ's kingdom in the colleges of our Southland. Many of these students, in their respective colleges, are the leaders in athletics, scholarship and the higher social life of the college. The Association stands for the development of body, mind and spirit, but these men in all things give Him pre-eminence and hold as their first duty the advancement of His kingdom in their college.

The leaders and speakers were such men as it is a rare privilege to hear and to come in personal contact with for the ten days of the conference, men of good physique, strong in mind, and, above all, men of deep spiritual life, men in no wise inferior in natural endowments and ability to those who are making more marked, success either in business or in the professions, more marked, because by following some line of secular pursuit a man is more readily recognized as being successful. Here are the men who spoke to the conference: H. O. Williams, of Richmond, Va., Southern Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association work among railroad men; Rev. M. Stone, of Baltimore, who has taken up the work in that city Dr. Babcock laid down; Rev. H. C. Buckholtz, of Chester, S. C.; Robert E. Speer, of New York city, Secretary of the Mission Board of the Northern Presbyterian Church, a writer and speaker of great power because of the clearness of his logic and of his perception of truth; J. Campbell White, Secretary of the Young Men's Christian

Association at Calcutta, India; Rev. C. R. Erdman, Germantown, Penn., President of the Conference, whose address on "Modern Misbeliefs as Expressed in Our Literature," every college man ought to have heard; H. P. Andersen, of New York city, Junior College Secretary for this country; and Dr. H. M. McIlhany, College Secretary for the South. The other leaders will come out in the daily program.

Work began at 7:45 A. M. and ended at 9:45 P. M. Full were those days. The afternoons of about five hours were entirely given up to athletics which were under the personal supervision of an athletic committee. Mountain climbing parties were conducted to places of interest near by; a field-day program was carried out; the tennis tournament was a prominent feature; and a great deal of rivalry was aroused between the States by the base-ball games for the Southern championship.

At 7:45 the mission study class met under the leadership of Mr. F. W. Andersen, Southern Secretary of the Student Voluntary Movement for Foreign Missions, an organization distinct from the Young Men's Christian Association movement, but which generally works through the Association. Its purpose is to raise up men to supply the demands of the various mission boards. This class was a training class for the leaders of the mission study classes this session, which are being conducted with large results, not only in many of the Southern colleges, but in the colleges throughout the entire country. Mr. Andersen himself goes to the foreign field in a short while.

At 8:45 was held the "Missionary Institute," under the same leadership. Here were discussed the best methods of arousing among college students an intelligent interest in missions. The promotion of mission study and systematic giving to missions was given a prominent place in the discussions of this Institute. In this hour Mr. F. W. Andersen was assisted by Mr. Edmund Lee, of Virginia, who goes in January next as a missionary to China.

At 9:45 the three Bible-study classes were held, all of them

training classes to prepare men to be leaders this year of Bible study classes in their respective colleges.

The first of these classes was led by Rev. R. M. Hodge, of the Bible Institute of Nashville, a class in "Studies in the Acts and Epistles," the Sophomore course in the four years course of Bible study offered by the Young Men's Christian Association, a study for each of the four years a student is in college.

A class in the "Life and Works of Jesus, according to St. Mark," a course for preparatory schools, was led by Mr. F. Boyd Edward, of the International Committee.

The third, a class for personal workers, using Murray's "God's Methods of Training Workers," was led by Mr. Don O. Shelton, Bible Study Secretary of the International Committee.

At 11 there was the "Platform Address," at which one of the speakers would address the conference on some subject vital to the spiritual life. This concluded the program for the morning.

At 7 in the evening the conference would assemble on the green hill-side overlooking the French Broad, when was held what was called the "Out-look Meeting," or "Life-Work Conference." Here to the delegates, as they sat upon the green grass and looked out over the mountains whose tops were glorified by the last rays of the setting sun, in this quiet evening hour the various life-works were presented, and the principles upon which one should proceed in determining what his life-work should be, were explained. What in the lives of the men the results of these hill-side meetings will be, no one can snrmise. Life purposes are here fixed.

At 8 was the "College Conference," where methods of successful college association work were discussed, the colleges being able to give, one to another, many valuable suggestions out of their own actual experience in the past. This was followed by conferences by State delegations, where what was discussed during the day was reviewed in the light of the peculiar needs of the associations of the respective States.

The Young Men's Christian Association stands for schol-

arly, daily devotional Bible study; for aggressive Christian work; and for the evangelization of the world. At this conference, if one of these purposes was held up more prominently than the others, it was the missionary purpose. From beginning to close the conference was missionary in spirit, and as a direct, tangible result twelve men publicly declared their purpose to become missionaries to the foreign field. No doubt, through the influence of this meeting a like purpose in other lives will be formed.

This, at best, is but a mere suggestion of some of the things of the conference. One must be one of those who gather at this conference to know what is its spirit and influence in lifting the life to a higher plane, where new visions of the possibilities of the Christian life and service can be obtained.

Local Department.

D. S. Murph, Editor.

The Opening of the Fitting School.

At the opening of college this fall the new Alumni Hall had not been quite completed, and the Fitting School classes for a while met in the college rooms. Since that time, the building has been finished and the boys have taken possession. The new building is a magnificent structure, three stories high, with elegant class-rooms, bed-rooms, dining-hall, society hall, etc. It is an ornament to Wofford campus and Spartanburg. It is an open secret that the success of this undertaking is due in a great measure to the untiring efforts of Wofford's untiring benefactor, Capt. W. E. Burnett, than whom she has no more loyal alumnus.

The building was formally opened Tuesday morning, Oct. 29. The Head Master, Prof. Mason DuPré, was master of ceremonies. There were brief speeches by Rev. W. R. Richardson, Capt. W. E. Burnett and Dr. Jas. H. Carlisle. With the kind consent of Capt. Burnett, we here reproduce his speech in full :

Mr. Head-Master and Gentlemen :

While the King of England is writhing under the knife of the specialist, suffering from a deadly malady, and the murderer of the defenceless Cubans is threatening dictatorship to bleeding Spain, and while the wheels of the dynamo which sent death to the assassin of President McKinley have scarcely ceased their revolutions, we meet this morning to hopefully and peacefully celebrate an event looking to the development and upbuilding of the young manhood of our country.

"In the Atlantic ocean," says Murry, "there is a majestic river, in the severest droughts its volume never diminishes

and in the mightiest flood it never overflows. Its source is in the semi-tropics and its mouth in the Arctic seas." This seeming freak of nature has a kindred type in human life. There is a mighty river which has its fountainhead in the heart of man and its mouth in the realms of eternity. It is the river of influence and its onward current touches every human interest and its crystal on turbid waters lave the shores of every clime. The power of this influence is vividly portrayed in the life of every boy and book, in every condition and in every place. If this be true then the influence of your surroundings today should be to you a source of perpetual inspiration and a living incentive to faithful and manly work.

How far removed is your condition when contrasted with those who a half century ago attended the old field schools, and yet from those structures came men who have made our country famous in arms, in literature and in commerce. They have given us a history which thrills with pride every American heart and which has elicited the highest respect and admiration from every nation on the globe, men who, when their last great services were performed and the golden bowl was broken, the tears and gratitude of two continents attested the dignity and nobility of their life work. The world is cognizant of the great results which they attained and of the small impetus given them by their surroundings, and it is looking now to the young men of the twentieth century with all the advanced appliances and facilities, to at least maintain, if not surpass, the high standards of our forefathers. The triumphant echoes of the past and the mighty tread of progress in the present should awaken and marshal into effective action all your latent energies and worthy ambitions. Never before have I been so wonderfully impressed with the force of that old saying: "It is a glorious thing to be a young man." It has burned itself into my very consciousness until every nerve and every fibre of my being seems electrified with the desire to make anew the footprints of life in order that something more worthy might be accomplished, but like the meteor's flash, which is

so soon swallowed up in darkness, the desire was silenced by the thought of impossibility. It is not for you to wish or hope for this boon ; you have it already in your possession. The floral crown of youth now adorns your brows ; weave its possibilities into such successes and triumphs that your college, your homes, and your State will be proud of your lives.

The history of Wofford College and Fitting School is a sacred legacy not only to her alumni and her patrons, but to every devotee of science and every lover of high ideals and conscientious service. You can if you will add to this already brilliant history that which will make it more and more cherished.

This is and should be a red letter day in the annals of Wofford Fitting School. We congratulate you that you are being installed in this magnificent building, an ornament to this campus, to Spartanburg and to South Carolina—planned according to the latest models of architecture, with fine dormitories and recitation rooms equipped with the necessary appliances, with electric lights,steam heat, and last but not least with all the requisites for testing the truth of that old adage that cleanliness is next to godliness—the bath rooms. I want to say here, don't be afraid of the bath rooms. Maj. Cleveland, the owner of the waterworks, does not object to a liberal use of this fluid,and in addition to this it is the universal opinion of the medical profession that no constitution was ever impaired by the judicious use of water applied externally.

Just one word of caution. Handwriting on the walls, whether in prose or verse, and defacing the furniture are not evidences of a distinguished ancestry; neither are they marks of future greatness. Keep this building as yon would your own new home and then there will be no cause of complaint from the Head-Master. Your influence and your example in this respect will have great weight with those who are to come after you.

And, finally, young gentlemen, I congratulate you upon having such a teacher. Wofford College is proud of him as

her son, the alumni honor him as a man of great worth and ability, and Spartanburg is honored in having him as her citizen. If you will follow his instructions no fathers or mothers will regret the sacrifices they have made in sending their boy to this institution.

A Deserved Tribute.

Dr. A. B. Cooke, our efficient professor of modern languages, has recently written a book on the German Lyric. As Dr. Cooke's friends all expected, the work proved to be a great success. It has been highly complimented by competent authorities at home and abroad. It affords us peculiar pleasure to quote a few words from Prof. Roediger, of the University of Berlin: "Your rich and well chosen selections and comparisons were of special interest to me, the more so as I have in my own lectures called attention to such parallels in the Minnesang." Those who know Dr. Cooke best feel that this is only a recognition of true merit, and Wofford is justly proud of him.

Football.

On Friday, Oct. 25, Wofford's eleven were met by the Georgia School of Technology on the grounds of the former. After a hotly contested game the Techs were declared winners by a score of 33 to 00. The Techs were heavier, older men, and had the advantage of longer training. Wofford was simply outclassed and is not at all discouraged by this defeat. The team goes to Asheville to play Bingham on Wednesday, Nov. 6, and expects to return victorious.

News on the Campus.

The Wofford Glee Club is doing some fine practicing now and will give a first-class entertainment Nov. 25.

We were pleased to have with us on Sunday, Nov. 3, Mr. Lee, the Southern secretary of the Student Volunteer Move-

ment. Mr. Lee is making a tour of the Southern colleges in the interest of missions and will go himself next January as a missionary to China. He conducted the regular devotional exercises of the Y. M. C. A. on Sunday afternoon, taking as his subject "Christ's Kingdom—the method of its propogation." The visits of such men as Mr. Lee cannot fail to do good in arousing a missionary spirit among college men.

Mr. Motte, Business Manager of the Spartanburg Business College, is conducting a class in stenography on the campus. The class meets four times a week.

The second lecture in the Lyceum course was that by Dr. Thos. Dixon on "Backbone." Dr. Dixon is a native of North Carolina and has gained considerable reputation as an orator. Description seems to be his strong point. The next lecturer will be Mr. Woodrow Wilson, on Nov. 28.

The election of officers in the Preston Literary Society on Oct. 26 resulted as follows: President, T. C. Easterling; Vice President, N. L. Prince; 1st Critic, R. E. Sharpe; 2nd Critic, E. A. Montgomery; Secretary, I. E. Curry; Treasurer, A. E. Taylor; 1st Censor, C. L. Smith; 2d Censor, J. C. Harmon.

The Gymnasium Association will give an exhibition on Monday evening, Dec. 9. The team is now practicing regularly.

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Captain, F. S. DuPre.

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Sec. and Treas., B. A. Bennett.

Junior Class.

President, L. Q. Crum.
Vice-President, W. C. Owen.
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Sophomore Class

President, J. C. Harmon.
Vice-President, E. K. Hardin.
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President, H. Dial.
Vice-President,
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Secretary and Treasurer, C. H. Varner.

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Wofford College Journal.

Literary Department.

T. F. WATKINS, Editor.

Virgil--The Author for the College Student.

There are a great many people who think that Virgil is an author only for the preparatory school and the high school. But this is a very mistaken idea. Not that we would say that Virgil is not a very suitable author for one who has studied Latin only for a short time, but we would say that Virgil should find a place in the more advanced college curicula. In many of the preparatory schools we find that Virgil is read. Men who are experienced teachers have put this author in the course. This poet is easy and pleasant reading, and therefore recommends himself to the teacher who is seeking some Latin poetry which will not be too hard for and, at the same time, interesting to the pupil who up to this time has read only prose.

But there is the danger of giving the student who has but begun the study of Latin, a lasting distaste for Virgil. At this stage of his Latin course he has not acquired a readiness in reading and must dig out by hard work some ten to fifteen, or possibly twenty-five lines, for a lesson. Every word he must be able to parse for the exacting teacher. Thus floundering and struggling in this slough of despond, at a time when Latin is little else than drudgery, before the beauties of the language have opened up to him, is it a wonder that the student receives a distaste for Virgil which it will be hard to outgrow.

But it may now be very naturally questioned why should we be so concerned about not giving the Latin student a distaste for this author. It is because we want the student to come to this poet after he has acquired an ease in translating and has reached the point where he is allowed to translate without being brought to a halt every few words to parse, and after he has caught something of the spirit of the language and can appreciate some of its beauties. The average student does not reach this point until he is well advanced in his college course, having spent altogether some three or four years in Latin study. Then and only then is the student ready to study this author as he should be studied.

Why single the author, Virgil? Why is he so pre-eminently worthy of a place in the college curriculum!

From the time of the publication of his works down to the the present time, scholars and critics of all countries, Italian, French, German, English, have continued to write of this poet, discussing, criticising and praising his works, and in all of this the note of praise has been the predominant one.

That Virgil has taken such a prominent place in the thought and writing of the learned men of so many centuries, and especially of the scholars of the century that is just closing, while no other of his fellow-Latin writers have shared anything like so prominent a place, is reason enough why he should find a place in our college curriculums.

It has been said "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country." In the case of Virgil the rule seems to have been suspended. Even by his contemporaries, as by the later writers, both of Rome and of other countries, he was given a place beside Homer. There were no grammatical mistakes in his writings. They were canonized and became themselves the standard of grammatically and rhetorically correct usage. They were studied by grammarian and rhetoricians and early became a standard text in the Roman schools. Later in the church schools his works were taught. In the renaissance he played an important part. One authority says, "No writer has, on the whole, entered so largely and profoundly into the education of three of the four chief

representatives of European culture, the Italian, the French, the English." We find in reading another, "There is probably no other writer even at the present day, of whom some knowledge may with more certainty be assumed among cultivated people of every nation."

Over Tacitus, Bede and Dante he casts his spell. Of him in these words Dante speaks, "Thou art my author and my master. Thou art he from whom I took the good style that did me honor." "English orators of a great era of English oratory" knew and quoted him. Burke always had a "ragged Delphin Virgil not far from his elbow." The French regard him as the poet of "all the direct inheritors of the latin civilization," and Voltaire is especially loud in his praise. Tennyson speaks of him as the "lord of language", and in his song, On the Nineteenth Century of Virgil's Death, we find these lines:—

> "All the chosen coin of fancy flashing out from many a golden phrase,
> Thou that singest wheat and woodland, tilth and vineyard hive and horse and herd,
> All the charms of all the muses often flowering in a lonely word;
> I salute thee, Nantovano, I that loved thee since my day began,
> Wielder of the stateliest measures ever moulded by the lips of men."

Such is the position which Virgil has occupied. These are but few of the men whom he has greatly influenced, and these are but few of the many lines of praise written to him. Let us pass on hurridly. There are so many reasons why every college student should study Virgil that we could at best hope to touch this subject very superficially.

To quote another, "Virgil is the only complete representative of the deepest sentiment and the highest mood of his countrymen and his time." It is only the poet who can really represent a people, their thought and their feeling,

not the orator, even such a one as Cicero, nor the prose writer.

It seems to be very generally agreed that Virgil and Cicero are the representatives of the Roman thought and life. So, if it is true that it is the poet who can best represent that thought and life, we must give Virgil the first place as representative of Rome. But however we may estimate the value of this claim for him, we can at least agree that if the Augustan age has a voice, and have one it must, for no great age in a country's history is without its writer who can speak out its "deepest sentiment and highest mood," it is he. While Livy and Horace and Ovid rank very high as Roman voices, yet above these, the most distinguished of his contemporaries, our poet ranks.

He was born from among the common people, "the sturdy yeomanry, the country's pride," and it is among these people he most delights to live. Yet he is not unacquainted with the court life at Rome nor with the life and thought of the literary lights of his day and with these shared their national patriotism and their vision of the greatness of the mistress city, Rome. That he may represent his time Virgil is endowed by Nature with the highest genius, and by education and a devoted application and consecration to the finding of a fit channel for the highest expression of his genius, he demonstrates his right to hold the place for which nature had endowed him.

During this period preparation for a literary career was more elaborate than even before or since, but this Mantuan bard was in point of education able to rank with the very best students of the day. He mastered the old Roman poets, and the old Greek poets from whom he got much of his inspiration and many of the beauties of his style.

It would be useless for me to write of this, the golden age of Roman literature and of Roman national life, "an epoch of the maturest civilization of the ancient times;" a short age, a climax as it were of the Roman life-drama, for which seven centuries prepared ; an age in which we see Rome rise to her full stature of manly strength and national greatness,

only to see her strength immediately begin to fail and her greatness begin to wane. As the age of Pericles of Greece, and the Elizabethan of England, so does this period stand out as the great age of Rome.

We cannot speak of the merely technical beauties of his style, nor of the more intrinsic beauties of his pictures of nature which he so much loved, and which his poetic genius enabled him so well to appreciate and interpret for us; nor of how "in form and execution," his poetry is "mature development of the efforts of the previous Centuries;" nor of his musical style; nor of the finish of his verse which never lost its freshness through all his polishing.

Virgil is valuable to us, not only because he expresses the highest in the Roman mind, but also because he gives expression to the highest that was in the universal mind at the birth of our Saviour. Embowered under his flowers of poetic language lie much noble sentiment and lofty thought. Virgil is almost a contemporary of the Master, and in his writings, though a pagan's, we find expression given to teachings that He lived and taught. In these days of higher education, when skepticism subtlely creeps into so many of our colleges, to read such sentiments, coming from one we call a heathen, is helpful.

He never loses sight of the sanctity of human life and believes in a "Divine Essence" in every man, which transcends the physical. Virgil sets high value on purity of life. He taught that a Divine Head, whom we know as God, is the source and sanction of justice and mercy, of good will and good faith among men. He had an unfaltering trust in a Divine Providence, who was working out great and noble purposes in the world. Thus Tennyson addresses him:

> "Thou that Seest Universal Nature moved by Universal Mind."

As Virgil has been the source of inspiration and literary thought to many of the lights of the literary world for the

past nineteen centuries, so may he continue to be throughout the coming years.

NORMAN L. PRINCE.

A Southern Problem.

One unfamiliar with Southern conditions can scarcely realize the seriousness of the crisis through which the South is now passing. The illustrious Henry W. Grady, whose utterances on this subject have given him a world-wide reputation, once said: "The future holds a problem in solving which the South must stand alone. This problem is to carry within her body politic two separate races nearly equal in numbers. She must carry these races in peace, for discord means ruin; she must carry them separately, for assimilation means debasement; she must carry them in equal justice, for in this she is pledged in honor and in gratitude; she must carry them even unto the end, for in human probability she will never be quit of either."

Can the South stand alone in the solution of this problem? This question has puzzled the wisest heads and perplexed the clearest brains of our nation. It has been discussed in every legislative body in this country. It has been talked about and written about until the subject is thread-bare. There are no new points to be brought up, but only a repetition of those discussed so often before.

The South cannot stand alone in this great work which Providence has put upon her. She will need the support of all sections and the sympathy of the whole country to accomplish the desired end. The South accepted the trust put upon her and will execute it faithfully. With nothing to guide her but justice and honor, she will meet every condition as it arises. There is not a single instance recorded in history where two dissimilar races have lived side by side in peace before. The American Indian is a fair example of this. Rather than live by the side of an alien race, he had

rather spill the last drop of his blood than endure the encroachment of the foreigners.

The South should be commended rather than reprimanded for the manner in which she has treated her former slaves. Since the bonds of slavery were unfettered in '65, the South has given the negro race every advantage, both industrial and educational, which the white race itself has enjoyed. The South has held the confidence and won the gratitude of the inferior race and at the same time maintained a social barrier which shall never be crossed and which shall ever be held sacred even by President Roosevelt. In spite of her kindness to the weaker race, the South has been charged before the bar of public opinion with brutally and inhumanly treating many of them. This accusation has arisen from the lynching of some negroes who have committed crimes so brutal that the pen can never describe nor the imagination picture; so savage that it places the offender beyond the category of human beings; so unjust that the criminal deserved no trial by jury. Nor does the South stand alone in mob violence, for lynchings have occurred in nearly every section of the country. The lawless acts of mobs in Ohio, Illinois, and New York will go down side by side in the history of crime with those of Texas, Georgia and Carolina. The criminal alone is responsible for the treatment administered to him, nor is any punishment, however severe, undeserved.

Southerners have always been distinguished for their devotion to their homes, and have never considered life too dear or peace too sweet to lay at the altar of sacrifice for its protection. And when the deadly news is flashed through a community that a home has been spoiled—has been robbed of its virtue—that father, husband or brother has been slain, and mother, wife or sister left worse than slain, then, I say, I care not how quiet a community may be, nor how prompt the officers of the law may be, nor what barriers may be thrown around the prisoner, nothing will be strong enough to keep the criminal from being brought immediately to justice.

History teaches us that education is the strongest means

by which crime can be checked. Let us educate the negro. The South stands already head and shoulders above every other section in conferring this priceless gift upon the negro. She now expends about forty millions of dollars annually in school funds, of which sum the negro contributes but one-thirtieth, although he reaps nearly one-half the benefit. Is the South not doing her duty? All trades are open to the negroes, and they are encouraged by equal competition with the whites. We are glad to see that many of them are taking advantage of their opportunities and are becoming proficient in all trades of industry and in the professions.

The negro population of the United States is about twelve per cent., and yet the criminal statistics show that they furnish about thirty per cent. of the criminals and twenty per cent. of the murders, including all races. As dark as the future may seem, the South still hopes that by educating and civilizing influences she will get the victory over ignorance and crime; and should she not, then as Marion L. Dawson says, "Education is a failure and the history of civilization a lie." "The South," says Mr. Dawson, "will solve her problem. She will work out her own salvation, and in this great labor for humanity she will have, and she will deserve, the sympathy and the support of this now united people, who are striving only for the best interest of a common country."

But, in our judgment upon the negro race, let us not forget the debt which we owe, as Southerners, to the "old negro" who is fast passing away. Look back into the past, what do we see? We see four million human beings bound in chains of slavery; we see hounds tracing women and children through the swamps; we see babes snatched and sold from the breast of mothers; we see all the relations of home and God trampled beneath the cruel foot of might, and this was all done in our own fair land, the land "where all men are created free and equal."

The past rises before us. We see the great struggle for national life; we hear the call to arms; we see the young man walking for the last time by the side of the maiden, and

we hear vows of eternal love; we see fathers bending over the cradle of babes and kissing them for the last time; we see sons in the last fond embrace of loving mothers; we see the wife with her babe in her arms waving to her husband as he leaves They are gone, and many are gone forever. Old soldier, have you forgotten the trust so faithfully executed by "old black Mammy," and "Uncle Tom"? Do you remember, old veteran, that during those four bloody years of war not one drop of blood was shed by a negro, and yet our women and children were at his mercy? In a few years the wand of time will sweep from our fair Southland the "old negro," and may he peacefully rest beneath the palmettoes and the pines. We have but one sentiment for the "old negro"—prayers for the living and tears for the dead.

F. EARLE BRADHAM.

How the Actor's Role was Turned to Good Account

Princeton had her score of celebrities and freaks. First, there was Albergut Negulum, a nobleman from Siam, who had never been known to go to a lecture without falling asleep. He would select the rear bench in the lecture room, draw up his aristocratic short legs and with his arm for a pillow put his 180 pound body on the bench and become the slave of Morpheus. Then there was Nicodemus Willis, who was one of the brightest men in the University when he was intoxicated, and one of the dullest when not inebriated. Liquor was like the fire that is needed to set the mighty engine in motion. How the poor boy struggled against it! But after he had wrestled in vain with his work for months, he could not resist the temptation of shutting himself up in his room, resorting to the black bottle, and then after being intoxicated, to master in a few hours what he had not been able to comprehend in a whole term. After examinations came a period of dark despair and repentance, for he came of strict old Puritan stock and tried to be a Christian. But as

the ambition to become the valedictorian of his class grew upon him, he gave himself up more and more to this seducive sin. When so inebriated that he could hardly stand, he could make old Clio's walls ring with his oratory and he was regarded as one of the best speakers in the University. A grey set of collegians often dragged him from his den to their banquet board and if he could be induced to drink of the sparkling wine, it would unloose that mighty tongue, and they would sit spell-bound for hours listening to the flow of wit and pathos. His jests were treasured and repeated all over the campus and were enjoyed by the "gravest" poler and the wildest "beater." They were repeated in the college minstrel and many were told to parents around the Christmas board. When the visitors came to Commencement and wished to meet the wit of the University, they were credulous when introduced to a timid man who could only stammer out a few commonplace remarks. But those same visitors were amazed that night when he delivered a speech that won the debate for the Clio literary society. They did not know that he was so intoxicated that the marshal had to support him while he walked up to the rostrum and that the reason he rested his hand on the table was because he could not stand unsupported.

Then there was Diggs, who was one of the brightest men, who it was said never opened a text book. He could be seen any day striding over the hills around Princeton, examining stones and breaking them up with his hammer. He was a constant source of wonder to the natives. His room was full of botanical specimens, minerals, and bird eggs, beside turtles, a small alligator, and a dilapidated old parrot. This young botanist spent his nights in chemical experiments, and the odors that issued from his room had been the last straw that caused many an irate landlady to give orders to move. The life of the young devotee of science had been one of continuous, weary migration. The few who had braved the perils of his den affirmed that Diggs did not have a text book in his room. How he could stand over his gas jet experimenting with some chemicals until the small hours

of the night and then read his Homer the next morning in a way to force commendation even from the crusty old Dean, was one of the unsolved problems of the University.

Aubington, a Bostonian, had come to the University and won the admiration of the "sporting" set by his extravagance. All the shop men were eager to credit so imposing a young man, but found to their sorrow that their neat little "statements" which they sent at the end of the month were not heeded. After several months they became clamorous in their demands, and Abington could not stir without having to face several of his frantic creditors. So he was forced to turn night into day, and his sour face was always among the last at the wines. The milkman met him taking his constitutional when the sun had not risen. At the break of day Abington retired to his room and locked the door. In vain the tradesmen knocked, or waited for hours at the door for his return, for they never saw him. Isaac Ernstein sadly asserted, "Dot vos der only young man who offer beat me."

Fred Burton the breezy Westerner, was the undenied disciple of Annias and Sapphira. No one in the college community had ever made a marvelous statement which did not seem weak and insipid when compared to a similar actual personal experience which the westerner had undergone. Seekers after Munchausen fame always became dumb in his presence.

There was a group of college heroes. Hays, the fullback, who had bucked Pennsylvania's line for a touch down and Reddock, who had made a thirty yard dash and tied the score; Rembert, who had knocked a home run off Cornell's star pitcher last spring; Jackson, who had broken the world's record on putting the shot, and Henderson, who had downed the blacksmith in the last fight between town and gown.

These, I say, were the freaks and heroes of the University, but the hero of heroes and the oddest of the odd was Jackson Legree. The students stood in awe and admiration of him, and the faculty in wonder. Never had such a student been to the University before. He seemed to be Fortune's

darling, for he always succeeded in every thing he attempted. His college course had been one long series of successes. He could not only do everything, but could do it better than any one else. Now in his senior year he stood like Alexander, repining for a new world to conquor. His desire to excel all others had become a mania, and no sphere of college activity had been spared. When he had heard some one remark that Noile Sharpe could make a better prayer than anyone else in the University he had immediately joined the Y. M. C. A. and demonstrated that he couldn't. On the other hand, when a burly Tennesseean had boasted that he could steal more turkeys in one hour than any other man, Legree promptly responded that he couldn't, and proved it that night to the sad detriment of Deacon Young's hen coop.

Legree came to the University with all the influence that a family name could give. The Legrees were among the best families of Virginia, and the coat-of-arms on the panel carriage hinted at a long pedigree. Their record during the Civil War endeared them to every Southerner. The Northern friends that Legree carried home with him Christmas had been charmed with Southern hospitality.

In person Legree was imposing. His body combined the strength of a Hercules with the grace of an Apollo. When he had been measured on the jam of the front door at Belmore he reached the six foot two-inch mark made by his Cavalier grandfather Charles. His hands were small and of that perfect symmetry which only generations of aristocratic ancestors can give. His head was firmly set on broad shoulders. His dark hair was curly, and his large gray eyes were full of life and fire. A petulant frown often darkened his handsome face. He had a haughty air, which had repulsed many an admirer.

When Legree came to the University he entered the Sophomore class. His friends often said that they could not imagine such a man being a Freshman, and the butt of the upper classmen's jokes and the victim of their hazing. His superb figure had at once attracted the attention of the lynx-eyed coach. The first afternoon he had displayed

speed and strength, coupled with good head work. With systematic work he improved rapidly, and now in his senior year, this lazy Southerner was captain of the team and Princeton's star player.

When examinations came, although he had never been considered a student, he was given first honor in every branch. Now many a faithful "poler" looked on this phenomenon whom he had formerly regarded as only a good physical machine, with new admiration and even envy. This was but the beginning of his intellectual career. He had won the Lee medal, the goal of every student's ambition, for the best Latin poem, and his friends often asserted that he had received enough medals to fill the old metal man's rickety cart.

As a speaker he had soon become prominent, and in his junior year Clio elected him to compete for "champion orator." His speech went down in the annals of Princeton as the best oration ever delivered by a son of old Nassau. His mellow Southern voice had charmed every hearer, and his perfect logic and chaste language had carried all before it.

His knowledge of the negro character made him an invaluable end man in the glee club, and his mellow voice made him the strongest man in the quartet. As the seniors sat on the stone steps of Old North, in the gloaming, singing the college songs his voice always rung the truest.

But besides being the hero of the strong element of the University, he was the idol of the fast set. For whatever he did, he did with a will, and none knew how to have a better time than he. His ready wit, his comic negro songs, and his contagious gayety made him a boon companion. No spread was considered complete without him. We must admit, with shame, that the wildest rakes of the University boasted of how many glasses of wine Legree could drink, and pronounced his swearing perfect.

His taste in dress had great weight among the "sporting" element, and many a millionaire's son had his trousers cut in the style that Jack Legree favored, and tied his cravat in the way that his hero affected.

What was more natural than when it was decided by the dramatic club to present Goethe's masterpiece, that Legree should be selected to star as Mephistopheles? It suited his disposition well, even in fancy, to rule over the world — to hold the threads of fate of so many persons in his hand, and to tangle, knot, and break them. How he enjoyed molding to his purpose that plastic clay that we call manhood, playing upon human weaknesses and prejudices, bringing into prominence the bestial part of our composition. His cynical soul was pleased to see how misunderstandings and doubts could prevent the noblest aim. How learning, philosophy, bravery, and even virtue, all were conquored by the spirit of evil.

Legree had refused an invitation to a wine, one to a spread, and an urgent request to assist a gay set in carrying Dean Swift's gate, and sits on the corner of a table on the stage of the theater in meditation. His dark red tights and cloak show to advantage his well shaped body. Red shoes with very long, curved toes, adorn his feet. A wig with two horns protruding, complete his attire. He dangles in his hand an electrical wand which sparkles at will. Red paint gives a diabolical expression to his face.

His meditations do not seem to be very pleasant, for the petulant frown flits frequently across his brow, and he impatiently moves his cloak. Thackeray says the most dismal scene in the world is a banquet hall the next morning after the feast: but what can be more dismal than behind the scenes on the stage, after a play, when the lights have grown dim, and the noise made by the receding feet of the players has died away in the corridors. How like the deceptions of the stage had Fortune's gifts been — fair and alluring to her votary on the outside, but in reality, shams! The crown of success appearing to be verdant laurels was only artificial flowers. The castles and mansions which looked so enduring and imposing from the distance, were but frail, painted cloth, ready to topple over at the first jar. The very throne which appeared to be a mass of virgin gold and precious jewels, was but gilded wood and colored glass. The

air castles of which he had dreamed, and after toiling, reached, had proved but squalid huts. The crown that Fortune had given him had withered on his brow ; the luscious plums of success had proved but ashes when in his mouth. Fortune like a siren had drawn him to the shoals of distress. He had suppressed the higher impulses of his nature to reach her side, and now she had lost her charm. But something more than mere disgust at the shams of life was worrying the modern Mephistopheles. He had received a letter from his father that afternoon which bore the tidings that their financial affairs had received a severe shock. Crops on the plantation of late years had been poor ; last year the barn with the year's crop of tobacco had been burned, and now several large debts had to be met, and he had not the money with which to meet them. The only thing which could save the falling house was the sale of the Belmare estate, a rich tract of land along the Potomac ; but this Colonel Legree alone could not do. When his father had died he left a condition in his will which stipulated that the ancestral manor was only to be sold by the consent of his two sons. After the war a quarrel arose between Colonel Legree and his brother Anthony. Both were too proud to make any advances, and in a few months Anthony, who was a bachelor, had disappeared. The Colonel soon repented of his rash words and wished to heal the breach, but he could not find his brother. In vain he attempted to find the whereabouts of his eccentric brother ; he had disappeared as completely as if the earth had swallowed him up. He received no answer to his advertisements in the papers. The Colonel had carefully taken his brother's part of the annual income of the ancestral manor and put it in the bank against his return. Upon whose return now depended the honor of the Legree name.

Jack Legree was stunned. The only relation he had had with money was spending it. He had been as extravagant as a French nobleman of the regime of Louis XV, and now to be bankrupted, to have to stop his college course in his Senior year, was hard. For the first time he felt the

heavy hand of misfortune upon him. He cudgled his brain to devise a way by which he, who had never known what it meant to fail, could find his uncle.

A threatning roar of thunder aroused him from his reverie. Throwing on his overcoat Legree hurriedly left the theatre and hastened towards his room. The streets were deserted and intensely dark, but with intervals of light when Jupiter hurled his avenging thunderbolts. The tower of old North, like a grim sentinel, alone stood serene and calm in the tumult. The young green leaves on the giant oaks murmured as if in fright, while the trees themselves groaned as if in dread of the coming conflict. The thunder sounded like the angry roar of some raging beast. Soon large drops of rain fell on the pavement, while a heavy downpour could be heard in the distance.

Legree halted, confused by the tumult. It would be impossible to reach his room. Opposite him was an old colonial mansion with its large, white Doric columns and its little portico suspended from the second story. The house was large and flanked by two huge bay windows. It was surrounded by dense shrubbery and dismal cedars, and was currently reported to be haunted. The approaching downpour decided Legree, and seeing a light shining from a bay window, he hastened up the long box-path toward the house. The roar of the wind drowned any sound his feet might have made.

As he passed under the bay window on his way to the door he was surprised to see the window open, and the sight that he saw made his blood run cold. In the center of the room was a gaunt man in a dressing gown. He was holding his gray head erect and his eyes looked steadily into the muzzle of a revolver! He was surrounded by three rough men who were armed to the teeth. Their faces were the most villainous Legree had ever seen, and would have done honor to one of Captain Kidd's buccaneers, while the determined manner in which one held the pistol in the face of the thin gentleman indicated that they were determined. Between the roars of the wind Legree caught some words

spoken in a foreign accent: "Tell me where yer money is or yer will never see der light of day again! Show up de swag!" The thin lips of the delicate man closed more tightly than ever. Legree wondered how he was to save this man. How could he, with not even a pocket knife, defeat these desperate burglars? If he went for help the man would be murdered ere his return. The wildness and chaos of nature seemed to be an ideal setting for this terrible scene about to be enacted within. The leader was now calling upon the saints, the virgin, and even the devil to witness that if the hiding place of the money was not disclosed he would blow his brains out. When the villain uttered the word devil, the costume he wore suddenly occurred to Legree In an instant he threw off his overcoat, and by a back somersault which he had learned in the gymnasium entered the room through the open window and alighted on his feet in the center of the group. He solemnly raised his hand above his head, and at that instant, as fortune would have it, the heavens were lit up with a blinding flash of lightning, followed by a crash of thunder. To say that the men in the room were transfixed with terror at the sudden apparition of the lower world would express it mildly. "Come unto me, my children," said Legree in a sepulchral voice. The sound of even this terrible voice seemed to revive the men, but they did not show any decided desire to come unto this red devil; on the contrary they fell rather than leaped through the glass with moans of "Mon dieu! Mon dieu!"

Legree now turned his attention to the old gentleman, who had fainted. He soon revived him and was surprised to see such a thrilling resemblance to the features of his father. When the gentleman was convinced that the red devil was only a college man impersonating Mephistopheles he regained his composure, but upon looking more closely at his deliverer started back again in surprise and asked in an excited, almost fierce voice, "What is your name, boy?" "Jack Legree," replied the modern Mephistopheles. "I am

your uncle," he said, as he strained the fantastic figure to his breast.

M. W. SLOAN.

The Scenery Around Chimney Rock.

As one approaches Chimney Rock he is struck with the beauty of the surrounding foot hills and valleys. This towering mass of granite may be seen plainly many miles away, standing off to itself like a huge monument reared by nature to an ancient god. Before reaching the wide valley opposite Chimney Rock, one enters the famous Hickory Nut Gap, walled in on both sides by mountains that reach dizzy heights. The eye next rests on the Broad River, with its rapids and cataracts, as the water rushes on to find a resting place in some deep pool. Then just opposite comes to view great coves; the rocks are broken open as if, by superhuman power, some mighty wedge had been driven into the sides of the mountain and rent it asunder.

The ascent to Chimney Rock is very precipitous and dangerous. The summit is reached after several hours of strenuous struggling. Through the goodness of nature is provided a series of steps to assist the mountain-climbers in their efforts to reach the top. From this point is obtained a view of the country hardly equalled in that section. For many miles the scene spreads out as far as the eye can reach, and then the chain of mountains rise to form a background for the picture.

The next point of interest is the Appian Way. This leads from the foot of Chimney Rock up to the top of a series of most beautiful falls. For beauty the Appian Falls are not excelled by any in the country around. The water makes a single leap of nearly a thousand feet and reaches the pool beaten into a shower through the long descent. Standing at the foot of the falls and looking up, one gazes on the sublime spectacle in wonder and amazement. The pools formed by these falls present, perhaps, the most wonderful curiosity to the native mountaineer and to the visitor. By

the native it is believed that these beautiful black pools are bottomless, and no little superstitution has grown up about them. In many attempts by the people living near, they have failed to sound any bottom and therefore they conclude these basins are bottomless, and indeed many strange stories are told by them to verify the assertion.

JOHN C. EPTING.

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The Christmas Holidays. Christmas is nearly here and everybody is looking forward with pleasure to some happy days to be spent at home or with friends. This is the only holiday of any length between the opening and closing of the college year, and it is very well to relieve the mind from its labor for a while. This will send the hard-working boys back with renewed determination and zeal to do even better work than before.

The question as to the advisability of giving several days to break into the college year has been a live one, but we think it has been decided that it is a good thing to relieve hard students for a short time, and as for the lax ones they would do nothing during the time anyhow, and this would give them a chance to begin afresh.

It is very helpful physically as well as mentally. Many boys who take scarcely any exercise here on account of their

work would enjoy a day's hunt or a long tramp studying the beauties of nature in her winter garb. Others may take much of the time in reading or studying. Then talks to old friends on kindred subjects are most refreshing to a tired mind and body. And still others may spend the time in making some poor souls rejoice that there are still kind and charitable hearts by wisely distributing Christmas presents. Let us all spend such a Christmas that we may come back and say it was good that we were permitted a holiday.

• •

Foot-Ball. There is considerable discussion as to the good and evil of foot-ball. Some think it has a tendency to lower the standard of morality. It only brings out the moral nature. If one's morals are weak there is no better place to show it than on the foot-ball field. Again, a strong moral nature will show up even stronger. It trains one in self-control. You often hear a man say that it takes all the force of his will power to control himself in a game. He is gaining strength just there. A man cannot gain control over himself unless he has some provocation for which to control himself. It takes the greatest nerve for a man to charge a strong opponent and not "slug." He will soon get himself under such control that he will not be troubled. The mental and physical qualities of foot ball are universally recognized. It trains the memory and the mind to think quickly and to act on the spur of the moment. It is hardly necessary to speak of the physical good to be gotten out of foot-ball. It exercises every muscle in a man's body and hardens him. After following the training rules and taking the exercise a man's physique is tuned to the highest notch.

Much has been said on the purity of foot-ball. Nothing can give a team more satisfaction than to know it has played a clean game against men who play clean ball. Foot-ball is all right where eleven gentlemen struggle against eleven gentlemen for the victory.

The Charleston Exposition. The "City by the Sea" is at last waking up. The exposition which has just opened bids fair to be a success, and Charleston will reap a large commercial harvest. This exposition will very probably fulfill its mission in opening up trade with the West Indies and Central and South American colonies. Charleston has worked hard to give the people an exhibition that is worthy of our section, and she deserves success.

The opening ceremonies were held on the second and many good speeches were made. Governor McSweeney spoke shortly on the objects and aims of the exposition, and then the orator of the day, Senator Chauncey M. Depew, was introduced. Senator Depew has worked hard for the exposition, and the people of Carleston and the State appreciate it. He was introduced as "our other Senator from South Carolina." He spoke in his characteristic manner, dealing with live political subjects explaining the aims of the exposition and what the future would bring from it. Shortly afterward President Roosevelt pressed a button which set the wheels to working in the machinery building and the exposition was on. In his message to Congress President Roosevelt commends it to the good will of the people and speaks of it generally in very high terms. He directed the government exhibits at Buffalo, which are very extensive, to be transferred to Charleston, and asks Congress to appropriate the expenses necessary for this, though the managers of the exposition had promised to pay all expenses. This is an era in the annals of our history, and we see no reason why the people should not patronize it enough to make it successful.

President Roosevelt's Message. President Roosevelt's message has been read to Congress and has received the usual amount of criticism that such things do. Many democrats have pronounced the message a miserable attempt to cater to public sentiment in order to be renominated and an utter failure as

a piece of literature. Other impartial democrats and Southerners have said that it is very comprehensive, and as a literary effort has a high rank.

Of course it is expected that some people could not give their unbiased view of anything but are always ruled by prejudice. President Roosevelt touches on all the issues that are before the public at the present day, some lightly and some broadly. His varied career makes him more familiar with his subjects probably than any other man. The message is more conservative than his usual style, but it fills the requirements of the constitution, and that is all that can be asked.

He eulogizes with considerable attention President McKinley. He speaks of him as the people all over the United States have spoken—as being the "most widely loved in all the United States." He speaks of him also as being the typical American, the workingman and the friend of the workingman. This the whole people have said.

He advises Congress to pass stringent laws against anarchy and to give the Federal courts jurisdiction over any man who takes or attempts to take the life of the President or any man in line of succession to that office. There is no trouble there, as the State courts will attend to that, as was shown in the last instance. He advises provisions against anarchists and all who advocate anarchistic beliefs. That would limit freedom of speech, as anarchistic views cover such a broad field. They could hardly be handled unless their speeches caused violence. Anyhow they are covered by a veil which is hard to pierce, and they know that violence means death.

He advocates protection to the working classes, advising them to help each other, and strongly recommends the Chinese exclusion act. Trusts receive considerable treatment. He favors concentration of capital, but says it should be kept in bounds, giving the public a look at their methods. He does not exactly advise subsidizing ships, but requests Congress to remedy the inequalities of our shipping interests and restore our merchant marine to the ocean. The

Monroe doctrine receives considerable attention. All countries in the Americas should in the future take the same stand that the United States has in the past, is his argument.

In regard to the Philippines, he advocates wise measures, recommending that commercial development and industrial enterprise be given free play, and that we show them by our actions that we have their interests at heart. Having served as assistant secretary of the navy and as colonel in the army, he is especially able to advise in the departments of the army and navy, asking a speedy strengthening of the navy, leaving the army in its present condition. The message is not exactly in his usual style, but everything receives broad treatment.

Exchange Department.

W. Z. DANTZLER, Editor.

The Carolinian must have a capable, energetic literary editor, judging by the contents of the forty pages of that department. We look in vain, however, for other than purely local topics in the editorial department. While we are in the criticising humor we would like to ask, of what use is the "current events" department when there are reviews in the college library?

The November *Criterion* has reached us. It has a pretty cover; but we would like to see a longer literary department. There is a reflective poem on the everlastingness of friendship. In a short composition James Lane Allen is selected as the best latter-day novelist. In his "Reign of Law," etc., he expressed thoughts that could only be the product of years of study about human nature and the human soul. He has done his duty to his generation by not writing shallow, selling novels. But we would suggest that Allen is not always conscientious, else how could he have written "John Gray," and the "Choir Invisible," two books so very much alike?

The Southwestern Presbyterian University Journal has the literary department well filled, and in good proportion. We ease ourselves from the "White Man's Burden" — there are so many orations on the race question now adays. "Ellen Dale" is a pretty sentimental poem. There is only one piece of fiction in this number, and that quite interesting and full of feeling. "Robert Browning, in an age of great men, stands pre-eminent in the intense vitality of his physical being," so writes one of his admirers. Among the editorials we find this sentiment: "Manly courtesy is a beautiful quality, and kindness an old-time virtue, but they seem to

be out of fashion now with a certain class of men." The exchange editor has a tirade upon the yellow cover of a fellow-magazine. We will bring a Nemesis on him, and disclaim against the *Journal's* cover — fiery, dangerous, flashy, dazzling red!

The Converse Concept contains a fine enlargement of a lecture by Geo. R. Wendling on "Saul of Tausus." If it were possible to sum it up, we would put it: Saul, the Jew, and scholar, Paul the Christian and apostle, St. Paul the martyr, eloquent in life and writings because he was thrilled with soul-consuming earnestness, without which oratory is vain. Next comes "Something Unconventional" in the fiction line, and it is well told. Pathos and inspiration are blended in "The Attar of Life." "Joeelyn's Princess" introduces us to New York's Four Hundred, and we imagine we see Paul Leicester Ford, the Hon. Peter Stirling, etc., standing around. This story has much delicacy of expression. "His View of the Situation" has a ring of real life in it. The editorial department is strong. The *Concept* is, from the first poem to "On the Hill," a very creditable number.

"A Buffalo Story" in the *College of Charleston Magazine*, is the most effectively told story we have seen in the November monthlies. "A Cypress Tree" is a fine piece of description, at least for one of the class of '05.

The Columbia Literary Monthly has its pages well divided between poetry, fiction and criticism. "Balzac as a Dentist," the leading article, is as well written as some of the work of Brander Matthews, or Moulton. Balzac's definition of the drama: "A drama is the expression of a human passion, an individuality, or some great deed," is attacked, and we are shown that, in addition, the playwright must be able to tell a straightforward story. There must be no deviation from logical sequence; and every episode must be a step toward the *denouement*. The dramatist must have aim and ammunition; the characters, subject to different

treatment from that which they receive in the novel, must egotistically proclaim themselves by word and deed alone. As for Balzac, he desired to be loved and famous; after repeated failures he realized both dreams, but died in 1850, having "dug his grave with his pen." His greatest work was the Comédie Humaine, "the greatest achievement of literature;" and his fame as the author of this work overshadows that of Balzac, the dramatist.

Sentences from "Personality and Progress," an address by Bishop E. R. Hendricks, LL. D., in the *college number* of the "*Trinity Archieve*": "Generosity and gratitude must live together. The history of speculative philosophy shows one long search of man after God; the revelation of the Bible shows one long search of God for man.—The ideal college is the meeting place of man and God.—A Christian college is also the meeting place of Opportunity and Inspiration.—Society is not what is contemporantous. "The longer the world lives, the more it is governed by the dead;" it is the grasp of the great thinker that death fastens, not looses. We increase our power by knowing objects beneath us; our goodness by knowing objects above us.—The many gaps in the history of progress are due to the absence of men.

CLIPPINGS.

ON CASCO BAY.

Oh, the joy of a day on Casco Bay,
In a white-winged sailboat free,
When the white caps dance with the billows gay,
And the blue sea laughs like a child at play.—
Dancing, glancing, glimmering so
In the warmth of the sunlight's glimmering glow,
And the tiny craft bounds in wildest glee
O'er the restless billows of foaming sea,
And our hearts are filled with ecstacy
In the careless life of a summer's day
On Casco Bay.

Oh, the joy of a night on Casco Bay,
In an airily built canoe,
When the silvery light of the full, round moon
Steals gently over the gathering gloom,
Dancing, glancing, glimmering so,
And the strains of a mandolin, soft and low
Are wafted over the silent sea,—
And my thoughts — my thoughts are all with thee,
And our hearts are filled with ecstacy
At the end of a happy summer's day
On Casco Bay.
—*Ruth Waters*; *The Mount Holyoke*, (*Mass.*)

You may find a balm for a lover crossed,
Or a candidate who's defeated
But the only balm for a ball game lost
Is to say that the umpire cheated. —*Ex.*

FOOT BALL.

First a signal,—then a thud,—
Then your face is in the mud.
Some one's jumping on your back,—
Then your ribs begin to crack,—
Hear a whistle—down — that's all,—
It's lots of fun to play foot ball. —*Ga. Tech.*

Where is the man who has the power and skill
To stem the torrent of a woman's will?
For if she will, she will, you may depend on't,
And if she won't, she won't; so there's an end on't.—*Ex.*

Sophomore Student (at parting)—"Reservoir, my dear."

When Thanksgiving comes on Monday, when do you cook the dinner? —*Criterion.*

"She is always jumping to conclusions."
"Yes, I know she is a great reader of novels."
—*Limestone Star.*

LOVE'S ALLEGORY.

He. — You are gladness, you are sunshine,
You are happiness — I trow;
You are all to me, my darling,
That is lovely here below.

She.—You are splendor, you are glory,
You are handsome, you are true;
All there is this side of heaven
I behold, my love, in you.

Her Pa.—I am lightning, I am thunder,
I'm a roaring cataract;
I am earthquake and volcanoes,
And I'll demonstrate the fact :—
x x ! — ! (—) x ? x x ! ? ?

Alumni Department.

R. E. SHARPE, Editor.

Some Alumni of Note.

The following are some men who hold up a fine example for young graduates to follow. Space will not allow but a few names to be mentioned, so we shall not attempt to give many.

We were glad to see Rev. A. J. Stokes on our platform at the college one day last month. He is a member of the class of 1859. He is presiding elder of Charleston District.

Rev. W. R. Richardson, of the famous class of '76, has recently been given the title of D.D. He has served the Spartanburg Central Church faithfully, and at the last conference was elected editor of the Advocate. It is said that "you can't keep a working man down."

The alumni rejoiced to hear of the honorary title of D.D. given to Rev. M. L. Carlisle. There are not two more deserving men in the S. C. Conference than Dr. W. R. Richardson and Dr. M. L. Carlisle. Dr. Carlisle is pastor of Washington Street Church in Columbia. He is a member of the class of '83.

Capt. J. R. Humbert, of the class of '60, resides in Lanrens county. He is a very successful farmer. He not only leads his community in the way of farming, but he leads them along many lines. Like most Wofford men, he does his share of shaping minds for the right. Captain serves his neighborhood well. His son, J. B., of the largest class Wofford has ever had, the class of '95, has a good position as assistant cashier of the bank at Honea Path, S. C. John is made of the stuff that will continue to rise.

Olin D. Wannamaker is at Harvard. He is studying for his Phd. degree. He will get it in two years. Many of the

alumni have learned to love him, and will be glad to know he is at Harvard.

Rev. E. P. Taylor has been sent to Buncombe Street Church for the coming year. He certainly deserves great credit for his work. He started at a very small charge, but has risen to one of the first stations. While in college he deserved great praise for going through with the burdens he had upon him at that time. It seems as if he learned how to bear these well in college, as well as to keep up his college duties, and has not forgotten how yet. He is a member of the class of '88. Well may his fellow classmen look up to him as performing his mission well.

T. H. Daniel, of the class of '00, has a good position as private secretary for Congressman J. T. Johnson. Tom did his work well while in college, and it was not much trouble for him to get a job when he finished. While in college he was sometimes called "Literary Tom."

Capt. W. E. Burnett is always ready to spend and be spent for the cause of Wofford. To him more than any one else can be attributed the erecting of our handsome and comfortable Fitting School building. He seems to be tireless in his efforts to upbuild the college. He is a member of that well known class which has many worthy of mention. This may partly account for his energy and benevolence. He is another member of that class of '76. He is cashier of The National Bank of Spartanburg.

Gus. M. Chreitzberg, of the class of '95, is in the bank at Spartanburg. He has won the confidence and respect of the whole city.

The students took a delight in visiting the court house during the last session of court, because they could look on one who once occupied the place which they occupy. It was a great pleasure both to the students of the college and alumni of the city of Spartanburg to see Judge Gage, of the class of '75, preside in court.

Rev. J. W. Tarboux, of the class of '77, is a missionary to Brazil. He is in this country for a year. Many of his friends had the pleasure of seeing him last commencement. Since coming to this country he has not ceased to tell of the work in Brazil. He evidently has the work at heart. It is interesting to hear him tell of the conversion of a Catholic priest who is now ready to engage in Protestant work. He resides in Spartanburg.

We note that wherever we find Wofford men, with few exceptions, we see them elevating their fellowmen to higher planes of living.

Local Department.

D. S. Murph, Editor.

Prof. Snyder's Lecture.

It was a fortunate crowd indeed that assembled at the Converse Street Graded School building on the evening of November 18 to hear Prof. H. N. Snyder in his lecture "As Others See Us." The speaker was presented to the audience by President Wilson, of Converse College, in a few appropriate remarks. Prof. Snyder has been in Europe during the past year, and his lecture was filled with observations based upon the scenes and the men he encountered in his travels.

His subject shows that the object of his speech was to portray America from the standpoint of Europe at present. He began by outlining the obstacles of an American traveler in learning this view. These, briefly enumerated, are: The difficulty of a foreign language; the method of living—boarding houses—adopted by most American travelers; the danger of mistaking that which is extraordinary for that which is typical; the tendency of all travelers to exaggerate what is seen and heard.

Prof. Snyder then went on to show that Uncle Sam's military prestige abroad is not nearly so great as is believed by us at home; that his army and navy are held in contempt by European powers. Our political ideas, too, are not causing as many kings to totter upon their thrones as we may vainly imagine. The only American ideas that are revolutionizing Europe are her ideas of trade and commerce.

The lecturer then gave the sources from which foreigners draw their conception of America: From books such as Cooper's tales, Uncle Tom's Cabin and Mark Twain's burlesques; from newspapers with their flaring headlines con-

cerning lynchings, etc.; from American travelers. (The best Americans don't travel.)

And now for their opinions: (1) America's people are made up of the offscouring of other lands—the refuse of Europe. (2) America is a land of brutality and lawlessness. (3) It is a place where women rule their husbands, or as a good old German maid expressed it, "A paradise for women." (4) Foreigners find it hard to understand and appreciate the good comradeship which exists between our young people of opposite sexes. (5) America is a land wanting in education, refinement and culture. (6) We have no language, but speak a dialect of the English language. (7) Foreigners have no adequate idea of the extent of territory of America. (8) America is a "land of unrelieved, gross, hardened, hardening materialism."

After describing in a few picturesque sentences his return voyage, Prof. Snyder said that, as an American, he could not keep out of politics. His creed as a politician consists of these doctrines: (1) The passage of strict and restricting emigration laws; (2) the subsidizing of a merchant marine in order to encourage trade; (3) the building and maintaining of a fine navy, for if we intend to enforce the "Monroe doctrine" the time will probably soon come when we shall have to wade through fire and blood and enforce it with the sword and the cannon.

The lecturer held the attention of his audience from first to last. The lecture was interspersed with characteristic and illustrative incidents told in the professor's own happy manner. The strong and vigorous sentences with which any particular point was "fastened" were not lost on the hearers. Frequent and prolonged applause interrupted the speaker.

Football.

On Wednesday, Nov. 6, Wofford and Bingham met on the gridiron at Asheville, with this result: Wofford 6, Bingham 24. Our team felt that there were some circumstances con-

nected with our defeat which could be avoided in their next game. So on Nov .12 they accordingly defeated the Asheville team, which had played a five-to-six game with Bingham, to the tune of 23 to 16.

The next game was to be on Monday, Nov. 18, with Carolina. Our team, realizing that there was some hard work before them began to practice in dead earnest. When the game came off they went into it with the determination to win. The score was 11 to 6 in favor of Wofford. At the end of the first half the ball was in Wofford's possession on Carolina's 25-yard line; at the end of the second half in Wofford's possession on Carolina's 6-yard line.

The last game of the season was played with Furman at Greenville on Thanksgiving Day. It was a hard fight, but Wofford was defeated by a score of 17 to 0. Furman has done some hard practicing, and has put out a fine team.

The Medal Contest.

Rev. Marion Dargan, of the S. C. Conference, and an alumnus of Wofford, very kindly offered a gold medal to the English Department of the College this year, leaving the regulations as to the manner in which it should be offered, the conditions attached to it, etc., entirely in the hands of the English professor. Prof. Snyder has decided to offer it to the JOURNAL. The conditions of the contest are already generally known among the students, but in order to remind them that the time-limit is near, and for the satisfaction of the friends of the college, we here state the conditions again: (1.) Every student of English is entitled to enter the contest; (2.) the medal will be given for the best piece of narrative fiction handed to the literary editor of the JOURNAL; (3.) no story will be accepted if handed in after Jan. 15; (4) no story shall contain more than 1,500 words; (5) the stories will be published, unsigned, in the JOURNAL, in the order in which they are handed in. These conditions are specific, and no exceptions will be made for any person under any circum-

stances. It is hoped that a liberal supply of stories will be the result of this offer.

The Minstrel.

Less than twelve months ago some enterprising students of Wofford took upon themselves to organize a permanent glee club. The results since that time have not only justified their actions, but have exceeded their most hopeful expectations. On Mondav evening, Nov. 25, the club gave a first-class minstrel performance at the opera house in this city. The people of Spartanburg showed their appreciation by giving the boys a full house, and by their frequent outbursts of applause. The boys, in their turn, showed their appreciation by giving the people a very entertaining show. The jokes were new and pointed, and were well received. The choruses were excellent. The acrobatic work was fine. The orchestra was better than ever before. The Glee Club is behind no organization in college in rapid development and excellent results. It gave a performance in Union on Dec. 2.

"Patriotism."

This was the theme of a lecture delivered by Dr. Woodrow Wilson under the auspices of the Wofford College Lyceum in the city on Thursday evening, Nov. 28. Dr. Wilson treated this subject with originality, and from a new point of view. He outlined his conception of the nature of our government, and the duties of its citizens, in a somewhat striking manner. Though the lecture was thoroughly original, close listeners detected a general similarity between Dr. Wilson and Mr. Emerson in the trend of their ideas as well as in their manner of treatment. Such lecturers as Dr. Wilson cannot fail to have a beneficial influence on young men, in holding up to them lofty conceptions of duty, and raising high ideals of citizenship.

CAMPUS NOTES.

Prof. Snyder, we are sorry to say, has been quite sick for several days. We are glad to report, however, that at our last account he was thought to be improving. We wish him a speedy return to health.

Professors Cooke, DuPre and Clinkscales attended Conference in Columbia last week.

A number of students went over to Greenville to see the Wofford-Furman game on Thanksgiving Day. Several others went on short visits to their homes or to see relatives.

The regular election of officers in the Calhoun Society on Nov. 16 resulted as follows: President, D. S. Murph; Vice-President, C. H. Varner; 1st Critic, B. H. Brown; 2d Critic, W. Z. Dantzler; 3d Critic, W. P. Way; Recording Secretary, T. C. Moss; Corresponding Secretary, F. E. Bradham; Censor Morum, T. J. Cottingham; 1st Monitor, A. C. Daniel; 2d Monitor, R. F. Tatum.

Those exams! What a dampening of our ardor they do produce! But the consoling thought—the holidays. The boys have already begun to count the days till Christmas.

The Preston Society held its election of officers Nov. 30 with the following result: President, R. E. Sharpe; Vice-President, R. I. Manning; 1st Critic, N. L. Prince; 2d Critic, P. H. Nash; Recording Secretary, M. W. Sloan; Corresponding Secretary, W. C. Herbert; Treasurer, G. W. Grier; 1st Censor, Ernest Aull; 2d Censor, T. C. Easterling.

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Entered at the Postoffice at Spartanburg, S., C., as Second-Class Matter

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Wofford College Journal

Literary Department.

T. F. WATKINS, Editor.

Sunrise.

In the east the darkness shakes;
  Through its rifts the streaks of gray,
Stealing far across the brake,
  Herald now the coming day.

Yes, across the tangled brake,
  See the morning as it comes;
Through the mists it tints the lake;
  Now it sets the bees ahum.

Higher still its golden gleams
  Stretch across the azure sky,
Now to catch its flashing beams
  Higher still the swallows fly.

Mists and shadows blushing red
  Flee before the King of day;
Darkness hides his conquered head;
  Light streams forth across the bay.

—C. L. SMITH.

King Alfred's Title to "Great."

One thousand years have passed since the death of the great King Alfred yet the world has not ceased to honor, is even doing so more and more every day, him who brought his country through one of the darkest periods of her history, and established her upon a basis whose stability in fu-

ture years was destined to bring about a great commonwealth at once the envy and admiration of two hemispheres.

Alfred was born at Wantage in 848. He was the grandson of Egbert who was the first to style himself "King of the English." We might go further and say that he was a direct descendant of Cerdic, the first Saxon king of whom we hear.

In the year 800 Egbert who for a number of years had been at the court of Charlemagne, the greatest prince in Europe in his day, and in fact one of the most noticeable figures in medieval times, was recalled to England, and during that year ascended the throne, full of the advanced ideas which he had imbibed from the great French monarch. He succeeded remarkably well in bringing the Saxon kingdoms together, and his reign we are told was a prosperous one, but the great consolidation of the petty states into one commonwealth was to be reserved until a later day, and for a greater king.

Seventy-one years later through the death of his elder brother Ethelred, Alfred ascended the throne of Wessex. He found the country in a deplorable condition. The merciless Danes repulsed in their onslaught upon the Frankish coast were sweeping England like a blast from the North. Nothing stood before them, and according to an old writer, "The land was as the Garden of Eden before them and behind them a wilderness." Alfred's first duty therefore as king was to find a cure for this pestilence, and he lost no time in doing it.

The battle of Ashdown had already been fought in which Albert and Ethelred had been signally victorious, but the Danes far from being disheartened, seemed goaded on the more to retrieve their loss, and shipload after shipload continued to pour into the unprotected land. The numberless hordes of the invaders were too much for the plucky Saxon king who had but a handful of men as compared with his enemies, and more than once he was forced to flee into the swamps of Somersetshire, only to make a sudden sally and strike the Danes a blow when the occasion offered. Guerrilla

warfare of this sort lasted unremittingly until 878. It was then that Alfred met his foes on the field of Edington in Wiltshire, and there by a master-stroke administered to them so disastrous a defeat that even the bloodthirsty Danes were willing to sue for peace. More than this, Guthrum the general, and a great part of his heathen host embraced Christianity. By the treaty of Wedmore signed soon after, the Danes agreed to occupy the country North and East of the Saxon kingdom, to acknowledge Alfred their lord and conqueror and to become Christians. Thus we see that the great king's gain was two-fold; he had broken the might of the invader, reducing him to a vassal, and at the same time had converted him.

The years following Edington were busy ones for Alfred. He was building an empire, and although the Danes again in 853 descended upon the English coast, this time the Saxons were better prepared for them, and their repulse was prompt and attended with little difficulty. We therefore shall pass over this period without further comment.

Alfred's project was to weld the Danish and the Saxon kingdoms into one country with one head. The process must be gradual. To accomplish this he set about building schools and monasteries, and like the great Peter of a later day he taught his people the industrial arts, reorganized and strengthened the army, built numerous coast defenses against future invasions, and more than this started the infant navy which every Englishman may look back upon with pride as the forerunner and direct ancestor of the largest and best equipped assemblage of war vessels that any country can today boast of.

Alfred might be fitly termed a many-sided man, and although there have been many since his day and of his own race who have possessed this strangely Anglo-Saxon characteristic, yet when we consider his day, and the meagre tools that were at hand, we can truly say that he did more things and did them better than any Englishman of note before or since, and with all his consummate skill and industry he united a spotless character and a life above reproach. Few

kings ancient or modern can say at the end of their lives what Alfred said at the close of his: "This I can most truly say, that I have desired to live worthily while I lived, and after my life to leave the men who should be after me a remembrance in good works." That he was a devout Christian can be proven by more than one instance, and in reference to God he is quoted as saying, "He is wise, He is wisdom itself."

Alfred was also a promoter of discovery and research, and practically six hundred years before Frobisher had sailed toward the North Pole or Vasco de Gamma had doubled the Cape of Good Hope in his search for the wealth of the Indies, the Saxon monarch had sent an expedition toward the icy North and another in the direction of India, even at that early date presaging as it were, the future glory which English arms and valor were destined to achieve on the fields of Plassey and Calcutta.

Perhaps one of the most interesting phases of Alfred's life is his connection with literature. He might be truly called the father of English letters, and when we consider that the time he gave to it did not exceed ten years, and too, when we think of the fearful odds with which he was at variance, indeed how harrowing were the circumstances under which he labored, it seems incredible that he should have accomplished what he did and so thoroughly. It was his ambition to give his country not only a stable government, but a literature. He did both. He made many translations from the Latin into the Saxon dialect, and they were essentially translations for the people. The principal ones are Consolation of Philosophy by Boëthius, History of the World by Urosius, Ecclesiastical History of the English by Bede, and Pastoral Care by Pope Gregory the Great. With these, with the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, the earliest monument of Teutonic prose to which German and Englishman must alike revert, and with his own comments inserted here and there throughout his works, he has raised the Saxon speech from the "rude vernacular of a few yoemen and fishermen" to the noble tongue of two of the greatest pow-

ers on the globe, and has given it a literature which at once vies with and in some respects surpasses the classical lore of Greece and Rome.

In making an estimate of the first great king of England, and in discussing whether or not the title great is deservedly his, we can but reiterate what historians have already said. Gibbon says of him: "He is the greatest of English kings," while many others say in substance the same thing. The celebration at Wantage, his birth-place, in 1848, at Winchester, his capitol and place of burial about two months ago, both go to attest the love and reverence in which he is held by English speaking people.

When men have done their countries lasting good, when they have proven to be both their deliverers and preservers or else have founded a language, literature and religion, these men have a right, incontestable and secure to the title "Great" as a reward if nothing else for the good they have rendered their people. Few have reached so exalted an eminence. Alexander, Constantine, Peter and Alfred are among the few. The lives of Alfred and Peter are more nearly analogous than those of any other two sovereigns. Both built empires, both proved to be the guides and protectors of their respective countries, and each founded and furthered a literature. Peter's monument is the vast empire of the Russia of today, that of Alfred the empire of Great Britain, "not less splendid and more durable than that of Alexander," the dominion of which the sun never sets upon.

S. M. DAWKINS.

Two Seniors of Elsmore.

Prof. Garner sat by his study fire with an open book before him, but he seemed to find its pages no longer interesting, for his gaze was fixed on the glowing coals, and a shadow rested on his kindly brow. His daughter sat near deeply absorbed in a magazine, but hearing a smothered

sigh she arose, and, gently placing her arm around her father, brushed away the frown from his brow. The tired man rewarded this silent ministration of love by drawing his daughter close to his bosom. "You are such a comfort, Lucia," he said.

"Thank you papa but what worries you tonight?"

"Nothing that you or I can help, darling. I was just thinking of young Merril. I am sure he has gifts that would make him famous if he would only apply himself."

Prof. Garner had occupied the chair of English at Elsmore College for twenty years, and had, during all that time, been untiring in the study of his pupils, seeking continually for some spark of genius which he might encourage, if, haply, it should be fanned into a flame that would shine bright and clear among American authors. His great ambition was to teach some one who would give utterance to the truth in such beauty and power that humanity would catch the glow and be warmed into a life that breathes and burns with highest aspirations. He felt that in Clifton Merril there was something of this divine fire and he tried to stimulate his ambition, but all to no effect. At times he felt that his words had struck home, for once, as a result of a private interview, Clifton submitted to a monthly publication a story which received much favorable comment. But he seemed to have expended his enthusiasm with this one effort, for nothing else followed.

"Have you told him of your faith in his ability, father?"

"Yes, more than once, but he seems to take life easy. I fear he will never amount to much. If his college life and the examples of worthy ambition among his fellow students have failed to stir his nobler faculties there is little hope of his ever making a creditable use of his talents. One may be able to drift along with the college current and finally take a diploma, but when he pushes out into active life there is no time to drift. Such a course means shipwreck of all opportunities."

Lucia looked into the glowing coals for several moments, then, turning her thoughtful face, kissed her father good-

night and left the study. Again the shadow crossed his brows, for never before had he seen his daughter so serious, and he thought he detected an unusual warmth in the burning kiss she placed upon his forehead.

The next morning when the professor came down to breakfast he found Lucia awaiting him with her accustomed smile. "See," she said, "how rich the japonicas are," at the same time fastening a spray in his button hole. "Oh, so beautiful!" he exclaimed, but Lucia did not notice that he saw only the vision of her own loveliness, which reminded him so much of her angel mother. After a little pleasant conversation the breakfast was continued in silence, each wondering if the other were not thinking of the subject which had engaged their attention the evening before. Lucia finally broke the silence by asking if she might not give a reception to the senior class. "It is only two months till commencement," she said, "and then we will part—some of us perhaps forever." With a forced smile her father replied, "certainly, darling, do as you wish." And so it was arranged to have it the following week.

The afternoon before the party Clifton, with rod and tackle, strolled down to the river, and secreting himself among the alder bushes, prepared to spend an hour in his favorite sport. But after watching his cork float idly on the water for some time he yielded to the dreamy spring atmosphere and was soon lost in reverie. His meditations were interrupted by the sound of approaching voices but being entirely concealed he did not change his position. As the voices grew more distinct he did not only recognize Lucia's but also discovered that he was the subject of conversation. "It is too bad that he is utterly void of ambition," she was saying. "Papa has the utmost faith in his literary talent, but thinks that his lack of energy and drifting habits will cause him to make shipwreck of his opportunites. His friends are thoroughly disgusted with his lack of ambition, but I can't believe that he will persist in his present course. I feel that he will yet prove an honor to himself and his friends."

Clifton, with burning cheeks, listened to the estimate that others placed upon him. "It was not my intention to play the role of eavesdropper," he said to himself, "but the old saying that those who do never hear any good of themselves proves true nevertheless." The iron entered his soul and he felt it all the more keenly because it was so well deserved. After the first bitter moment was past he raised himself and glanced through an opening at the girls as they disappeared among the trees; recalling as he did so Lucia's last words—"I can't believe that he will persist in his present course—he will yet prove an honor to himself and his friends." The words were a balm to his mortified spirit, and taking out his note book he wrote, "Oh, woman, great is thy faith, but it shall not be in vain."

Every one at the party missed Clifton's jovial presence and wondered that he was not there. After the guests departed Lucia retired to her room but not to rest. Could she have seen Clifton bending over his desk as he shoved his pen over page after page she would not have been so much disturbed. The clock struck one—two—three and still he continued to write with unabated zeal. Just as the first gray streaks of morning light began to tint the East he laid down his pen. Picking up the loose manuscript he went over each page carefully, making a correction here and another there until all was satisfactory.

* * * * * * * * * *

On the morning of the last day of commencement Prof. Garner picked up his paper and read the following headlines: "ELSMOORE STUDENT WINS FIRST PRIZE—$200 AWARDED MR. MERRILL BY SOUTHERN MAGAZINE FOR BEST SHORT STORY." He made no effort to conceal his delight and, after reading the announcement aloud, was too much interested to notice Lucia's hasty exit from the room. Ever since the reception, though Clifton had been uniformly courteous to her, she felt that their friendship was not what it had been, and, now that he was so soon to go away, she wondered if it would end altogether. She longed to tell him how proud she was of his success, and the opportunity soon came, for

he called that very night. To her enthusiastic expressions concerning the story Clifton replied, "The credit is all yours," and at the same time he handed her a slip of paper on which were written the words he had overheard by the river. She flushed crimson, but he immediately continued, "Don't worry it was the best thing that ever happened to me. If it had not been for those words I would never have written that story nor the longer one which the 'Century' has accepted."

Lucia had now recovered her self-possession and spoke in her usual easy manner. "Have you indeed written one for the 'Century?' Then I am so rejoiced that I saw you by the river."

As the truth flashed upon him he exclaimed: "Tell me then was it not an accident, did you intend that I should overhear?"

"Yes," she replied, "I trust you will pardon me, but it was done with malice aforethought. Knowing what you could do I could not bear to see you waste your powers, and I feel abundantly repaid for my trouble."

"Lucia, Lucia," he exclaimed, "how much do I not owe to you! It is your silent influence that has kept me from falling many times, and now it is you who have revealed me to myself and inspired me to make an honest effort. I could always do my best if you were near; I love you; can you trust your life in my keeping? I know I am unworthy of you, but for the past two months I have been a different man."

She raised her head and gazed as if seeking an answer in the starlit skies whose depth of blue seemed not more unfathomable than the light reflected in her own eyes, then, looking him full in the face, she said, "I can trust you."

017.

An Act of Providence.

On a cold, bleak day of the winter of 1864, a tall handsome man of middle age with the carriage of a soldier alighted from a cab at the corner of Twenty-Fifth avenue and Twenty-First street in the city of New York. He seemed to be in a great hurry and, to all appearances, nervous and excited. This individual was Col. James Malcomn of the Fifth New York regiment of volunteers, a native of Virginia, possessing in their highest degree the lustre of eye and depth of voice so characteristic of the Virginian. He had moved to New York five years previous to this with his daughter Christine, a beautiful and accomplished girl of eighteen years. When hostilities broke out in 1861 between the two sections, he, although a native of Virginia and dearly devoted to the Southland, could not draw his sword to aid in the destruction of the principle which he held so sacred—that of firm and eternal union. His daughter by her personal beauty and fascinating charms won many friends and admirers in the fashionable society of the metropolis. It is natural to suppose that in this great throng Cupid exerted an influence over some. It is no great wonder then that Christine Malcomn should become a victim. During the course of the season she became acquainted with, and attached to, a Mr. Walter Everett. The most remarkable part of this was that the latter was a Confederate spy who was sent to New York and who entered society as a means of advancing his purpose.

Colonel Malcomn entered the room and confronted his daughter who was indulging in pleasant thoughts of her success and the pleasure and enjoyment she had had. Their eyes met; and on his troubled countenance and by the wrinkles on his face which seemed to have increased a hundred-fold in the last few minutes, she perceived that something terrible had happened or, in the near future was to happen. The father, bereft of the power of speech stood in the middle of the floor as though in a trance. Finally, overcom-

ing his distress. he said, "Daughter, prepare yourself to hear bad news. You have always been a kind and dutiful daughter and never have you caused me one moment of anxiety or despair; now in a critical moment do not disappoint me. Listen—my regiment after being dismissed has been reformed and ordered to the front. My age and feebleness unfits me for the strenuous labors a campaign will necessitate; but my country imperatively calls me, and when the honor and vindication of my country is the end to be attained, I must respond even if I have to sacrifice all that is precious to me and am compelled to lay down my life on the altar of my country." Christine between her distressing sobs said. "Father, go, and if necessary yield your life to the fate of war." They both were silent. And then the Colonel communicated to Christine the plans he had made. It would be necessary for her to take a long journey to her aunt's home in Tennessee and there remain until the Union was either totally disrupted or firmly united by bonds of mutual friendship. To this she willingly consented—it was her father's wish. It required a noble and vigorous struggle for her to leave Walter—possibly forever. But her strong will and unutterable determination gained the mastery and she resolved to obey her father's plans. It was a sad leave-taking. "There were sudden partings such as press the blood from our young hearts."

At last it was over and Christine had bidden farewell to the scenes of such unlimited fun and innocent pleasure. The Colonel was forced to leave Christine at a point in Maryland from which she had to proceed accompanied only by a trusted family servant. This parting, however pathetic may have been the others, required greater strength and self-denial than any of them. At last Christine was alone. Realizing the responsibility resting upon her, she did not conceive of the great danger which surrounded her and constantly threatened her life. But fortunately she escaped injury and arrived at her aunt's home. The section of the country in which her aunt lived had not suffered so severely by the devastation caused by the Northern troops;

and for this reason it was not difficult to obtain a comfortable sustenance. For a whole year the house and surroundings were unmolested and unharmed and Christine and her aunt experienced none of the severe trials, which, in other parts of the country, put to the supreme test the bravery and fortitude of the Southern women. As time advanced and success shifted with varying fortunes from one side to the other, many changes were taking place. General Johnston was retreating before the victorious army of Sherman, thereby leaving vast territory exposed to the enemy.

There followed in the wake of Sherman's army, for a short distance, a small band of bushwhackers, intent on murder and rapine. One afternoon in March, 1865, this band approached the house where Christine was staying. Christine saw them approaching, and remembering her father's advice to be brave and noble, she retired into the house and awaited their coming. Their leader, a tall, rough and merciless wretch knocked at the door, and as it was not opened immediately, he strode into the hall and confronted the terrified girl. By rough and coarse tones he commanded that supper be prepared for the entire band. Christine sank back in amazement. Should she allow this ruffian to dictate to and command her? Yes, she must. Her mind, acting with wonderful rapidity, told her to obey every word of this ruffian if she valued her life. With the assistance of a negro woman, she prepared a supper which was devoured in almost the time it takes to tell it. Finishing their meal, they strode into the sitting room and demanded of the defenceless ladies that every piece of gold and jewelry in the house be delivered to them without delay. They would accept no excuse, not even of the entire emptiness of the house. Enraged by their failure to procure anything valuable or desirable, they determined to wreak their revenge on the poor and helpless women. The inhuman wretches seized the two women, tied their hands together and bound them to a tall bureau. The terrible yells and shrieks of their victims made no impression on their merciless hearts. They stood in the middle of the room facing

the women. Christine opened her mouth to speak but instantly a rough hand was thrown across it preventing any sound. The leader advancing a few steps and placing his carbine before the eyes of Christine, said, "if you do not give me every piece of gold in the house in the next two minutes, I will kill you instautly. Make no effort to speak, but if you will get the money, make a motion and I will release you. Be quick about it." It is inexplicable how one in the greatest peril is frequently calm and composed. Christine, though in the presence of death, about to make her exit from the mortal world, was placid and with head erect was looking with defiance into the eyes of her would-be murderers. One minute had passed. He was counting; two—four—six—eight—As the word eight fell from his lips he fell to the floor with a bullet in his head. Bang! Bang! cracked a revolver and another fell to the floor. The remaining four astounded by the suddenness of the attack and the fall of their companions, rushed out the back door and were lost to view in the gathering darkness.

A solitary figure stood at the window. Immediately he entered and found the two women stretched on the floor apparently in a swoon. With the aid of a negro servant he set to work to revive them. Christine opened her eyes; the pulsations of her heart began to increase and in a few moments she arose to a sitting posture. Where was she? Who was this before her? Her brain was afire. She exclaimed aloud, "Walter, Walter, can it be you." It seemed the supreme moment of a lifetime. "Yes, my love, it is I sent from heaven to rescue you from the bullet of a murderer." He told how he, with a band of soldiers, had been sent on a marauding expedition and that he had followed this small band with the purpose of capturing some or all of them and how he had arrived at the window at the time when an act of man is united with the will of Providence. They knelt in prayer to God for his mercy and protection.

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War's unrelenting fury had wrought its havoc over the land for four years, but now the scene of blood was closed

forever. Colonel Malcomn, his sister, Christine and Walter Everett were together in Tennessee. These men who a month previous would have fought to the end of life were now reconciled and bound together by common ties of love and veneration for a common flag. What father could refuse the marriage of such a noble girl to such a brave and loyal man?

Thomas Carlyle's Teaching.

In viewing the teachings of Carlyle, it is somewhat difficult to understand just what he would have us do. While he seems to reserve the freedom of repeating himself, from time to time in his writings, yet it is no easy task to discern the exact lines of his teachings. In whatever he wrote, whether history, essay or biography, these main lines of thought constantly appear, although they do not indicate the definite nature of his thinking, as to practical methods of social reform.

Perhaps the humor and irony which ever dominate Carlyle's writings keep us from treating him with sufficient seriousness in order to catch his exact lines of teachings. This is an admissible danger because even the most serious subjects he, oftentimes, treated from a ludicrous standpoint. Thus for example, when Mrs. Carlyle lay ill with a nervous trouble which made it impossible for her to close her mouth, Carlyle, who knew nothing of this peculiarity of her disease, stood solemnly at the foot of her bed one day and said: "Jane, ye'd be in a far more composed state of mind if ye'd close your mouth." At this story, some took occasion to tell that Carlyle was harsh to his wife. The story only indicates the great amount of humor which was constantly bubbling up in Carlyle's life even under serious circumstances. Hence the satiric burlesque and banter, which constantly appear in the writings of Carlyle, can in no sense be taken literally and consequently make it difficult to discern, definitely, his lines of thought.

Coming upon the scene of action, in England, just at the time that Carlyle did, it required great skill and genius to meet the demands and the great amount of humor and irony, which so characterized his writings, proved of ready use to him to attack delicate questions. The age of prose had now followed the age of poetry and in the near future was to be seen the age of action. It was for the prose writers to study and analyze the social system. This was one of the questions which was beginning to force itself upon England and it was one of grave import. Politics, philanthropy and hospitals had failed to meet the needs of the widespread social disease and hence it became necessary that such men as Carlyle, Ruskin and Arnold should point out to England the state of affairs and also suggest remedies.

Politically Carlyle was not a democrat in the broad sense of the word. He did not believe that the right of suffrage should be given to all classes and conditions of men. To give to England, with her ten millions of men "mostly fools," the right to assume a part of the responsibility of the government was to him preposterous and carried its own refutation. On the other side, he equally recognized the dangers of committing too much power into the hands of a few. He pointed out in his "French Revolution" the evils which might follow abuse of power. All through his writings he taught that efficiency should always have control of the government and that this quality should be dominated by honesty and sincerity. These two latter he emphasized more than any others, especially in his references to the educated class.

While the sympathies of Carlyle went out to the interest and well-being of the poor, yet he did not favor the American idea of giving to each individual, of whatever condition, the equal power of choosing those who should govern. He believed that such power should be merited by industry and education. The danger, as he saw it, of granting to each voter the right of full citizenship was the likelihood of the abuse of that right. Just as soon as an individual could reach a certain required standard, did Carlyle advocate his right to

the privileges of a citizen—not before. For the disorder and wretchedness among the lower classes in England, he approved of other remedies than that of American democracy. His two principal remedies were: "Emigration and education: Emigration—to provide work for the industrious men that can get no employment; education for no stated reasons."

The extreme to which Carlyle seemingly goes, at times, in his political teachings can, perhaps, be answered by his hatred of idleness. It was for this reason that he opposed the emancipation of the negroes in America. He did not believe that they would avail themselves of their freedom, but, on the contrary, their freedom would work their further degradation, from the fact, that they would take advantage of the cheap necessities of life to avoid labor. Just so, he reasoned, that the inclinations of all illiterate people are alike. Hence he did not believe that the democracy, as in America, was the remedy for the wretched conditions in England.

Of Carlyle's social teachings Miss Scudder says, "The sense for the social organism that pulses through Carlyle's writings from the first implies a conception of the state quite different either from the closely but mechanically articulated system of the Middle Ages, or from the loose modern anarchy of contending and balancing forces. His state, or governing power, was to be in vital relation to the entire life of his citizens: was to provide for their welfare, not by establishing a free field and no favor in social and industrial struggle, but by positive oversight and enactment. Deeply troubled by the condition of the working classes, it was natural that Carlyle felt with peculiar force the responsibility of government towards these classes, and that wherever he discusses the function of the state in detail, his emphatic demand was that industrial affairs should pass under public control. This demand he urged with increasing stress during all the writings of his prime."

The supreme merit of Carlyle is not so much what he teaches as the way he teaches. He vitalizes the most com-

monplace things. He intersperses his argument with humor and by so doing, in his hand, political economy itself ceases to be a dismal science. He speaks of work in a cheerful way. He says, "Produce! Produce! were it but the pitifulest infiniteismal fraction of a product, produce it in God's name. 'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee; out with it, then, Up! up! whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy whole might. Work while it is called today; for the night cometh wherein no man can work." In the hearts of thousands and among the best and ablest of his time, he begot the same temper. Kingsly and Ruskin and scores of others caught the inspiration of his passion and rallied to his standard. This was the work he did for England—this the great lessons of personal example. Amid innumerable showers and hypocrisies he stood fast by the truth, "for it was to bear witness of the truth that he was born and came into the world."

T. C. E.

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The New Year. The New Year has dawned upon us bright and fair, and the question comes up, what will we do with her? She holds in store for each one of us only that which we seek to get out of her. This is a time not only to make good resolutions but to keep them. We have a period before us now that is almost without a break, and if we do not make the best use of our time we have wasted the opportunity for preparation of a good harvest.

> "Count that day lost whose low descending sun
> Views from thy hand no worthy action done."

If the days of this second year of the new century pass without our making any material change, if we fail to grasp the forelock of opportunity, we shall probably realize what we have missed after it is too late.

The Southern Educational Association. The members of the Educational Association show by their able discussions that they fully understand the needs of the educational system of this day. The keynote of their discussion was the education of the child. They recognized that the period of childhood is the most important time of life and that the moulding of the mind in this stage makes the future man. Childhood is where the foundation stones are laid. There is no use for "higher education" when the mind is not prepared.

The importance of the extension of education to the masses was fully realized. They felt the necessity of reaching the country districts and the factory classes. In regard to the former one speaker emphasized the collection of the rural families in groups and giving the children more advantages, as they were being neglected for the city children. This is shown by the rapid growth of city population from country immigration. The parents though they had no advantages themselves realize the importance of educating their children.

The association showed that it appreciated the condition of the factory class by passing a resolution condemning child labor and urged State legislation against it. The fact that these people who are working conscientiously for the elevation of humanity urge such a bill should be sufficient to cause our law makers to pass such laws as will justly and humanely stop this evil. There are numbers of children in the mills who will be allowed to grow up in ignorance unless something is done to stop the practice. Many fathers make children of a tender age work while they loaf. The members of the association made a wise suggestion in this matter.

COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

College athletics received probably the most passionate discussion. The main question was whether inter-collegiate sports did not tend to impair the true functions of a college. Some of the men seemed to think that inter-collegiate games engendered bitterness among students and that there

is a tendency toward professionalism on account of charging admission fees. As was answered to the first this so called bitterness is simply rivalry, and it is beneficial; and to the latter, the players have nothing to do with the money.

One speaker said that "For the privilege of inter-collegiate contest a high price should be paid," that is that participants should have to make a higher grade than the student body as a whole. It seems that it should be sufficient for the player to keep up with his work as is the rule in most of the colleges now. Forcing a man to make a higher standard than the balance of the college community because he takes part in inter-collegiate sports is like charging a price for physical culture. Rivalry is an inciter to higher physical development. It seems that it should only be necessary for a contestant to be a student in good standing.

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President Roosevelt's Action in Regard to Sampson-Schley Controversy. Although we agree with the sentiments of General Miles concerning the Schley matter we cannot help concurring with President Roosevelt in his rebuke of General Miles. General Miles as an officer had not the right to make statements against the rulings in a case under military discipline. It is shown that discipline will be maintained among the higher officers as well as among the lower. The fact that Maclay was dismissed from the service shows that this move was not incited by party feeling. The manner in which the affair was cleared up was very characteristic of President Roosevelt.

Dewey whom some cartoonist represents as hitting Schley on the head with a club and presenting him with a bouquet at the same time came in for his share of censure.

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War on the Trusts. A subject that is interesting the people of the State today is the investigation as to the legality of the Virginia-Carolina Chemical Company. If the corporation is illegal proceedings should

be begun against it at once, and the people of the State should be protected. The fact that the railroads are making three-quarter rates to the corporation without making any public statement of reduced freight rates leaving the other companies paying full rates is sufficient evidence that there is something beneath the surface. The people should be protected from such discrimination, and a smaller company should have a right to the same concessions made to large combinations.

This investigation may bring something interesting to light about the railroads and their methods of procedure. Several other like corporations are interested in this case. If it is found that there is nothing illegal about them the investigation will be to their advantage for it will show a doubting people that there is nothing wrong about the combinations and that they deserve good will at least.

The people await the statement of the laws concerning trusts with renewed interest no matter which way the case results.

The Easy-Chair.

W. Z. DANTZLER, Editor.

For explanation, the editor would say that he was tired of the "exchange table—" and no chair to speak of, so during the holidays he procured from a New York auction sale, at the exceptionally low price ($2.49,) compared to its value several years ago, the Easy Chair, formerly reposed upon by George William Curtis, of Harper's Magazine.

We turn our easy chair to the table, and first among the pile of Christmas magazines we take up the *Emory Phoenix*. After a glance at the picture of the football team, "Mathematics Applied" is indeed a prize story. While there is great ingenuity in its main idea, there is no trace of anything that does not have the grace of simplicity about it, excepting the sayings of the Sophs. (who are, as we all know, exceptional folks.) If we knew the author would not see this, we would say his composition is almost a rival to Poe's "Gold Bug." Say, ye Fresh, what is the meaning of "Astra castra, Numen lumen," the motto of the *Phoenix*? "The Intellectual Girl," the second paper of a series of types of girls, is written with an unsparing hand, in a contemptuous style, imitative of the kind of girl the author considers intellectual. There are several other readable articles in the *Phoenix*, but we must pass on to "e pluribus unum."

The *Emory and Henry Era* for December is well supplied with poetry and poetic prose, i. e.; oratory. We read with interest the high-flown phrases of one debater on the "Martyred Trio," and after observing how he pounces down on the anarchists, we are not surprised to learn that his name is Hawk. Later on we encounter another timely speech on "Anarchism and Legislation." The author here, though he quotes Milton and refers to Dante, contents him-

self with treading the solid earth of fact and skillful argument. Again, we are not surprised to learn that this speech was delivered by Mr. Foote. What's in a name? Ye Fresh, here is another magazine motto for you—"Scribimus indocti doctique." The poetry is very good, the last of the three selections being by "H. Bug," entitled "To a Sweetheart." Cannot he, like Mr. Hawk and Mr. Foote, let his real name be published?

Both the *Randolph-Macon Monthly* and the *Philomathean Monthly* contain odes to Virginia; one poet addressing her as "Old State that never yet did aught of wrong, True to thyself and nation ever stand." We hope the old state is not in the notion of seceding again, but if she does get roused up, she will probably box the poet's ears for calling her old. There is, in the former magazine, a condensed biography of Stevenson, following closely the style of leading writers of the day. From his youth, literature and authorship was Stevenson's master-passion. He studiously imitated all the great English prose writers, and kept always two books in his pocket, one to read and one to write in. The next biographical sketch is one of Napoleon, from which we quote: "Europe wondered at the marvelous successes of this soldier of France. He had assumed great proportions, yet he could be but the plaything of fortune, soon to be blotted from the memory of man." The third and last biographical sketch is one of Robert Toombs (1810-1885). There is a regular mythology about Toombs and what he said while at the University of Georgia. Though he was known as a practical joker, this did not hinder him from becoming a great criminal lawyer. As an orator, concentrated fire was his policy, a single sentence would win his case; a big thought compressed into a short compass was fatal to his foe. The editor declares, in his department, "that confidence (in one's self) is not an inborn quality, although it sometimes seems to be so. It is the product of environment and training."

In the *Philomathean Monthly* there are two tales of the old Virginia mansions. They lack the picturesqueness of

Thomas Nelson Page's sketches, because of the absence of the old darkies. "Dese yere young uns won' let ole Unc' Tom aw Aun' Jerushy open deh mouf." Happily, the climax of both stories occurs at Christmas, and this saves them from what might otherwise have been sombre conclusions.

The December *Carolinian* contains an excellent photograph of the editorial staff. The poem "Cain" was evidently written by a young disciple of the author of "The Man With the Hoe." "Ingratitude" is quite too heavy in its printed form, and should have been chopped up into smaller paragraphs. "The Course of True Love" carries out what is implied in its title, and if the author will take pains with "finishing up" his compositions effectively, by studious choice of words and a sprinkle or two of actual conversation between the characters in his narrative, he will no doubt become a talented writer of fiction. "Woman's Part in the Confederate War" cannot be criticised, we enjoyed the reading of it and "The Dyeing (!) Confederate Lady" so much, and look forward to reading the conclusion. "The Unlucky Opal" has movement, and contains lively conversation that causes it to be too short, and the same can be said of "The Carved Dagger." The literary department of the *Carolinian* for November and December were alike in that they both were intellectual feasts.

CLIPPINGS.

COMPANION PICTURES—OVER AN OLD PORTRAIT.

Who you were lady, I know not
  Though art hath handed down your face
  And fairy form and airy grace,
Your name has long since been forgot.

You were a beauty, at your feet
  Lovers, I dare say, oft have told

Their love, the same sweet stories old
That to the world are ever sweet.

And one who told you of his love
Heard the same story from your lips
Sweeter than the most honeyed sips
Of nectar, drink of Gods above.

How blest was he—for man is blest
That has a queenly woman's love—
Of all the treasures heaven above
Gives mortals, it is far the best.

—J. MILLER LEAKE, Randolph-Macon Monthly.

THE FACE I SAW.

As the lights burn low at even tide,
I sit by the large, open fire-side;
Watching the flames as they come and go,
Casting their shadows on the floor.

Watching each form that will fade and die;
The forms of loved ones that in them lie,
In the burning coals I seem to trace
The clear outlines of a lovely face.

Must that face die and give me pain?
Must those coals fade where it has lain?
I lean more forward in my chair
For one last glimpse of a face so fair.

Fainter and fainter it seems to get,
Only a trace is lingering yet;
Duller and duller grows that red,
One faint spark and it is dead.

I bow my head in silent thought—
'Tis a true lesson that is taught,
That loved ones here must live and die,
Like the face that in the coals did lie.

—AZO, in Clemson College Chronicle.

ONLY A DREAM.

I had a horrid dream last night
Too fearful to relate;
I thought I left the earth and went
Beyond dark torments' gate;
Around me stretched a land of gloom,
Which filled my soul with woe
For Latin, English, Math and Greek
Were roaming to and fro.
I met a cosine on the street,
Then turned in swiftest flight
To face a tangent, whose dread form
Was smoked as black as night.
I ran against a Latin stem
And got it in the neck,
Then happened on a foul Greek verb,
Which left me quite a wreck.
The sheriff was a German noun,
Who took me to the jail,
And there poor Umlaut's face I saw
And heard his little wail.
At last I met a faithful friend,
It was our noble Jack,
He tried to wipe away my tears
And stroked me on the back.
He took me out to see the sights
And we took in the town,
Till all at once we came upon
A washtub upside down.
"Don't touch that thing," my dear friend cried,
And then he laughed with glee,
He stood upon his head and whooped,
He yelled a sight to see!
"Oh what," said I, "is under it?"
And then he dropped a tear!
"My friend," said he, "the faculty
Are shut up under there."

My heart stood still, my blood run cold,
Of hope there was no gleam,
I leaped, I fled, the bed-post struck,
I woke—'twas but a dream.

—Bob Pierce: Emory and Henry Era.

GILEAD.

I prayed unto a rare and beauteous star,
And all adoring, felt my spirit soar
Ennobled in ascending more and more,
Until I seemed across the lowly bar.

And when I came within the cycle's beam
And stretched my hand as to a longed-for gem,
It glistened from another's diadem;
And lo! life's fairest hope passed like a dream.

But think not that my heart has throbbed in vain,
That meteor-like my spirit clove the sky;
For new and purer love that will not die
Is born when abnegation conquers pain.

J. V. H., Columbia Literary Monthly for January.

Alumni Department.

R. E. Sharpe, Editor.

WOFFORD'S SONS.

Graduates of colleges remember their colleges in various ways and to various degrees. Some manifest their love by deeds of kindness while others show their appreciation in other ways. The graduates of Wofford often think of their alma mater. When one gets some surplus cash, you will see him looking around Wofford to see what she needs. We have needed a new Young Men's Christian Association hall for some time, but never expressed our desire in that direction until recently. When the desire was put into words, it was responded to in the person of Rev. S. A. Nettles of the class of '82. He had a beautiful hall prepared in the college building. He also furnished it elegantly. We don't see Wofford men doing things by halves. Mr. Nettles is now at Pacolet. We wish him a happy new year.

Rev. M. L. Banks, Jr., of the class of '94, is now in Spartanburg. He supplies Duncan church. Spartanburg people are proud of him. He made a very fine record while in college and is now doing good work for his Master. We are glad to have him with us. Such men as Mr. Banks are an inspiration to college students.

Rev. R. S. Truesdale, class of '97, was with us last January and held a meeting. He will be with the college boys again this month. He is now pastor of Green street church, Columbia. We love him.

Rev. W. B. Wharton has charge of the Orphanage. He is a good man, worthy and efficient in his position. When in the work, he generally stayed his four years, and then the

people did not want to give him up. He is of the class of '92.

Mr. D. L. Guy, of the class of '00, is teaching at Fountain Inn. Mr. Guy evidently did not get good biscuit at Wightman Hall when in college, for he says he has one now who can cook good biscuit. He went to Darlington a few weeks ago and found this cook.

Mr. J. W. Gray of the class of '98, went down to Mr. J. H. Wharton's and took unto himself a bride a few weeks ago.

Mr. M. W. Owings was lately bound in the holy bonds of wedlock. He is a member of the class of '98. We wish these three men peace, pleasure and prosperity, not only in this year, but the years to come. May they look back upon Wofford as helping them to be so fortunate.

Y. M. C. A.

N. L. PRINCE, Editor.

At its last regular monthly business meeting held a few days since, the association elected officers to have charge of its work for the next official term, from February 1, 1902, to February 1, 1903. The following gentlemen were elected its officers:

President, Mr. L. D. Thompson; Vice President, Mr. W. C. Owen; Secretary, Mr. C. L. Smith; Treasurer, Mr. E. K. Hardin.

The college community may know that the association's work is in good hands and that during the administration of these officers its interests will be wisely and diligently promoted.

Februrary 8-11 is the date fixed for the meeting of the State convention which will meet this year in Columbia. These conventions are great forces in stimulating the association workers to greater activity and in giving those who attend them the helpful opportunity of securing from one another the very best out of the many experiences which have been tried in the various colleges throughout the State. Nor is the source of inspiration and education limited to this State alone, but leaders in this work, men who give their entire time and talents to this organization, but one branch of the many forces which push forward to advance Christ's kingdom, come with a wider experience gathered from many places.

In such gatherings Wofford always has her delegations, recognizing as she does the many advantages to be derived to herself through her representatives, who have in the past brought back much of inspiration and intelligence

to make itself felt in the christian work on the campus. Here are those who will represent her at the next convention: Messrs. L. D. Thompson, W. C. Owen, E. K. Hardin, W. C. Herbert, A. Betts, also others besides these will go, however not as regular delegates sent by the association.

Local Department.

D. S. Murph, Editor.

The Oratorical Contest.

Saturday evening, January 18, has been fixed upon as the date of the inter-society oratorical contest. The exercises will be held at the opera house. Judging from the past reputation of the speakers, we may confidently expect to be well entertained and instructed. The successful contestant will enter the State oratorical contest as Wofford's representative. The speakers from the Calhoun Society are: Messrs. L. Q. Crum, W. K. Greene and D. H. Marchant; the Prestons will be represented by Messrs. T. F. Watkins, L. D. Thompson and E. K. Hardin.

Dr. Tolman's Lecture.

In this progressive age, no subject is receiving more attention among practical thinkers than that of economics. It has come to be a recognized principle that the better the provision for the health and comfort of the mill operatives, the greater the dividends paid to stockholders.

On Dec. 7, Dr. Tolman, one who has given much thought and spent much labor on this subject, came to us to enforce and to illustrate this message. For about an hour and a half he talked of what is being done in foreign countries, as well as in our own, for the betterment and uplifting of the laboring classes. The lecture was illustrated with views from these different countries, which the speaker explained as he proceeded.

Character and Characteristics.

If our efficient management have given us anything in this season's lecture course, they have given us variety. There

is a broad difference between the learned discourse of Mr. Wilson and the light, happy style of Mr. Spedon. Yet each has a place to fill.

On Dec. 18, in the midst of our examination period, when our minds were sorely taxed and when the oil man was selling a double supply of that volatile liquid, it was with a great deal of pleasure that we laid aside our books for a few hours and gathered at the opera house to hear Mr. Spedon on "Character and Characteristics." That gentleman is an artist as well as a lecturer and showed what can be done with a very few strokes of crayon by a skilled hand. One display of his skill was the placing on his canvass of the likeness of two well known gentlemen of Spartanburg who were sitting in the audience. Both the lecture and the drawings were immensely enjoyed by the audience.

Liquid Air.

In this day of rapid scientific advancement we are hardly surprised at the accomplishment of anything, however improbable it may at first appear. The large and enthusiastic audience that greeted Prof. Eugene C. Foster in his lecture on liquid air on Jan. 7 testified to the interest the people of Spartanburg take in such matters.

The Professor began by stating the popular belief that liquid air is not really liquid, but a gas after all. This he disproved by passing around among the audience some of the liquid air in jars made for that purpose. The air has the appearance of water, though with a slightly bluish tint. Its specific density is not constant. When first made it is lighter than water; afterwards it becomes heavier than water. Its temperature is 312 degrees below zero.

Liquid air is no new thing after all, having been made in Europe, though in very small quantities, as early as 1804 or 1805. The Americans, however, with characteristic energy were the first to make it in marketable quantities.

The lecturer then performed several experiments to show the intense coldness of liquid air. The air boils in ordinary

vessels at ordinary temperatures. Some rubber balls and onions were frozen until they became brittle. An egg and a piece of beefsteak, treated with the air, became hard and brittle. Cranberries, flowers and bay rum were frozen. The Professor drove a nail with a hammer made of mercury frozen by liquid air.

Realizing that he was addressing an American audience, Prof. Foster pointed out some ways in which liquid air might possibly be put to practical use, e. g., in the cold storage of meats and in surgery. The conductivity of wire is greatly increased when it is subjected to liquid air. The expansive force of liquid air: one volume in liquid form equals 800 volumes in gaseous form. In automobiles and submarine boats also lies a field for its possible application to practical purposes.

Since nitrogen vaporizes more rapidly than oxygen, if the liquid air is left standing for a few moments, we have a surplus of oxygen which, of course, will support combustion. Hence, we may have, and do have, the phenomenon of burning steel and freezing cranberries in the same vessel at the same time.

There were many other interesting and instructive experiments and explanations brought out during the lecture, but we have space to refer only to these few. The professor closed the lecture, which lasted more than two hours, with a description of the jars in which liquid air is transported and the manner of its manufacture.

A Sad Death.

The whole college community was shocked by the news of the death on January 8, of one of the members of the senior class, Mr. A. Morrison, of Louisville, Ky. Mr. Morrison had gone to Atlanta, his former home, to spend the Christmas holidays. He was there taken sick and had not returned to college. On the afternoon of the 8th, a telegram from his father announced his death.

It is the common belief of the student body that he touched college life at more points than any other man connected with the college. He was a born leader. Nature had fitted him to be so, and it seemed only a matter of course that he should take the lead in whatever he touched. In scholarship he had no superior; in athletics he took a deep interest; in anything making for the good of the college or for the entertainment—healthful and innocent—of the students, he was the foremost man of all the college. He done more for Wofford than any student of his generation.

He was of a fine, manly, Christian character. An active member of the Young Men's Christian Association, he infused life into it, as he did into everything he touched. His religion showed itself in his life. He was gentle, kind, and loving. There is no one of his fellow-students who does not bear testimony to his high ideal of Christianity. The influence of such a man in such a sphere cannot be calculated.

It is hard for us to understand why he, just in the bloom of youth, with the promise of a long and useful life before him, should be cut down. But it may be that he will serve us more by his death than by his life. We humbly submit ourselves, in our grief, to the Almighty, and pray that he will sustain the heart-broken family.

News on the Campus.

Prof. J. F. Watson, Furman's professor of science, attended the lecture on liquid air. While on the campus, he was the guest of Prof. D. A. DuPre.

Several of our professors attended the meeting of the S. E. A. in Columbia during the holidays.

Mr. Prince attended Mr. Morrison's burial in Atlanta as the representative of the senior class. Prof. Gamewell went as the representative of the faculty.

We are glad to know that Mr. W. M. Daniel, formerly of '93, is again in college.

We are glad to welcome among us Mr. S. J. Nichols. Mr. Nichols was with us last year.

Fresh. B. introduces his friend, Soph. M., to a young lady. "Miss A—, this is my friend, Mr. M."

Miss A—. "I am glad to meet you Mr. M."

Soph. M., (with great affability:) "You are quite welcome, ma'm."

Prof. of English (speaking of parallel.) "Young gentlemen I will go down town this afternoon and try to find a suitable edition of Scott's———"

Fresh. A-s--n (quickly.) "Emulsion."

Soph. G--d--tt at the train the other day seeing a group of young ladies wearing Limestone colors, rushed up to them and enquired, "Aw, ain't these Claflin colors?" He wasn't enlightened.

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Wofford College Journal

Literary Department.

T. F. WATKINS, Editor.

Sonnet: To Paul Hamilton Hayne.

High Priest of Nature! it hath been thine own
  To show us Nature in her various moods;
To paint the many guises she hath worn,
  The beauty of the fields and of the woods.
And thou hast sung the subtle charm of Spring,
  The glory of the Summer's noontide glow,
The time when weary swallows ply the wing
  And to the distant Southland backward go.
And thou hast sung the sadness of her ways
  When Autnmn paints the leaves upon the trees,—
The melancholy beauty of the days;
  The dreary changes that gray Winter sees.
All seasons hast thou sung with wondrous art
Yet Summer alone hath dwelt within thy heart.

—A.

Benjamin Wofford.

When one begins to study the history of the man whose name our college bears, he is surprised to find how little is known about him, how the facts of his life have been allowed to pass away with the old people who were his neighbors and contemporaries. When we remember the gift that he made to education ($100,000) was in those days a colossal fortune and that at this time it was the largest gift ever made by a Methodist for a similar purpose and had only been equaled

or surpassed by a few individuals in the United States, and when we learn that the gift excited universal wonder, we are puzzled to understand this strange silence about the giver. When we scan the files of The Spartan, the village paper, we find in its issues immediately preceding the death of Mr. Wofford, lengthy obituaries of two local politicians who are forgotten now; but when we search its columns for an obituary and sketch of the life of the great philanthropist, we find an obituary of only a few inches. In the Southern Christian Advocate, a powerful organ of the church, the obituary of the great Methodist preacher contains only a few vague generalities and an account of the Christian resignation of his last moments. It is only by asking one who has a personal knowledge of the history of Mr. Wofford that we can get any light on this strange indifference of the press.

Benjamin Wofford was not a popular man. Like Stephen Girard in the realm of facts and Sydney Carter in the world of fiction he was misunderstood. His purposes were misinterpreted; his faults were magnified; his virtues were unappreciated. His industry was called avarice; his frugality stinginess, his business exactness meanness. Mr. Wofford was both a preacher and a business man. It was a common saying of the community that "Old Ben Wofford goes around with a bible in one hand and a shaving machine in the other," for you must know in those days the practice of advancing money on notes was called "shaving" them. Of course there was nothing dishonest, nor even in the slighest degree reprehensible, in this, but the money lender with his interest has always been unpopular with the poorer classes from the time of the Jews in the Middle Ages to our own day.

On a ridge overlooking the Tyger river in the southern part of this county we find in a thick wood a well made stone wall, an unusual sight in the country, extending for three-fourths a mile through the pines and vines; while on the ridge a pile of brick, the debris of an old chimney, is the only thing to mark the place where our benefactor was born,

October 19, 1780. We can follow a well worn path which leads us to a bold spring carefully walled up by Mr. Wofford when he was a boy; for his youth was spent like that of the ordinary country lad of his time. He toiled in the fields to earn his daily bread and we can imagine him at noon resting in the shade and quaffing the sparkling waters of the spring with the enjoyment which only honest labor can give. Spartanburg, then a village of three hundred people, had few attractions for the bashful country lad and he was seldom seen at the court house, the center of life in those days. His youth was barren of incidents with the exception of the painful accident which deprived him of the use of his eyes. One day while working at his father's forge a cinder blew into one of his eyes and put it out. His parents, Joseph and Martha Wofford, who had moved here from Pennsylvania, were strict Methodists and threw a religious atmosphere around their son.

When he was twenty years old he attended the first camp-meeting held in South Carolina, conducted by Rev. George Dougherty. The eloquence of the devout servant of God and the religious fervor shown by the congregation made a deep impression on young Wofford and to the great joy of his mother "he became a penitent."

Afterward he felt that it was his duty to further the work of God. He became a licensed preacher but there was no church in the neighborhood that he could occupy. At length he himself built at Chapel Woods a rude log church and here he began his holy work. In 1806 and 1807 he traveled as a circuit rider through Tennessee, Kentucky and Ohio. His limits were Cincinnati in the North and Nashville in the South. We have no account of this part of the grim preacher's life, which must have been fraught with labor and peril, when mounted on his horse he rode from hamlet to hamlet. His sermons, none of which are extant, were not very scholarly for he had received little education in his youth. But we are told that his earnestness made up for the lack of erudition and eloquence.

In 1807 he returned to South Carolina and in July married Miss Anna Todd, a lady noted for her lofty character and piety. She died October 2, 1835. On September 6, 1836, he married Miss Maria S. Barron who was a daughter of Dr. Barron of Virginia. She was a woman of great force of character and her wealth materially increased her husband's possessions. It was she who persuaded him to his first and only extravagance. In 1840 Mr. W. Kennedy Barclay, a Charleston portrait painter, was traveling from one aristocratic house to another working at his profession. So Benjamin Wofford also ordered him to paint one of himself and wife. This, his picture presented to the college by Misa Maria Agnew, is the only original likeness of him extant.

In the meantime he had moved to Spartanburg, occupying the old Henneman house on Magnolia street, and took up the role of a business man and by his frugality and industry rapidly accumulated a fortune. It was at this time that his unpopularity began. He had not a prepossessing person. His face was emaciated and showed signs of great physical suffering. He was compelled to wear goggles, which did not improve his appearance. His voice was low, husky and harsh. He wore a long, black coat and a vest reaching up to his chin ornamented with bright, brass buttons. His motions were quick and full of nervous energy.

At this time the higher class of society in this part of the country was composed of a few aristocratic families who believed in extravagance as heartily as a nobleman of the court of Louis XIV and echoed the famous dictum "ufter us the deluge." They believed that the produce of their broad acres should be devoted to high living, and naturally derided economy. So they had little less than contempt for keen, shrewd, close-fisted Ben Wofford—business man and preacher. As they rode along in their carriages and beheld him walking with his eyes upon the ground looking, as was his custom, for nail or pin or cigar stump which would find a place in his fence, his pin cushion, or his pipe as the case might be, they sneered at his parsimony, little dreaming

that when their broad acres had gone under the sheriff's hammer for debt that his would have gone to found a noble institution of learning. Now, when time has made us dispassionate judges, we can appreciate and understand the character of Benjamin Wofford better. In his veins ran the same blood which coursed through the veins of the Roundheads. who lived with a bible in one hand and a sword in the other, ready to fight or preach as the case might be. So whatever Benjamin Wofford did, he did with energy, patience and thoroughness, whether it was to wall up a spring, shave a note or to preach a sermon. The stone wall which he built in his youth well represents his character, straight, true, strong and unostentatious, like his greater work, it still stands a legacy to after generations. He believed in strict business methods and would demand every cent that was due him, yet willing to pay with equal exactness all he owed. While he would shave a note as closely as anyone he did it honestly, openly, legitimately.

In large matters and in those in which the use of money would work real and lasting good this parsimony was not evident. For he at one time at least gave a worthy nephew the means of obtaining a scientific education. In his will he remembered all his relatives who deserved anything at his hands and left his widow amply provided for.

How we pity the strong man misunderstood and underestimated by his neighbors toiling on to amass a fortune with the determination locked within his breast that it should go to found an institution of learning that other Methodist boys should not suffer for the lack of an opportunity of getting an education.

His death was as full of suffering as his life had been. His last illness was very painful and he was often heard to exclaim, "Lord if it is thy will, take me now to thyself." He died December 9, 1850, in the 70th year of his age. His simple grave is in the yard of his country home, now occupied by Mr. Allen, near Grace Chapel.

He left in his will $100,000 "for the purpose of establishing and endowing a college for literary, classical and scien-

tific education," with the provision that it should be located in Spartanburg and be under the control of the Methodist church. He provided that $50,000 should be expended in buildings and the remainder be left as a permanent endowment.

The people of Spartanburg raised enough money to purchase the sixty acres, which is now the campus, from the Cleveland family. The college was chartered by the Legislature of South Carolina December 16, 1851, with Dr. W. M. Wightman, H. A. C. Walker, W. A. Gamewell, Charles Betts, James Stacy, T. R. Walsh, H. D. Durant, A. M. Shipp, J. Wofford Tucker, Simpson Bobo, and Clough Beard as "the trustees of Wofford College." The buildings were completed and transferred to the Board of Trustees, January 1, 1855, by contractor E. C. Jones, of Charleston, S. C., the work having been done by Messrs. Clayton and Burgess, of Asheville, N. C. On November 24, 1853, the trustees elected the following gentlemen to compose the faculty: Rev. W. M. Wightman, President; A. M. Shipp, Professor of English Literature; David Duncan, Professor of Ancient Languages; J. H. Carlisle, Professor of Mathematics, and Warren DuPre, Professor of Natural Science. On the first day of August, 1854, the college commenced its first regular sholastic year with a Freshman and Sophomore class.

Let us not forget to honor the man who has done so much for education and Methodism in South Carolina. He has left us more than our college. For his life teaches us there is but one way to achieve success and that is by hard work, patient and slow, and it serves to remind us again that the noblest men are often misunderstood and misinterpreted by those of their own day, leaving unborn generations to do honor to their nobility. Let us hope that the influence which flows from this Pierian Spring which he builded be in the future, as we know it has been in the past, as pure and beneficial, aye as everlasting, as the rill which flows from the spring which he so carefully walled up at his old home.

SLOA, '03.

To this day the old house stands, sadly dismantled, yet even in its decay of a proud handsomeness, a time-honored monument of an earlier day when friend loved friend, and brother loved brother, before the great strife sundered the bonds of amity which bound our land to the mother-country.

We are in this ancient mansion only a few miles from Eutaw Springs. Glance at it for a moment. It is an imposing structure, with its beautiful colonnades, its broad verandas, and its serpentine drives winding among the hedges of arbor vitæ. In the house (it is 1781) there is mirth and revel. James Williams is its master, a Tory who has devoted his time and wealth to the British cause. The English general, Lord Rawdon, has just retired to Charleston, leaving in command, General Stewart, encamped upon the Williams estate.

But let us look within the mansion and ascertain the cause of so much joviality. What do we see? There seated about a table, loaded down with viands fit for an epicure, and with wine and champagne without stint, are British officers soon to figure in a bloody contest, many of whom will never again see the soil of Old England. At the head of the table sits James Williams, at his right Gen. Stewart, on the left Col. Holben, and so on down.

The revel is at its height. Williams rises from his seat, holding aloft a glass of wine. "Here" said he, "is to King George's health; long live the king!" "And here," said Stewart with a lurch across the table, "is to the success of His Majestiy's army, and to the death of the rebels," and sank back into his chair.

Our departure from this scene of debauch must be hurried. We are now in one of the private apartments of the dwelling. At the window sits Mary Williams, perusing a note just brought in to her by a family servant. Watch her face as it changes color, now red—now white. What

means it all? An explanation is here due before the story can proceed.

Previous to the outbreak of the war two more intimate families than those of Williams and Ford could scarcely be imagined. Only a few miles divided their estates, and more than this they were connected by marriage and numerous social ties. So it is no wonder that Mary Williams and Percival Ford had been lovers almost from babyhood. Had he not, as a tot, every morning carried her books to school for her; had they not in spring with the odor of the apple and the peach blossom in the air, gathered the jessamine and wild violet together, and later had they not always lead the germans in the great hall together? All these things she thought over as she sat there reading his note. He was now in the Continental army under Greene and not so far from her own home. He had been at Camden, had fought side by side with DeKalb, was wounded, and at present but just recovered from the sickness produced thereby, which came nigh ending his life.

All now, however, was different. Williams was a Tory, hot for the king's cause. His daughter's lover—he whom he had so often before welcomed into his house almost as his own son—was an officer in an opposing faction. He was therefore excluded from the house. No rebel, declared Williams, should enter his house.

Without prying into the contents of the note, let us return to the great dining hall, and see what Stewart and his men are doing. It is quieter now. The toasting is over; the noise has ceased. Some are walking about the room, others too far gone for this, have their heads upon the table. Stewart himself is stretched upon a couch in one corner fast asleep, a pretty predicament for an officer of Great Britain. To one side of the large fire-place sit two men in earnest conversation; one is Williams, the other is Col. Holben, a young aide to Stewart.

"Yes," says Williams, "my daughter has her preferences, and, as I have told you, I can prevent her marrying the rebel, but I can't force her to marry you." After a little

more conversation the two arose, and Holben with a sort of twitching of the mouth left the room. As he did so, one could have heard him say: "It's come to this; there's but one expedient, and I must play bold or lose the beauty."

Two nights afterwards there was a meeting in the summer house. It was early in September and the smell of hay came from the bottoms where the old river, by the aid of a bright moon, could be seen glimmering through the branches. There were two to the conference, from which we may know the purport of the note.

"Why are you here? began Mary.

"To see you, of course," returned her lover.

"But do you not know that you are in constant danger of capture every moment you remain here?"

"Yes, but I had to see you."

She here went on to tell him of the midnight revel, of the Holben affair, and ended by expressing her utter repugnance of the Britisher, assuring Percival that whatever betided she would always remain true.

"Now," said she, "you must go, and not return until this cruel war is over."

With a hurried adieu, he leaped over the terrace, mounted his horse tethered in the foliage near by, and was soon lost in the night.

His road lay along the river and across. Here Stewart was encamped and to avoid any danger Ford determined to pursue for some five miles an unfrequented wagon road, thence into the main highway again.

Holben all the while had been on the alert, for his so-called "expedient" was about to be put in operation. Ford entered the wood. Five paces might have marked his progress, when without the slightest premonition, he was set upon from four sides, and roughly dragged from his horse. He was in the hands of the British.

Next morning the whole camp was agog with the news that a spy had been seized. Of course the affair was given the more latitude by means of the brute Holben. He could now almost smack his lips with satisfaction; his revenge was as-

sured. This was on September 9th, and although Ford declared to his captors that he was no spy, (some were inclined to his side) yet this Holben being bent on his destruction, and an aid to Stewart, his opinion was weighty, and the trial was scheduled to come off the next day.

There might as well have been no trial and the formalities of justice dipensed with. Holben and his associates were of course the chief witnesses, and although he must have known that his rival was innocent of the charge (since he knew the circumstances of Percival's visits) yet the creature swore the most unholy oaths, that at the time of the capture Ford had upon his person papers (in some way mysteriously destroyed, he said) that would at once convict him. And in this lie he was corroborated by his companion, bribed, no doubt, with English gold. With little delay the prisoner was declared guilty and Stewart, none too loathe, decided that Percival Ford must be shot on the morrow.

You may imagine the commotion in the Williams house. Mary flew to her father with the news. He seemed not at all surprised and complacently replied that he was glad the boy's parents (his old friends) were not alive to see their son's disgrace, but as far as clemency was concerned, he deserved none. So there was no hope in this direction; furthermore, she knew that it would be useless to appeal to Stewart in person—his obduracy was a proverb. There was but one course open—to ride to Greene, post-haste and lay the case plain before him. It was a perilous venture, but accomplished by a dauntless colonial maiden, who knew not the name of fear.

Mary stated her case to the general, going over with vivid emphasis every step of the night's carousal.

Before she had done, Greene jumped up declaring that he was almost ready to strike before she came, but her communication of the impending fate of young Ford (an officer high in his esteem) and the story of the night's debauch etc., had decided him. He would strike next day. He struck; and the battle of Eatau Springs resulted. Stewart retreated to Charleston, leaving behind, among other priso-

ners, young Ford. This practically ended the war in South Carolina and the nineteenth of October saw Cornwallis surrender at Yorktown.

In closing it is notable to remark that a few weeks later the Williams mansion was brilliantly lighted and numbers of guests and relatives passed up and down its spacious halls. Tradition says that a wedding was in progress and we have no reason to doubt that the story is authentic. 449.

The Retribution.

When John March had saved sufficient money to pay his expenses at Oxford, he went there with the idea that there was one place in England where there was no snobbishness. But his ideas were rudely dispelled, for he soon found that the commoner in his shabby coat was an object of ridicule.

John's person was not calculated to attract friends. He inherited a pug nose and sandy hair from his peasant ancestors as well as a firm chin, massive shoulders, and a well knit body.

He possessed a very sensitive soul and it was best for a commoner to have no soul at all at Oxford. His life was one long nightmare. Every hour his proud spirit was wounded by some new, real or fancied insult. Keenly resenting the insults offered him he became an Ishmaelite.

John's ardent soul must love something and he bestowed this wealth of love which men had rejected upon his college. Oriel College became the pride of his fevered brain. As he wandered through the venerable pile and thought of the distinguished men like Raleigh who had cast honor upon it, he loved it not for what it was but for what it ought to be. How he longed to serve it in some way.

The opportunity was not long in coming. The captain of the Oriel boat soon noticed the broad shoulders of the commoner, who moped about the university and he was agreeably surprised at John's so eagerly accepting his invitation

to try his hand on the river. At every stroke that John made he thought, "This is for the Oriel, Raleigh's college—and mine." His sullen determination and hard muscles won him a place in the college crew and now in his second year, although he was as taciturn as ever, he was captain of the boat.

The season had begun badly for the Oriel. Betts the second oar had not returned. Then there was no feeling of comradeship betweeu the crew and their stern captain. John struggled grimly on through a chapter of accidents, and now on the day of the race, thought the Oriel might win.

He was standing in the dressing room wondering if there was anything he had neglected, when a boy brought him a telegram which read: "My son must not row in the race under any circumstances. Lord Surrey." The words danced before his eyes and his brain reeled. "Surry, the steadiest of his crew not to row! If he did not, there was no possibility of their winning. Was all of his work to be for nothing? Were these aristocratic snobs to cause the Oriel to lose under his leadership? What right had Lord Surrey to treat him thus?" The face of Raleigh rose before him. John swallowed a lump in his throat and decided. The Oriel must win. Putting the yellow slip of paper which he loathed into his pocket, he went out and took his position in the shell. His eyes did not see the placid river, the cheering crowd and the other boats. He was only a machine like the oar in his hand.

The pistol is heard and they are off. John's teeth are set and he feels the eyes of the man in front of him glued upon his back. That man is young Surrey, who inherited his strength from ten earls and used an oar as well as his forefather who had driven his boat towards the English shore in company with the William the Conqueror.

John sets the stroke at thirty and soon increases it to thirty-three. He notices with dismay that Number 3 is not doing his duty. He now raises the stroke to thirty-six and they are nearing the stern of the Queen, the leading boat. He

increases the stroke to forty and gradually they are creeping upon the Queen. Now they are even. But at what a cost! Number 3 is a hindrance rather than a help and John's arms feel like lead. The Queen now makes a supreme effort and forges ahead. Now is the moment for the final struggle—a struggle which is more than life and death to the fanatical votary of his college. He had sacrificed his honor upon the altar of his eccentric love for the Oriel and now is any physical effort too great for him to make? He sets the pace to fifty and saying, "For the Oriel," pulls as never man had pulled before in a college race. He and Surrey, the lord and the peasant, alone are doing the work of eight men. The boat quivers and jumps like a thing alive and beats the Queen by a foot.

John collapes after his superhuman effort, but when he revives there is no joy in the victory for him. He thinks of the sin he has done, of how he has wronged Surrey.

In the morning he hears the news that Lord Surrey has disinherited his son and the whole world is wondering why. And there is one who does not conjecture but knows. There is trouble in the Soudan again and the government has called for volunteers. He cannot face the man he has wronged. He will go to war and perchance some kind bullet will pierce his brain and his conscience will give him peace.

Young Surrey, disinherited, without a word of explanation, also decides to try his fortune in the glorious game of war. The Surrey blood, blood which had been drunk up by the thirsty sands of Palestine, had dried on the bleak rocks of Scotland and had enriched the fertile hills of France, stirred in the veins of this scion of the noble house at the bugle's blast. The ancestrial instinct to seek fame and fortune from the hands of war, was strong upon him. He will go to Egypt and win the Victoria Cross.

* * * * * * *

The cavalry had been reinforced by a fresh corps from Cairo and was pressing up the left bank of the Nile to defeat a party of Arabs who were interfering with the trans-

portation column. The sun was sinking, whose rays made the white sand of the desert glisten so brightly and the sheen of the arms so trying to the eyes of the weary soldiers, when a cloud of dust was descried in the distance. The cloud grew and through interstices in it could be seen the sheen of spears. In a short time the dreaded children of the desert were upon them like a tornado. Sabers flashed, pistols cracked and spears sped on their errand of death. The wild yells of the Mahdi and the oaths of the English mingled. A desperate hand to hand encounter followed. John March emptied the contents of his revolver into dark faces flecked with foam. He enjoyed the fierce excitement because it dispelled for a time the black cloud of remorse which enveloped his soul. The battle had separated into many groups of struggling warriors. He saw a few yards from him a huge Englishman surrounded by three black fiends. The redcoat shot one of them and was cutting another with his saber when the third thrust his spear in the soldier's horse. The horse stumbled and threw his rider heavily to the ground. The face that was upturned to John was that of young Surrey.. John's practiced eye saw, as he spurred his horse towards Surrey, that the English were routed and he realized that the only chance of safety was in flight and that his jaded horse could never carry two out of reach of the victorious Mahdi. His sword barely intercepted the spear that was aimed at the prostrate nobleman. He dismounted from his horse and as he raised the man he had wronged he saw a gleam of recognition and gratitude in his eyes. He threw the limp form of the nobleman across his own horse, turned its face towards the retreating redcoats, gave it a blow with the flat of his saber, and as it galloped out of danger, turned to face the foe and death.

There is peace on the desert. The rays of the sun which made the red blood glisten has given place to the soft light of the moon. The only sound to break the solemn hush is the angry murmur of the Nile, as if the river gods objected at not receiving a part of the human sacrifice. The little shadows cast by the bodies of the dead make ugly blots

upon the glistening, silvery sand. The hyena which wandered over the the battlefield stopped before the body of an Englishman whose hand clasped neither weapon nor bible, which dying men love to look upon, but a slip of yellow paper. His features did not display fear nor exulting triumph but peace. The scavenger of the desert wondered at this, for in his brutish mind he knew not the sweetness of retribution.

01,020,304.

The Second Announcement.

My train was late. I walked up and down the platform whiling away the time—that most tiresome of all experiences, and not only was the waiting tiresome in this case but also costly, for I was due at the town of B three hours later and a much longer delay on the part of the train would frustrate the purpose of my visit to this town.

At the town of B was situated a large and widely known female college, from which I had graduated some years back. While in this college there sprang up within me a desire to become an educator myself. After graduating I pursued my studies further elsewhere, until I was given a professorship and finally the presidency of a like institution in the town from which I was leaving. And now it was that I was on my way back to Alma Mater to make an address before the graduating class, an honor which had been conferred upon me once before but which I could not accept on account of another engagement at the time.

At last my train rolled up, half an hour late. I got aboard, found a comfortable seat and settled down in it for a three hours ride—fearing that at last I would reach the college too late, and there face a disappointed faculty and student body.

I noticed a newspaper lying on my seat which was evidently left there by someone who had finished reading it and cared nothing more for it. I picked it up and thought I would look over it, something I rarely ever did, as I cared

very little for a newspaper, but I only did it this time because I had nothing else to do. One of the first things which attracted my attention was the announcement in large letters: *Dr. Frank Harris and Miss Julia Delaney were married last night in the town of B at the 1st Methodist Church.* The paper dropped from my hands. The present faded away and I was immediately back into the midst of my college days. I was insensible to everything which was going on around me. "Frank Harris married!" I kept saying over to myself. There possessed me an indescribable feeling of—I don't know what, perhaps it was an old love mixed with a present jealousy.

In my college days Frank Harris had shown me much attention and I finally learned to love him. I recalled clearly the night—a short while after my graduation—when Frank asked me to accept his love and become his own, and how I, after a mighty effort, refused him, saying that I wanted to give myself wholly to education and thought it best to be single. I had left there shortly after that and never more heard of him. All this came up before me and I was living those days over again when my train, having made up most of the lost time by now, reached the town of B. I hurried out, not knowing exactly what I was doing, stepped into a carriage which was waiting for me, and was driven rapidly to the house of a friend of mine where I was to stay. I was barely on time so I hurriedly got myself in readiness and went over to the college auditorium where I was to talk.

* * * * * * * * *

On that same afternoon, just a short while before business was over for the day, Frank Harris could be seen sitting at his desk, with many books lying here and there on it, reading the Evening Journal which had just come in. He was through with his work for that day, and just before leaving his office for home he thought he would glance over the paper and see if any thing new had happened. He ran his eyes down the local column until he reached the announcement of the address before the graduating class that night at the female college, in which also were a few remarks on

the speeches. He laid the paper aside and thought a while. "I know that young lady," he said to himself. "Yes, yes, my old sweetheart, and she is to speak this evening! Why, I'll go out to hear her and see if I will recognize the girl of my youth." He jumped up, seized his hat and cane, and walked briskly home—his thoughts taken up with the college president who would speak that night.

* * * * * * * * *

I did not reach the auditorium any too early, for already the seniors had taken their seats just in front of the stage, while the remaining seats were filled by the audience. The spacious building was brilliantly lighted and the stage beautifully decorated for the event. I was introduced to that large crowd, most of whom remembered me as a school girl, and I began my address.

I don't know how I succeeded, I know upon closing I received long and hearty applause. Many flowers were sent up to me, and many pressed around me to congratulate me; but I hardly knew what I had done. A haze was over everything and I was always conscious during my talk of the presence of some one in the audience, and that "someone" was Frank Harris. I could not explain it, for I had not recognized him among the many faces before me, and yet something told me he was there listening to every word I said. I must have been inspired, tho', for congratulations came on all sides. At last, however, the crowd grew smaller and smaller until only a few were left in the auditorium. Then it was that a young man approached me from one of the aisles and I thought I recognized in him my old sweetheart, Frank Harris. And so it proved to be. He came up, introduced himself, and congratulated me on my success the first thing. I was indeed glad to see him, and I think he very evidently showed that he was glad to see me once more. We talked of years gone by, the changes which had taken place, etc., and then he asked to accompany me to my place of stopping. I looked at him as if I didn't understand him. He asked me again and then I consented. But I could not understand why he wished to

go with me when he had just married. "Where was his wife," I thought, "did she come with him?" I had no time then for further thought, for he commenced plying me with questions as to my course after leaving college and of my present work, and of course I had to answer them. We went to the carriage waiting at the entrance, he assisted me in, after which he followed and directed the carriage to be driven to my friend's where I was to spend the night.

How strange and out of place I felt with this married man, and yet one who had once shown me so much attention. He seemed to be in a very pleasant mood, and question after question was asked and answered. He couldn't understand why he had not heard before of my success in the educational world. But soon during the course of conversation he drifted back to the days of our former love, when I was a school girl. He recalled how dear I was to him in those days, how he had loved me to the very last, and how that although that flame of love had burned at times low on account of our long separations yet it had never been quenched. And now he loved me as in our younger days, he said, and even more. And then he again asked me to accept his love and be forever his "better part." I suddenly awoke as if from a dream. "Why," thought I, "had I listened to this mockery? he is already married and cannot be in earnest." "Stop," said I, "what do you mean by this? you forget that you are a married man." He looked at me in amazement. "What," he said, "me a married man! why do you say that?" I immediately told him of the announcement which I had seen in the paper of Dr. Frank Harris' marriage to a Miss Delaney. He leaned his head over on his hand and thought. "Oh yes," he said, "I believe I do remember seeing the announcement of a marriage of a young man with the same name as mine, but he is a doctor, and I am a lawyer you remember." The truth flashed upon me. "Yes," said I, "I remember now, I did not notice the 'Dr.' attached to the name." In the meantime the carriage had reached the house and had stopped

but he ordered it driven on and the next morning a second announcement was in the papers. No. 513.

A Schemer's Plan Baffled—A Tragedy.

Just as the sun was slowly sinking beneath the western horizon and the calmness of eventide was gently falling over the earth, a voice crying for mercy was suddenly heard from a house near by. "John, why did you shoot me, I am sorry for what I have done—please forgive me and spare my life." Such were the words that fell from the lips of an ambitious woman, who had been trying for several years to make a match between her only daughter and a wealthy, but wild young man. It had been her one desire in life to form a close relationship between the young couple. But fate had decided otherwise. It was impossible to get them to like each other. Nothing gave John more pleasure than to be in this worldly woman's company. Her manners were pleasing; her conversation charming and so we would suppose that it would be very natural for this frivolous boy to be drawn by so accomplished a woman. She exerted herself to her utmost power to entertain John, for reasons which we all could see. In the first place he was quite wealthy, having inherited a large fortune, while he was yet a boy. In the second place, he was very popular as all rich boys are and Mrs. Whitley wanted her daughter to marry just such a man—one with wealth and influence. On the other hand, however, John and Isabel, did not seem to have any pleasure in each others company, it was more of a duty to them than a pleasure. Often would they have disputes which ended in both getting angry and therefore separating enemies. But here is just where the bewitching mother played her part. She would immediately send for John and with a few flowery words, reconcile them to each other. It seemed that John delighted in making Isabel jealous and would go to a good deal of trouble to accomplish his pnrpose. Isabel would

soon hear of the affair and so another break would be made only to be mended by the worldly-minded mother.

But the time was not far off when John and Isabel would be old enough to know what they were doing.

Up to this time they had been following the mother's dictates with child like faith. How foolish some people are, to think that they can make a match, where there is not the slightest degree of love between the man or woman, or on the other hand to think that they can cut asunder the cords of true love that bind two heats! But we are soon to see that it did not work in this case. Often have I been thrown with this young couple at social gatherings and noticed the eyes of this jealous mother. Her gaze was constantly upon John. If he was not with Isabel, she would kindly entertain him for hours. To speak to another girl was a breach of promise and a thing for which he was held accountable.

To say John's parents were pleased with the match would be false for they knew little of the intimate relations which existed between Isabel and their son. Every deceptive art imaginable was practiced upon them both by John and his would-be mother-in-law. John was somewhat of a don't-care kind of fellow, and to practice deception and tell lies as they answered his purpose, was a matter of little consideration to him. In spite of Mr. and Mrs. McIlwain's restrictions and warnings to John, in regard to the web which was gradually being woven about him, he continued in his down grade course, being led on by one who had no conscience, no hope for the future, unless she could accomplish her one aim of life. When he wished to go to Mrs. Whiteley's, he would tell his mother that he needed some book of reference and had to go to a friend's house to borrow it. Thus he continued to disobey his mother's orders by deceiving her. John would often spend an entire day with Mrs. Whiteley, as Mr. Whiteley's business called him away from home most of the time.

John had by this time reached his twenty-second year; Isabel her seventeenth. They had begun to realize what

was meant by true love, also what artificial love was. Especially so on Isabel's part for she soon fell deeply in love with a cousin of hers, whom she had not seen in six years. The schemer begun to realize that her plans were being thwarted, and she tried to draw John and Isabel into still closer relationship. On the other hand Isabel was prohibited entirely from seeing her cousin and was told that she had to marry John or she could not marry at all. John did not seem to care for anyone. It appeared that he liked Mrs. Whiteley more than any person, but we are soon to see that his deep love turned into the deepest hatred and finally resulted in two families being disgraced. Matters moved on faster than seemed possible. By secret intercourses Isabel and her cousin had grown deeper and deeper in love, and it was a love that could not be easily destroyed by human hands. "Strong are the cords that bind the hearts of true lovers." In the meantime Isabel's cousin had formed a great liking for John. Their friendship was like that of David and Jonathan. John appeared very much pleased over his friend's love affair and did everything in his power to advance his cause. But let us take a peep at Mrs. Whiteley as she meditates upon her lost hopes. Her eyes are swollen because of her sleepless nights spent in trying to devise some plan by means of which she can break up the match which is growing in strength daily. After all her plans had been baffled and after she saw that she could do nothing more to accomplish her purpose, she called John and Isabel into her room. Looking at them with the eyes of a demon, she told them that they had destroyed all her hopes for life and that if they would not marry each other before the sun set she would kill them both. After having heard these words, they were very much afraid and fled from her presence. John hastily went to his friend's office and told him what happened, also asking him what was the best thing to be done. Isabel had suggested that they go to some distant land and remain until things had quieted down, but John being the hot-headed boy that he was, would hear to none of these plans, but on the other hand said

that he intended to have some understanding with the demon. It did not take him long to decide what course he had best take, so he determined to go to Mrs. Whiteley's at once and ask her to explain her words. Upon meeting hot words were passed, words lead to blows and soon Mrs. Whitley produced a pistol, saying as she did it, that she did not intend that any boy should baffle her plans. John, thinking his time had come, snatched the pistol from her hand and fired three times in quick succession. As she lay dying she spoke the heartrending words with which we opened this story. Isabel and her cousin fled to California as soon as they heard the startling news and lived in seclusion for the remainder of their lives. John surrendered to the sheriff and was quietly placed in jail. Everybody thought that the young man had surely lost his mind. Few could account for his strange action. Many of his friends visited him soon after his arrest, but he refused to speak. Court commenced in about three weeks and his case was tried. When he was placed upon the stand he told his sad story from beginning to end. He employed no lawyers to defend his case, saying that he killed Mrs. Whiteley in self defense. Not an eye was dry in the entire courtroom during his pitiful story. After remaining out fifteen minutes the jury returned a verdict of not guilty. After his acquittal, John continued to go down hill, from day to day, until two years afterward he filled a drunkard's grave.

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Six children, four boys and two girls bless Isabel and her husband, filling their beautiful home with childlike prattle and amusement. Mr: Whiteley lived several years after his wife's death, a broken hearted widower.

Thus unded the double tragedy, for the writing of which I have no opology to make, feeling it to be a duty rather than a pleasure.

No. 1776.

Wofford College Journal.

Established 1888 | Spartanburg, S. C., February, 1902. | Vol. XI No. 5

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Economy. Perhaps the principal thought of the average college man is how to economize in time, but not many men think to what extent it should be carried not to be injurious. A man may come to college with the desire to put in every spare moment on his text-books, forgetting that there are other things to be gotten out of a college course besides what he finds between the lids of a text-book. He forgets that there is a library connected with the college containing histories of things that have taken place in the past, and he forgets also that events are happening in the world around him which a well-rounded man should know. Neither should a man neglect his class-room work for other work. He should study his text-books, but he should know that in building up his intellectual nature he must not make it one-sided.

He should also guard well his physical being. Many a college man neglects to take sufficient exercise to keep up his

body under the strain of study. He hurries to meals, hurries through them, hurries back to his room and begins poring over a book. This he calls economizing in time. He generally becomes a physical wreck before he leaves college and shortens the natural limit of his life. It may seem to him that he has stolen a lead on time, but he will find out in the long run that time has reaped the advantage. If a man takes pains to study the art of economizing he will see that by building up the moral, intellectual and physical sides of his life together, he has practiced the wisest economy.

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Child-Labor Bill. The State Legislature has lost a chance in the last few days of showing the people of the State that it is guarding every interest, not only of the present citizens, but of the future citizens, by not passing the child labor bill. A comparison of the voting this year and last shows a marked increase in favor of it. If there is a proportional increase in the next year the result will be very different.

An objection to the bill was that a father should be permitted to manage his own children, but as some one said, "a child is the ward of his parent, not his slave." It often occurs around the mills that an able-bodied man loafs around town while his little children are working to support him and sometimes to keep him in money with which to gamble and to buy whiskey. A man like that should not be permitted to have his children slave for his support. The State has a law to prevent parents being cruel to children. If it is not cruel to work an infant in a mill, what is it? Those children will some day make a part of our citizenship, and they should be allowed to grow mentally, morally and physically, in order to be a help rather than a hindrance in the course of life.

Another objection which has perhaps the best foundation of all is the case of a widowed mother who depends for support on the wages of her little children. This is only an exceptional case, however, and there are places for people who

are unable to support themselves. It would be far better for a mother to depend on charity for awhile than to stunt her childrens' growth. If the child is started right in its young days it will be the more prepared to work when it gets older. It is easy to straighten a young twig but never a grown tree. This evil should be remedied. Let our next legislature do it.

• •

Good Roads. The people of this State and of the other States are now becoming stirred over the subject of Good Roads, but whether any very material good comes of it remains to be seen. There is an interesting article in the November Forum setting forth the needs of good roads and plans for building them. This work received some attention at the beginning of the formation of the Nation, but the wagon-way lost its position as a means of transportation when railroads and waterways came into prominence. Now, however, it is again coming before the eyes of the government, and law-makers are beginning to realize the importance of building up the rural districts which is shown by the plans for providing schools, free delivery of mails, etc. Congress has appropriated something toward this matter, but the principal interest of the Federal government is in showing how roads can best be constructed, and the matter of construction will be in the hands of the State governments through county supervision. The Federal government will inspect the material for road building in each section and act as advisory and explanatory board. Many demands for explanations and advice have come already to the Agricultural Department, and this shows that the people are thinking about it anyhow. Wilson, Secretary Agriculture, has divided the country into four sections for the forwarding of this work.

The association which is now traveling over parts of this State seems to be making an impression on the people. At Greenville resolutions were passed re-

questing the legislature to grant to counties, so desiring, the privilege of levying a tax not exceeding 2½ mills on taxable property and of issuing bonds, also requesting Congress to make appropriations for the distribution of literature on the subject. These resolutions were endorsed at Columbia. This work should be pushed to a finish. Our country population should be helped and we know of no better way than to aid them in carrying their produce to market with the least possible expense. This movement concerns the welfare of the whole people as "the town will prosper in proportion to the improvements on the country roads."

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While writing on the general subject of good roads we might ask how a few improvements on Spartanburg's side streets would please the council, or we might ask for a few boats at least after a little rain. Also some of our paths nearer home might be benefitted by going through a leveling process.

• •

Wireless Telegraphy. In some of the late magazines may be found interesting accounts of an invention which, if perfected, will revolutionize some things in the world of science. Marconi claims to have performed successfully an experiment receiving sounds from a distance of 2,000 miles by means of air waves. Now it remains for him to invent instruments which will be the only receivers of special messages. Then war will be more nearly a thing of the past. There will be no more such distress as is exhibited while friends and loved ones are on the ocean, and the disappearance of a ship at sea will be unheard of. Ships in distress can communicate with others, and the sea will not be looked on with such horrors. No pitiful figure will, like Aaron Burr, stand on the shore and strain his eyes out over the sea for the ship that never returned. There are a great many difficulties yet to be overcome, but when completed the expense and time of sending messages will be greatly reduced.

American Progress. The World Almanac for 1902 contains among other very interesting things a list of the millionaires in the United States. This contains much food for thought. When we recollect that George Washington, when elected president, was probably our richest citizen and that he was worth only about a half million dollars our first thought is what will the future bring. There are many men in the United States who have over a million dollars. Some go into the hundreds of millions. McKinley said that trade statistics indicated that this country was in a state of progress that was almost appalling. The question now is how best to direct the tide of prosperity. We should endeavor to keep from becoming too commercial and from forgetting the principles upon which all stable governments are founded and without which no government can stand. Ancient history is too familiar to us for us to forget the fate of Greece and Rome.

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The Prince's Coming. The American people now have Prince Henry on the brain it seems. Every paper we find now contains something about either Prince Henry and his prospective visit or the relations that are liable to arise from his visit. Preparations are being made to entertain him royally, if such a term may be applied to affairs in a democratic country. The grand opera in New York in his honor will be grand as far as the price of seats is concerned. They range from standing room $5, to boxes at the reasonable rate of $250. This will be bonton enough for even the plutocratic taste of an emperor's brother, though some one has said that the thing that would probably attract Prince Henry's curiosity most was "what made Milwaukee famous."

The latest development is that Marconi is going to fit the prince's ship with a wireless telegraph outfit so that he can keep an anxious public informed about his whereabouts. Then the morning papers will be containing items like this:

"Prince Henry arose early this morning, took a light breakfast, with a glass of beverage and is now smoking

American tobacco in an American pipe on deck." All of which the reception committee will be reading anxiously.

The entertainment which we are going to give Prince Henry will be a great advertisement for our ship builders, but will have a bad effect on our pocketbooks. Before long myriads of orders will be floating across (by wireless telegraphy) from our titled friends across the way, and a standing committee will be appointed by congress, known as the "Committee for the Reception of Foreign Nobility."

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An Object Lesson. A recent event which happened in Boston conveys with it considerable interest to South Carolinians. Franklin J. Moses, governor of this State in radical times, was sentenced to four months imprisonment for larceny of an overcoat. In his cell he dictated the history of his life. Son of one of South Carolina's chief justices he was the pride of society in his young manhood. He was brilliant as a student, a soldier and a statesman and possessed a marvelous gift of eloquence which is the only vestige left from his former powers and which he uses to effect to this day. He deserted his people for political preferment and when removed from the office of governor in 1874 he began the use of morphine. From the pet of exclusive social sets he became an outcast. From a man with unlimited prospects he buried his talents and became a wanderer. From a position of wealth and prestige he has neither friends nor money. After becoming an opium fiend he fell into dishonesty and has been into the courts several times before this on charges of larceny and forgery. For about ten years he led an upright life becoming influential in a town not far from Boston, but on meeting business reverses the old life got another grip on him.

This is one example from hundreds of the power of habit. When you're its master it seems all right, but soon it becomes your master and you become a slave helpless in its hands.

Moses is now only the wreck of his former self. For money and temporal political power he deserted his people, and now his Nemesis has overtaken him.

In the Spartanburg Daily Herald of Feb. 16th, there appeared three articles that had been handed in by a messenger who stated that a request was made to publish them in that issue. The articles in question were editorial copy for the WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL and should have been delivered to Mr. W. F. Barnes who prints the JOURNAL.

DAILY HERALD.

The above is self-explanatory. The articles in question are the three just preceding this notice. They had been set up for the JOURNAL before we found out that they had been published by mistake in the Herald.

The Easy-Chair.

W. Z. DANTZLER, Editor.

"The mystery of an "Italian Villa" in the Converse Concept reminds us of "Castles in Spain." A house-hunter in Europe and his nephew, the supposed narrator, find an old villa near Venice, and the mystery that hangs about all such ancient and isolated places steal upon us as we read; first there is a furious storm and a flash of lightning reveals the ghostly-looking face of a man staring into the room after midnight. In a very effective way, the mystery of this man's appearance and personality is unravelled. In the next short article, the old stone church near Pendleton, this state, is presented to view and then the graveyard, and another storm, and flashes of lightning cuts short further description. Next, Paris is described in several short paragraphs, and then we are reminded of "Castles in Spain" a second time while reading "Perfect Affinity," a piece of romantic fiction, which has for its setting the chateau Mavelle, in sunny France. Finally, among the fiction there is a beautifully-told story, but the scene is away up in New York. Why is it that the scenes of fiction are so often in distant lands? Is our sunny Southland becoming too prosaic for romance?

The Charleston Magazine is one of the neatest that comes to our table. We almost weep in our Easy Chair at the conclusion of "A Tragedy of the Northern Hills," but we remember Ernest-Seton-Thomson's tragedies of hill and woods and pass on. We enjoyed the dreamy reflection of the "Moonless night" and the poem "Evening Scene." There is some good description in "The Failure of The Lord," and title explains the queer ending of the story. The last sad piece is not overdrawn; "Boys will be boys" especially in their treatment of a fellow-student.

What is the matter with the stylus? Cannot the writers come down from the great heights of "Overshadowed," "Room at the Top" and "Wonderful Discoveries," and see to it that something worth the reading is placed in their magazine? The article on "Art" is the only one deserving favorable comment; at its close we see the significant nom-de-plume; Alumna.

The *Vanderbilt Observer* does not, in our judgment, come up to its standard. There are only two pieces of fiction in the January number and the first of these is a rather poor one. The critical articles, however, though they claim more than their just space, are gems, especially one on Browning's Paracelsus. The poetry is very good, among the poems being one by Mr. Olin Wannamaker.

A beautiful trio of stanzas is "The Haunted Mill," in the *Amherst Lit.*

By the side of the silent river
Where the lingering wind blows chill,
And the wisps of the winter grass quiver,
And the drone of the wheel is still,
Through the deepening twilight hushes
From the wandering river's edge
Come murmurous rustle of rushes
And the sorrowful sigh of the sedge.

The mouldering ruins grow dimmer
Till the vale is heavy with gloom,
When under the wild star glimmer
Spectral the mill-walls loom.
Then ghosts of the dim forsaken
Swarm in through the pendulous door,
And long-sleeping echoes awaken
To the fall of their feet on the floor.

The old miller's voice, rising and falling,
Sounds thin through the portals ajar
In incessant and querulous calling
To the laggard that lingers afar.

But when dawn unveils her faint blushes
All is still at the river's edge
Save the timorous whisper of rushes
And the moan of the shivering sedge. —C. H. C.

The author of "Shelley and the French Revolution" states that Byron and Shelley were both in sympathy with the Revolution, but Byron was *Lord* Byron; the *man* Shelley had no taste for history, and this hampered his realization of what the Revolution meant; he did not appreciate the necessity of action in attaining goodness. The following lines are quoted from his "Prometheus Unbound:

"To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night,
To defy power which seems Omnipotent;
To love, and bear; to hope till hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplated;
Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent;
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory!"

The editor of the *Georgian* deems it necessary to remind his fellow-students of their failure to support the magazine, at least by contributions. We agree with the editor as to the prose articles, but the poetry is as good as any in the other magazines. Of course we do not include the following in this statement:

Said a whiskered med. to a fair co-ed.,
I'm like a ship at sea;
Exams. are near and much I fear,
That I shall busted be."

"Oh, no," said she, "a shore I'll be,
Come rest your journey o'er."
Then darkness fell and all was well,
For the ship that hugged the shore.

By a recent experiment, it has been found that potassium iodide unites with sulphur (under pressure) with the following action:

$$KI + 2S = KISS.$$

Care should be taken to perform the experiment in the dark, as some of the material is explosive, and the reaction very violent.—Ex.

The editors of the *Criterion* are to be congratulated for the excellent issue for January. It really seems as if they have turned over a new leaf.

We have the authority of the *Cento* for the statement that the most incorrect sentence in the English language for its length is: "Is them oxs yourn?"

Science Professor.—"What is a vacuum?"
Student.—"Nothing shut up in a box."

We heartily agree with the critic in the *S.—W.—P.—U. Journal* who calls upon the editors of another magazize to "get some liquid air or something, and freeze out those *local, personal jokes.*" Some of them do J-A-R us indeed.

"You are a brick! I did aver,"
To Daphne, by my side.
"A sort of pressed brick, as it were,"
She roguishly replied.—PUCK.

AFTER THE SEASON.

A young football player named Bunting,
Who lately for trouble was hunting,
Ran afoul of a mule,
Who dismayed the young fool
With a strong exhibition of punting.—Ex.

A HYPNOTIZED RAT—TO N. S. T.

One day before Christmas I was clerking in a store,
A' selling nuts and apples and oranges galore,
First thing I knew—there ran a rat
Across the floor—there was no cat
In that old store, and he knew that.

A lady was hunting for a ten dollar bill
In a little purse it sure did fill,
First thing she knew,—that Great BIG RAT!
He bowed to her,—took off his hat
But she was gone, quicker than "Scat!"

And what shall I say of the ten dollar bill?
'Twould have made you laugh "mos' fit ter kill"
To see that rat just eat it down
With a grin on his jaws to beat a clown
And then he attempted to "take in the town."

I caught Mr. Rat; he was hypnotized,
And I squalled out "Silver!" He shut his eyes.
And there it was—a silver rat
(With a dollar extra in the hypnotized hat
To pay for the trouble I had been at.)

The very next day you should have seen our trade
It seemed as if the ladies were making a raid
Upon our store, to see the rat
That had been changed to silver, valued at
Ten dollars, by the latest Government rate.

The scared young lady was in the crowd,
And my! but really wasn't she proud
When she took home the silver rat
(Which has sinced served quietly as a paper-weight
And in dollars she values it at twenty-eight.

—Extracted from W. Z. D.'s poems.

A LOVER'S HARD LUCK.

A Homo ibat one dark night,
Puellas vistare,
And Mansit there so very late,
That illvm constat care.

Pueri, walking by the house,
Saw caput in fenestra,

Et sunt morati for a while
To see qui-erat in there.

Soon caput turned its nasum round,
In vis Puerorum,
Aqnoscunt then the pedagogue,
Oh! maximum pudorum.

Progressus puer to the door,
Cum magna quietate,
And turned the key to lock him in,
Moratus erat sate.

Then Pedagogue arose to go,
Est feeling hunky dore;
Ille non potest to get out,
"The key's outside the fore!"

Ascendit sweetheart nunc the stairs,
Cum festinato pede
Et roused puellas from their sleep,
Sed, habent not the door-key.

Then exciato domino,
By her tumultuous voce,
Insanus currit to the door,
Et obvenit the lady.

"Furentum place!" the Master roar'd
"Why spoil you this my somnum?
Exite from the other door,
Si rogues have locked the front one."

Puella tristis hung her head,
(And too her lover's mauum?)
Et, cito from the other door,
His caput est impulsum.

Cum magno gradu redit home,
Retrorsum unquam peeping;
Et never ausus est again,
Vexare people's sleeping.

—Old Cuttings.

Y. M. C. A.

N. L. PRINCE, Editor.

Wofford's thirteen delegates to the 25th Annual State Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association with the three from the Fitting School, all agree in declaring the convention held in Columbia, Feb. 8-11, a great success. Nor is this far from the truth. Those who have attended many of the conventions held in recent years say this one is the best, a fit expression of the great advance even during the past year of the association work throughout South Carolina.

Our space limits us but to a few points and these can not be more than merely touched upon.

The personnel of the leaders and speakers at the convention was especially strong, but of the leaders only one or two will be mentioned. Mr. Goodman, of the international committee, special secretary of the religious work department, a strong man of wide experience in association work in which he has been engaged many years, making a close study of its complex problems, was there and much of instruction and enthusiasm was gained from him. Mr. McPheeters, one of the prominent business men of St. Louis, added much to the success of this meeting; his presence, a good demonstration of the fact that there are practical business men of that keen insight necessary to success in every day life, who find in the association work the very best investment for their activities and means. Captain Hobson of the Merrimac fame is an active association worker and believes in putting into this work the same efficiency which alone made the American navy victorious over the Spanish squadrons in the late war. In his address before the convention he said: "The Young Men's Christian Association is one of the best expressions

of American business methods." The many others of the leaders we cannot mention even in this brief way.

The association work in America was for many years carried only among the young men of the cities. In 1872, with difficulty, a representative of the railroad men got the floor of the National Convention for fifteen minutes or a half an hour and plead that the Young Men's Christian Association enter this field. Till 1877 there was no regularly organized association work in our colleges. At the National Convention in that year, it was with like difficulty that a plea could be made for college work. Now the arm of the work among railroad men and the arm among students are the very strongest of all.

In the convention at Columbia both by operative and management, pleas were made for work among the young men in the cotton mills. As soon as possible, (no doubt,) regularly established Young Men's Christian Associations will be formed in the more prosperous of our mill communities. What the entrance of this open door will mean none can prophecy.

From first to last the tone of the Convention was spiritual and during the whole time it kept steadfastly before its attention "A Spiritual Awakening among the Young Men of South Carolina.

The Young Men's Christian Association is a great factor in our life, founded to help to solve the great problems which press upon us for solution. The Association has long ago reached the conclusion that there is no other possible way to solve the problems of whatever kind may arise in our life, than to solve the problems of men, young men. Solve this problem and all other problems solve themselves; further, solve the problem of the spiritual life of young men and all other problems solve themselves. This Convention was fully awake to what we have just said and all the Young Men's Christian Associations of South Carolina set themselves more steadfastly than ever before, each one to work out during the coming year (in its own sphere,) this key problem, the problem of the spiritual life of young men.

Local Department.

D. S. Murph, Editor.

The Oratorical Contest.

On Saturday evening, Jan. 18, the inter-Society Oratorical Contest was held at the opera house. The speakers, with their subjects are given below:

CALHOUN SOCIETY.

D. H. Marchant, Jr.—The March of Mind.
W. K. Greene—Three Kinds of Monopolies.
L. Q. Crum—The Trend of the Centuries.

PRESTON SOCIETY.

E. K. Hardin—The First Great Englishman.
T. F. Watkins—The Evolution of City Politics.
L. D. Thompson—A Typical American.

The committee decided in favor of Mr. Greene, and the medal was presented to him by President Wilson, of Converse College. Mr. Greene will now represent Wofford at the State Oratorical Contest. It was remarked by many of the audience that this was the best exercise of the kind Wofford has ever given. The speeches were all above the average and were well delivered.

Dr. DeMotte's Lecture.

"The Harp of the Senses or the Secret of Character Building" was the subject of Dr. DeMotte's lecture before the Lyceum on the night of Jan. 30th. It is unanimously decided that this was the best number of the season, some going so far in the expression of their appreciation as to pronounce it the best of the entire four years' course. The fact that it was so good certainly does not make it any

easier to convey in print any correct idea of the meaning of its theme. On the contrary it makes it possibly more difficult.

The lecturer was aided by a stereopticon and in his own graphic way told of the certain effects his every deed had upon the mind and character of the actor. It was scientific but thoroughly interesting from first to last. "He must come back," so say the boys. * * *

Baseball.

As spring comes nearer and nearer the boys are showing more and more interest in the great American college game. At a recent meeting of the athletic association Mr. Bennett, of the Senior class, was elected Captain, and Mr. Jas. F. Wilson, an enterprising business man of the city, was elected manager of the team. A coach has been secured and will reach here in a few weeks. The team is now doing gymnasium work and as soon as the weather will permit will begin to go out on the field. Wofford expects this year to put out a winning team.

Campus Notes.

The grip has been somewhat prevalent on the campus for the past few weeks but we are glad to be able to say that the sufferers are now recovering nicely.

The Glee Club recently elected F. S. DuPre as its president. The club expects to give a first class entertainment in the spring.

The anniversary exercises of the two societies will be held on the evening of Feb. 22. The speaker from the Preston Society is N. L. Prince; from the Calhoun Society, D. S. Murph.

Professor Snyder has organized an extra class from among the Seniors for the study as a whole of the panorama of

English literature. There are about a dozen who are taking the work.

At the regular election of the Calhoun Society the following officers were chosen to serve the next term: President, C. H. Varner; vice-President, B. H. Brown; 1st Critic, T. C. Austin; 2d Critic, S. T. Lanham; 3d Critic, J. C. Redmon; Recording Secretary, F. C. Rogers; Corresponding Secretary, L. Q. Crum; Censor Morum, W. K. Walker; 1st Monitor, G. W. Vaughan; 2d Monitor, J. P. Lane. G. W. Vaughan was elected Sophomore Marshal to take the place of J. M. Albergotti, who has left college.

The following have been elected to take part in the Junior Debate which takes place during commencement week: From the Preston Society; I. E. Curry and L. D. Thompson; from the Calhoun Society, W. C. Owen and D. H. Marchant. M. B. Stokes, of the Preston Society, will preside. The query has not yet been decided upon.

The following went as delegates to the State Y. M. C. A. Convention held in Columbia, Feb. 8-11: Messrs. Prince, Sharpe, Varner, Murph, Montgomery, Thompson, Owen, Hardin, Herbert, Harmon, Betts and Felder.

A successful revival meeting was held at the college Jan. 13-21. Services were held every evening just after supper. Rev. R. S. Truesdale, of the class of '97, a son of whom Wofford is justly proud, had the meeting in charge. Large crowds attended, much interest was manifested, and much good was accomplished. We are always glad to see Mr. Truesdale on the campus.

C. L. Smith, of the class of 1904, will go as Wofford's representative to the Y. M. C. A. Convention to be held at Toronto, Canada, in a few weeks.

T. F. Watkins, '02, a member of the executive committee of the State Oratorical Association will go to Erskine on Feb. 7, to a meeting of the committee. The place of the next contest will then be decided.

Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst our friend and classmate, Aleri Morrison, therefore be it resolved by the class of 1902 of Wofford College:

That while we bow in humble submission to the will of the Almighty, we deeply mourn the loss of so noble a young man and fellow-student;

That in the death of Mr. Morrison the class of 1902 has lost a valuable and honored member;

That our loss has been great, yet we recognize that the loss of the immediate family has been far greater, and that we extend to them our most tender and heartfelt sympathy;

That a page of our minute book be inscribed to his memory;

That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family, to THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL and to the Southern Christian Advocate.

D. S. MURPH,
B. A. BENNETT,
T. C. EASTERLING,
Committee.

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God in his beneficence, to take from our midst our beloved member, Aleri Morrison, be it resolved by the Calhoun Literary Society:

That while we bow humbly to the will of an All-Wise Providence, we mourn the loss of our friend and fellow member.

That in the decease of Aleri Morrison the Calhoun Literary Society has lost a loyal supporter and valuable member.

That we express to the bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy.

That a page in our minute book be set aside as a token to his memory.

That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the grief stricken family and a copy be published in the WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL.

B. H. BROWN,
F. S. DUPRE,
FRANK C. ROGERS,
Committee.

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Wofford College Journal

MARCH, 1902

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Wofford College Journal

Literary Department.

T. F. WATKINS, Editor.

Hope.

What is that star so bright, so fair,
  That shines through earth's dark pall?
No matter where I look 'tis there,
  And sheds its golden gleams on all.

From whence the light that burns in thee,
  Thou blessed star of hope aflame?
Thy source is in Infinity,
  And never shall thy glory wane.

Some do not see the golden ray,
  Because their eyes are earthward turned,
But still it shines from day to day,
  From day to day with splendor burns.

Look up, sad heart, it shines for thee,
  Along thy path its rays are shed;
Bid doubts, and fears, and sorrow flee,
  And see life's beauties now instead.

Yea, star of Hope, shine on, shine on,
  "Till all dark shadows swiftly flee;"
Then what we now behold in mist,
  In radiant glory we shall see.

S.

Napoleon and his Marshalls.

If a person were to ask me what epoch of history would I recall so as to live in it, I think I should choose well in re-

viving those days when Napoleon and his Marshalls were winning such brilliant victories for France. For eighteen years Hannibal strove against the Roman Government, and for seventeen years Napoleon coped ably with all the nations of Europe. When we read of those glorious days, when the great Emperor made and unmade kings, gave away thrones and kingdoms, "it sets our hearts a clicking like the ticking of a clock," and we can only think of it as romance. A single act of bravery in battle would bring a man under the Conqueror's notice, whereas before that time a man of humble origin could not hold a high office in the army. France was only fit to dwell in after he had established a new aristocracy and converted his foremost generals into princes, dukes, and counts. The only marshalls who are really worthy of note were sprung from the middle or poorer classes, and whether he had intention of lessening the titles of the old nobility or of satisfying his followers by placing them on a level with their former masters, his policy was a wise act and was immediately met by the approval of the people. Some one talking to Marshall Ney alluded that the new nobility had no ancestors. "We are the ancestors," answered Ney, and this was so generally the popular opinion that even after the Bourbons were reestablished, some still continued to hold their titles.

Bonaparte himself was sprung from the middle class, and in his selection of men to lead his armies, he chose from those whose personal qualities predominated and not from their genealogy. This great secret was one of the causes of his brilliant success. He judged men by what they could do and not from where they descended. It made no difference whether one of his marshalls had a brother reigning in Austria or his father in England, if he was not brave and did not possess the qualities of a good general, he was not the man for Napoleon. Victorious battle-fields were to him the birthplace of titles; stars were hung not on the breasts of the nobility, but rather on those that were scarred and war-battered. He like the Americans learned the great truth that the greatest and noblest characters of any race always

spring from the middle class. It is real interesting to trace through the lives of his different marshalls and notice the effect their earliest associations had upon them. Some were ashamed of their low birth while others protested that they were self-made men. Only two or three ever bore their titles with perfect dignity.

Of the twenty-six of Napoleon's marshalls, only six were born of high rank. These were Macdonald, Berthier, Kellerman, Davoust, Poniatowski, a Pole, and Emmanuel Grouch, who was the cause of the defeat at Waterloo. Those who sprung from the middle class were Gouvon, who went by the name of St. Cyr and whose father was a lawyer; Brune who began life as a man of letters; Serruries whose father was an officer in the army, but never rose above the rank of captain; Suchet who was the son of a merchant; Bessieres whose father was a doctor; and Moncey who was the son of an attorney. The marshalls who were descended from the poorer class were Lannes who was the son of a horse carer; Perrin who assumed the name of Victor and whose father was an invalided private; Soult, whose mother kept a grocery sbop, and Oudinot's a small café. Ney was the son of a cooper, Murat of an innkeeper, Augereau of a mason, Lefebvre of a miller, Bernadotte of a weaver, and Masséna whose father kept a small wine shop.

There was as little about Augereau to admire as anyone of Napoleon's marshalls, yet he was at one time the most popular, having been born in Paris and was during the revolution as thorough a Jacobin as ever lived. His father was a Mason and a fruit dealer and he began life in the same way but soon left it to become a footman in the Marquis of Bassompierre's household. Losing his job on account of becoming too free with the mistress's maid, he became a waiter at the Cafe de Valois, but for the same reason he was given a good flogging and kicked out. The same day he enlisted in the army and proved to be a gallant soldier. He was a drinker, swearer, slanderer and possessed no good qualities except that of a brave soldier. He was about thirty when the revolution began to be agitated in Paris and

the next year he received a commission; in 1793 he was promoted to the rank of colonel and in 1795 to that of general. This rapid promotion was not by his valor, but by his despatches he sent to the war office in which he magnified his achievements even greater than Caesar. Such was his regard for the truth. He was a great plunderer. When he was sent to Rome in 1798 he pillaged churches and palaces in such a shameless way that he was compelled to resign his command in the army for several weeks. It was the intention of the Emperor to make him marshall-duke, but he turned traitor and went over the allies. His most gallant act was in the battle of Castiglione, and when Napoleon was a captive at St. Helena he said: "Ah, that was the brightest day of Augereau's life." After the defeat at Waterloo, his military career ended and he died a year later like Pal, "everybody was surprised but nobody sorry."

Massena was born a year after Augereau and died a year after him in 1817. He entered the army at quite an early age, but finding that he could get no promotion he got some of his friends to buy him a discharge. During the five years preceding the revolution he worked at his father's taver. Reentering the army in 1789 he became a general in less than five years. It is strange to note that his talents came out only on the field of battle. Napoleon said that the "noise of the cannon was music to his ears." War had just the opposite effect on Brune. The very sight of blood and the roar of cannon made him turn sick. Every time a shell was discharged near him he felt a pain in his stomach and seemed to grow faint. This nervousness was never overcome but at the last he could conceal the outward appearances of these physical symptoms. He never received a dukedom because Napolen remembered that he had been an extreme Terrorist and said he would have to be educated in conservatism before that honor was conferred upon him. He was killed by the Royalists after Waterloo because he would not cry, "*Vive le Roi*" or "*H bas l'Empereur.*"

The marshall upon whom dukal honors seemed to sit most queerly was Francois Lefebvre, Dantziz. He was born a

poor miller's son in 1755 and was sergeant in the French Guard at the outbreak of the revolution. Once the marshall was sick of fever and a servant, an old soldier, caught the disease at the same time. The soldier soon recovered, but Lefebve seemed almost incurable till it occurred to him that the doctor had made a mistake in giving a duke the same doses as that of a private.

Adrieu Moncey, Duke of Conegliano, was the noblest character among Napoleon's marshalls. There was as much difference between him and Murat as there is between light and darkness. The latter was a fighter pure and simple, the former an honest man besides. Moncey was born at Bezacau in 1754. His father was a lawyer and was educating him for the same purpose when he enlisted in the army. An officer was once complaining to Napoleon of being lieutenant for six years without promotion: "I served seven years in that grade," said the Emperor, "and it has not prevented me from making my way." Moncey would never have made such a remark as this, for he served in the army twenty years before he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant. He made a noble effort to save Ney and actually refused to sit in judgment of his former comrade. For acting thus, he was deprived of his rank and honors and was locked up in the state prison of Ham for three months. Afterwards he became Governor of the Invalides and it fell to him to receive Napoleon's body when it was brought back from St. Helena. He died two years later.

Oudinot was born in 1767, and like Moncey entered the army at an early age. He was wounded in thirty-four places, and so little was he a braggart that when with the old pensioners in the Invalides, he never alluded to his own scars. While Governor of Madrid, in 1822, he came upon a Spaniard who had been kicked by a French officer, and wanted amends for his "injured honor." "Where in the mischief do you place your honor?" asked the marshall. His son commanded the expedition, in 1849, to restore Pope Pius IX to his throne. Young Oudinot was a plain, soldierly man very much like his father, and even scolded M. Ferdinand for looking so charming.

After Moncey, Macdonald was the noblest in character. He was the son of a Scotchman and was born in 1765. He was in the army before the revolution, and during its progress took the Republican side. At the battle of Jemappes, he became distinguished and was promoted to the rank of colonel. In 1798, he was made Governor of Rome. In his new capacity he showed more talent than he did as a military leader. About six months before he won his colonelency at Jemappes, he was in a corps of Swiss guardsmen, where there was a tongue drill twice a day. His first duel was with a ludicrous fellow, who was noted for his sharp pointed sayings. The weapons were speaking trumpets. "You Swiss," says Macdonald, "fight for money, but we French fight for honor." "*Parbleau!*" said the Swiss, "Each fights for what he hasn't got." But Macdonald did say a good thing one day when a general asked him:" What has been the use of these Irish?" He replied, "To be killed instead of Frenchmen." He said aloud what most men were afraid to whisper, that was his hatred towards Napoleon. He was deprived of his command for five years, and missed the campaigns of Juna, Friedland and Austerlitz. This was a sore affliction to him. In 1807, when Bonaparte thought he had punished him enough, he gave him command of a corps under Beauhornois. He ever afterwards proved a gallant leader and was faithful to Napoleon until his first abdication, when he swore allegiance to the Royalists and then fought against him as hard as he ever did for him.

There were other marshalls who were not attached to Napoleon. Victor's hatred for him arose from a practical joke. He would have liked to be made Duke of Marengo, but the Emperor's sister Pauline said on account of his services in the two Italian wars, he ought to be given the title Belluno, pronounced in French Bellune. It was not until Napoleon had given him this title that he learned why his jocular sister suggested Bellune (Belle Lune)—because it was opposed to Beu Soliel. He did not like this nickname at first, however, and took the joke so badly that Napoleon said if he did not take this title he would be allowed no other. He

never did get over it and the first chance presented itself, he showed himself to be one of his bitterest enemies. His real name was Perrin, but after becoming duke, he became ashamed of his low parentage and assumed the name of Victor.

Jourdan also had a dislike for the Emperor. He was born in 1762, and was one of the number who witnessed the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. He was a great talker and an honest man. His soldiers were very respectful to him, though he did not punish them severely; yet, on account of his big mouth, he could not keep from scolding them at times. Sir Walter Scott used to relate how he got a valuable recipe from him for weakening coffee when it was too strong. "Ah well," said the marshall, "I just pour in a little water." He was a great reformer, and often he would carry his reforms on long rolls of paper, which stuck out at the tails of his coat. His fingers were frequently smeared with ink and one of his soldiers said he fought his hardest battles on paper.

Louis Davaust was born in 1770, a year after Bonaparte, and died a year after him in 1822. He was educated for the army at Brienné, where he was a college mate of the young Corsican. He obtained a commission at the age of fifteen, but fell out with one of his higher officers and it was taken from him. He was a republican during the revolution and after the death of Louis he was given a command under Doumourier. Becoming disgusted with the horrors of the revolution he sought to unride his fortunes with the young man Bonaparte and went with him on the expedition to Egypt, where he fought with so much valor that he was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general. In 1804, when Napoleon was crowned Emperor he was made marshall of the Empire. At Ulru, Austerlitz and especially at Auerstadt, he won great reputation as a military leader. As a recompense for his gallantry he was given titles Duke of Auerstadt and Prince of Echmuhl. Besides being a great general he was a man of great personal daring, perfect self-possession and coolness in the hour of danger.

Nicholas Sault was born the same year as Napoleon and outlived any of his brother-marshalls, dying in 1852. His father was a lawyer of little or no distinction and being unable to control his restless boy let him choose for himself whatever course in life he wished. He chose the army, enlisting at the age of sixteen as a volunteer in a regiment of Royal infantry. He soon distinguished himself by his skill and bravery and was in a few years promoted to the rank of colonel. In 1798, while Napoleon was in Egypt, he was given a command and at the village of Ostroch it was attacked by 25,000 Austrians under the leadership of the Archduke Charles. In the thickest of the fight one battalion was on the point of retreating when he rushed to its head and calling to his men to follow him saved the army from defeat. A month later he was made general of a division under Massena. He commanded the right wing at Austerlitz and Jena. Soon afterwards he was sent to Spain to regain the ground Napoleon's brother Joseph had lost. While there he led the attack in which the well known General Sir John Moore was mortally wounded.

Last, but far from least, comes Ney, who by his unparalleled coolness in battle won the title "the bavest of the brave." Napoleon said of him while at St. Helena: "*Ney was the bravest man I ever saw.*" He was born in 1770 the son of a poor cooper and at the age of thirteen became notary in San Louis, the town in which he was born. He entered the army four years later and by his skill and bravery was promoted to the rank of captain. Being resolved on still higher promotion he brought to service all his mental and physical powers. He distinguished himself in the engagements of Dierdorf, Altenkischen and Montabour. With one hundred cavalry he took two thousand prisoners and obtainen possession of Wurtzburg. For these achievements he was appointed general of a brigade. In 1803 he was sent as Minister Plenipotentiary into Switzerland where he exhibited the higher qualities of justice and kindness so uniformly that the Swiss Cantons presented him with a medal on his departure. The following year he was made Mar-

shall. The next year after this he was created Duke of Elchingen in honor of the battle he fought there. In this engagement he fought so bravely and exposed his life so recklessly that Jonini said of him, "he seems to court death." He fought at Dresden, Bautzen and Leipsic and maintained the reputation he had gained. There is a tradition of recent years that the Marshall instead of being executed in the Luxemburg Gardens escaped to America and died a country school teacher in North Carolina in 1846.

But how many of Napoleon's Marshalls remained faithful to him after his star had fallen and his sun had set? When at St. Helena he alluded most often to Bessieres and Lannes, who both died while he was in the height of his power, the former at Lützen, the latter at Essling. When Ney was sent against him he vowed he would bring him back in chains; and other instances of treachery can be cited but space will not allow. It is a sad fact that the great Emperor found among his Marshalls and Dukes no such friends as he had among the hundreds of lower officers, captains and lieutenants, who gave up their commissions rather than serve the Bourbons.

POWER W. BETHEA, '04.

The Portrait of His Father.

It was a balmy day in mid-winter in that proud old Southern capital which had seen so much of grandeur and of ruin in its 80 years as the seat of government of a great State. The full hotels and boarding houses, the crowded streets and capitol all told that the legislature was in session. The subject of discussion everywhere now was the election of a United States Senator on the 23rd. Both houses had set this as special business for that day.

Everybody was wondering whether or not shrewd old Senator Alliston could corral and buy up forty-one of the eighty democratic members in the face of the unanswered charges of bribery and corruption against him, and thus win the nomination of the party caucus. The democrats

would certainly solidly support the caucus nominee and oppose a successful front to the sixty-four republicans.

Senator Alliston stood in his private reception room in the Majestic and gazed out across the wide street. His was the figure of a typical politician as he stood with his hands in his pockets and his unbuttoned black Prince Albert revealing the snowy expanse of his white waistcoat. His thin white hair was brushed back from his clean-shaven red face. The senator was worried.

A familiar step sounded in the hall; but not till a smiling, red-faced young man entered, lit a cigar and took a seat before the fire did the Colonel turn with, "Well Barney, any developments?" Barney Aiken, the senator's private secretary chuckled "Yes sir, Colonel, we've got 'em going. The opposition has settled on Johnstone and is raising cain about corruption but I've got 39 solid and I think I've got a strangle hold on Dixon. You know he has the whole Ross delegation in his pocket. The two others are new in politics, but honest; and they know Dixon knows us all, and they trust and will vote with him. "If we get Dixon, you'll have another term in the senate."

"Yes, yes," said the senator irritably, "but you are afraid to touch him. He doesn't care for money, I tell you and he's honest anyway." "Right there you are wrong "said Aiken triumphantly," I have found out all about him. About two years ago he blew in all he had and mortgaged the old home place for $5,000. He is old stock and a mighty big fool about the family name. Those mortgages are going to be foreclosed soon and he would rather die than loose the old place. You offer him $5,000 without interest (and you may never get it back) to cover the mortgages and he is your man before night, or I'll pay for the supper.

Hugh L. Dixon was about the same time pacing his room at the Grand Central. His morning's mail had brought a notice from Rossville that judgment by default would be given against his ancestral estate unless he put in an answer to the forcloseure suit by the end of the week. And the old place would go under the hammer. The home which had been so much to his father—to himself. He remembered so

distinctly his young days in the great, broad verandaed house on the top of the hill, under the tall elms; how he had raced the ponies down the hill and herded up the cattle cowboy fashion in the broad meadow by the river; how he would sit in the quiet old library at night and read the books mapped out by his father who was away most of the time. When his father would return from Washington he would pass the happy days riding with him over the plantation they were both so proud of; while at night he would sit and listen to the stories told of the great men and their great speeches. There were only these two and his aunt, for he could not remember his mother, who had died so young. At last his father died with his last wish that he would keep the place as he himself left it and one day bring a mistress to it.

After a few years, began the wild, reckless university course when he had first learned the ways and caught the glamour of dissipation. In the vacations he would bring the fellows home with him to drive away the loneliness. Then there would be nights of revelry when the clink of the glasses and the click of the poker chips would alternate with bursts of laughter and careless oaths all night long in the quiet, high, old halls on the hill.

Then the college days were over, and he had been admitted to the bar. There had been the braces against dissipation, when his brilliant mind would win the signal victories before the juries; and the as frequent yieldings to the pleadings of Bacchus and the goddess of chance. All the while his magnetism, his big heart and his natural nobility was winning the hearts of his fellow-citizens, who had sent him to the legislature.

But he had squandered the family fortune, mortgaged the estate and now was face to face with ruin—worse far than ruin, the disgrace of stripping his name of a "local habitation," a vestige of landed possessions. This must not be; he could not stand to see it. But he could never raise another loan. In his desperation he picked up a note just left by a bell-boy and read; "if you want five thousand in-

definitely, without interest, be at Senator Alliston's rooms at eight to-night. Solid and liquid nourishment will be on tap."

That was the long remembered night of the twenty-second of February. A cosmopolitan crowd was gathered in the senator's rooms. The fight was won, for in the morrow's caucus 42 votes would go for Alliston. All those who had caught the gleam of the senator's gold were collected to do honor to the victory. That goodly company heeded at least one Bilical injunction, "Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow you die," with which the senator had made them welcome. And to Hugh Dixon's wounded conscience the last clause came like a blow in the face. Strangely enough he did not that night stifle that conscience with the exhilration of wine but sat silent studying the men before him.

The company soon waxed merry. One by one they rose and their loosened tongues lauded either the "Father of His Country" or their newly found "Father of His Party." At last after repeated calls the senator himself, who had sat beaming and cheering, rose unsteadily, as drunk with power and conceit as with wine. "Boys," he said, "Shylock flatteringly calls Portia 'a new Daniel come to Judgment.' Now gentlemen, I'm no Daniel—Daniel Webster nor Daniel Hebrew—but as I live a new George Washington hath arisen and I am it." Cheers followed. "But boys we are improving some these days. Old George the first was a pretty good old bluffer, but he wasn't as smooth as I am. He didn't know how to handle the filthy lucre in the right place—to catch a sucker on his last legs and put the blocks to him. And do you know, when I buy a man he never renigs." The senator was fast getting maudlin. "But boys this is old George the first's legal birthday and lets drink to him tonight—to old George Washington who scaled the mighty Alps, and stood among their maternal snows, and waved the sword which had thrice refused a crown, and exclaimed in the words of the well known Persian bard, 'Veni, Vidi, Vici,' which being translated is 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me.' "

He reached his climax with an upward wave of his glass and fell forward, sprawling across the table in a crash of China and glass amid the vociferous cheers of his guests. Dixon, in all his days of wildness, had never heard such sacrilege, religious and political, and this from a man he was electing to the greatest deliberative body on earth. He left the room unnoticed and started for his hotel in a storm of conflicting emotions.

As he walked he passed the home of Johnstone, the other candidate before the caucus, who was known to be a pure man and student of government and public question. Dixon glanced in an open window as he passed and saw Johnstone bending over a volume which he recognized as Calhoun's "Disquisition on Government." The contrast between the two men on the eve of battle went home to Dixon. "But those mortgages!" As he gazed at the man bending over the book there was that in his posture which brought to his mind a painting of his father which had hung from time out of memory in the old library at home. A flood of memories of that great, good man rushed over him—of that man whom of all men he honored most. As a troubled Christian turns to his Heavenly Father with "What would Jesus do?" the wrecked son of fortune turned to the only father he ever knew with "what would he do?" The light broke upon him and he saw as crystal. The disgrace would be not the loss of his father's acres but of his father's honor.

The next day Joseph Johnstone was elected to the Senate of the United States and from that day Hugh L. Dixon was a changed man. 3-14-16.

O blissful spot!
Where Freshman fears and Sophmore toils are all forgot.
Where hopes deferred, and records blurred,
"Conditioned" "flunked" are unknown words—
Where is that blessed spot?

In Junior-land?
In Senior-realm? no, no, not there, not there!

In these deep shadow-lands of ill
The ghosts of "failure" ever fill
The soul with dark despair. X.

Reuben—A Story.

Reuben was a little, old, wrinkled negro man and he drove the mail cart around through a section of North Carolina mountains, where I met him and had my first conversation with him. It was late in the afternoon and I was looking for the mail when I saw him coming up the road in his little cart.

"Evenin' suh," he said with a bow, as he came up with me, "Is you de genermun whut's stayin' at de Philipses?"

"Yes, I am living there now and your name is Reuben?"

"Yas suh, hit is, an' I totes de mail fer de folks on dis side de riber."

"You do, and have you any mail for me this afternoon?"

"Whuts yo' name?" he asked.

"My name is Frank Philips," I said, and after a moment he pulled out a little, pink, sweet-smelling envelope that I had been looking for several days.

"I bet yo' dats from yo' gal," he said with a grin as I took the letter quickly.

"How did you know?" I asked, wishing to get him to talk.

"I knowed hit by dat look on yo' face, en I bet yo' I kin tell whut she looks lak, too."

"All right," said I, "I'll bet you can't."

"Wal," he began, squinting his eyes at me, "She aint very tall, jes er little thing, en she lives in North Car'liny, en she's got brown ha' en blue eyes, en she doan wrote to yo' 'cept now en den w'en she feel lak it."

"Good enough, but how did you find out all that?" I asked in surprise.

"Hah, I knowed it, I knowed it," he chuckled, and then he went on, "I aint goin' ter tell yo' how I knowed it, but ain' it so now?"

"Yes, you are not far wrong," I admitted, and with a prolonged "Haw, haw, haw," he whipped up his mule and drove on in the twilight.

I soon came to look forward to Reuben's visits, and he told me some amazing tales of what he had done when a boy.

One of the best I repeat, as near as I can in his own words.

"Talkin' 'bout runnin' rabbits, yo' jes' orter seed er houn' I useter had, dat dog could jes nachelly outrun his shadder, en w'en he got started a'ter er rabbit dey wa'n't nothin' in seven states whut could ketch 'im."

"One day, down dar in de bottoms, I wuz er huntin,' en Jim, dat wuz my dog, he struck up wid er rabbit, en lit out a'ter him down de corn row, t'wards me."

"Dey wuz er runnin' so fas' dat Jim run inter er corn stalk whut stuck out in de middle ob de row, en hit jes' split 'im wide open."

"I run up while he wuz still hot, en stuck him back ter-gether en he lit out a'ter dat 'ar rabbit harder'n ever. Jes' den I seed whut I hed done, 'stid er fixin' 'im right. I done went en stuck two laigs up en two down, but dat dog never seem ter min' dat, en w'en he got tired er runnin' on dese two laigs he jes' turn right over on de oder two en kep on, faster dan ever. W'en dat rabbit seed 'im comin' dat way, he jes' went en clum de fust tree whut he cum to. Dat wuz er dog whut could run er rabbit, hit wuz."

Reuben also told me tales of how he had hunted deer, and sometimes bear, in the beautiful valleys around the majestic Mount Pisgah, and he told me wonderful fish stories about the trout to be caught in the "Pink Beds," the finest fishing grounds in that part of North Carolina.

I also found that Reuben had his troubles too, his wife had died long ago and his only daughter had grown up and married near the "old place," but on coming into possession of the house, she would not permit her old father to occupy it with her, and turning him out, told him to shift for himself. Reuben went then to another cabin out in the woods, and lived there alone. There I left him two years ago.

Since then I have heard the rest of this story and it shows how Reuben repaid the ingratitude of his daughter.

In the summer Broad River is much swollen by the rains that fall in the mountains about its sources and very often overruns its banks. Along down the valley there are small mountains branching off from the main ranges and almost coming down to the banks of the river; on one of these Reuben's daughter had her cabin.

That summer the river was unusually high and was causing much damage to the farms along the bottoms. The water kept rising and rising until it had reached the high water mark and then it mounted far above that, the farmers were hurrying their stock and other possessions to higher ground and some of the neighbors came and warned Mary to move to a house farther up the hill as her cabin was nearer to the river than was safe.

But no, she would not go and she declared that she and her two children would stay where they were until the river went down again. So they left her alone. That night the river rose higher and higher until the angry, muddy water lapped at the pillars of the house and then, after a little while, trickled across the floor and went sizzling through the half dead ashes in the fireplace.

Then the cabin began to totter and shake and at last the building slid off into the flood and was carried whirling down the river.

Mary woke with a start and found the room fast filling with water. She hurriedly took the two children and climbed up into the loft where she stayed all the rest of the night. When morning came it found them far down the river lodged in the top of a large poplar tree that stood out of the water.

Mary tore off some shingles and looked out. All she could see was pouring rain and angry, red water full of floating logs and brush. So she drew back and tried to hush the children, who were almost frozen with the water and cold morning wind.

But help was nearer than she thought. Reuben, as soon

as he heard that his daughter would not leave her cabin, had set out to see what he could do, but when he came to the place where the cabin had been he found it was gone and nothing in its place but the seething, boiling water.

Waiting until morning he captured a small bateau which was floating near the bank and started down the river in search of his daughter. He found her there in the half-submerged cabin and she begged him deliriously to come and take them off. Reuben paddled close to the edge of the roof and began to tear off the shingles to make an opening.

At last there was a large hole and Mary climbed out with the children. Then there appeared a difficulty that was impossible to get out of. The boat was too small to hold all of them so Reuben, without hesitating, climbed out on the roof and said he would stay there while Mary and the children went on in the boat. Mary did not like this, but Reuben pitched the paddle into the boat and quietly shoved it away from the house. It was caught in the current and carried whirling out of sight.

Now brave old Reuben was alone and the first thing he did was to kneel on the shaky roof and offer an earnest prayer, not for himself but for *Mary and the children.*

Then the house began to loosen and Reuben climbed into the branches of the tree, while the house was washed off and carried away. The old man stayed in the tree until he felt the branches begin to sink and he knew the roots were giving away and that he could not remain where he was much longer.

Little by little the tree sunk sideways until only a few branches were left out of the water and Reuben was forced to let go his hold and try to swim, but he was too old and his limbs were too feeble to keep him up long and so after battling with the angry water as long as he could he sank with the prayer "Lordy Jesus, do tek ole Reuben" on his lips.

Some men in a boat heard this last cry and hurried to the spot but no sign was ever found of old Reuben. Such a negro is an honor to his race and it is a pity we have not more of them. "363."

His Sacrifice.

The birds were singing sweetly this bright spring morning as if they knew that the four years struggle was ended and there was peace again. The dew drops upon the flowers shone like diamonds in the sunlight. All nature seemed to be rejoicing that there was peace once more over the broad country. Captain John Hall was going home—to what he had called home before the war, but now—well he had not seen it for over four years and he knew that there must be some changes, but what those changes were he did not know.

"Won't Mary be surprised when she sees me," he thinks. "I wonder if she will know who I am. And the baby, he must be a little man by now. Why things are changed so much along here. I wonder if the old place has changed very much?" He hastens on eager to see his wife and child whom he has not seen for more than four years.

Captain John Hall had enlisted a company in '61 and had gone to the front at the call of his country. It was a hard struggle for him to leave Mary and the baby, but he consoled himself with the thought that he was obeying his country and that he would come back after the war and then life would be sweeter after having fought in defence of his country. He was wounded in Lee's memorable defence of Richmond and was given up to die, but somehow he managed to pull through, and now he was on his way home in South Carolina. As he draws near his old home a feeling of joy comes over him. Now he will see her soon. He sees one of the old slaves coming and as he draws nearer he recognizes him.

"Why hello Uncle Tom, how are you?"

"Fo' de Lawd ef it ain't Mas' Jack. How is you, Massa? We tot youse dead, sho we did Massa. How you git yer an let us know nothin' 'bout it? An' you don' look lak you' se'f. I cl'ar I hardly knowed you."

"Why, Uncle Tom, I did come near dying but I am here

now. And how is Mary, Uncle Tom, and the baby?"

"Massa, I cl'ar I tol' her youse libin', sho I did. But she didn' bleve me and I couldn' do a ting wid her."

"Why, Uncle Tom, what do you mean? Are you mad? You don't mean to tell me that Mary has———?"

"Dat she is gone off wid one ob dem Yankee men is de trut', Massa, de Gawd's trut', sho es my name's Tom."

"Oh God, what shall I do? Dld I ever think that Mary would do this? I'll kill him, I'll kill him yet." In a violent burst of anger Captain John gave way to his feelings and swore vengeance against the man who had run off with his wife. He sat down by the roadside and covered his face with his hands. Perhaps she was not altogether to blame. And what did Uncle Tom mean by saying that I was dead? Where was she now, and did she carry little Willie with her? He sat and thought taking no notice of the time as the day wore on. When he finished his reverie and looked about him it was far in the afternoon. Uncle Tom was gone. He arose and went toward his old home a few hundren yards ahead. He scarcely recognized the old place when he came up it was so wrecked and had been uncared for. He did not stop but went past and on to Uncle Tom's cabin. Aunt Dina prepared him some food and he ate like one famished.

"Uncle Tom," said he when he had finished eating, "where did you say she has gone?"

"Massa, I tink dey say she gone to Massachusetts er sometin' lak dat." "What was his name, Uncle Tom?"

"I tink it is Cap'n Jon'son, aint it, Diner?" "Dat's it," assented his good wife. "Wot you goin' do, Mas' John?" queried Uncle Tom. "I don't know yet, uncle, I'll see."

That night Captain John Hall disappeared as mysteriously as he had come from the war. Many were the conjectures as to where he had gone or what had become of him. Some thought he had gone to hunt his wife and child, others that he had gone west to try to make his fortune again. At least nobody knew what had become of him.

* * * * * *

It was a cold December night. The snow was deep upon

the ground and still it was falling. This was the severest snow storm Massachusetts had experienced in years. Every farm house was blocked with snow and there was no traveling at all. Lights could be seen in the farm houses dotted here and there.

A light was shining through the window of a sitting room in a cozy farm house nestled among the trees in the western part of Massachusetts. Within were seated a man, wife and little boy about five years old. They were around a comfortable fire talking, laughing and seemingly happy. Without the snow was falling. The figure of a man approached the light. By a closer observation of him one could have seen that he wore the uniform of a Confederate captain. It was worn thin and threadbare and the old tattered overcoat could not suffice to keep off the cold. He drew nearer and looked in at the contented happy group. Thoughts of a Southern farm home flash across his memory. There he was, the loving husband and the happy father. Now it is not so. Then he was happy, oh, so happy; now his life must be anything but happy. He draws an ugly looking revolver from his pocket but his hands tremble so that he lets it fall at his feet in the snow. Must I do it? he thinks. For a long time he stands motionless and then picks up the revolver and puts it into his pocket. "No, for her sake I will not do it," he says. He looks at her longingly for awhile and then starts off in the darkness.

It is very dark and cold. He does not know where he is going, only he must go somewhere in order that she might not know that he has been there, or that he is living. She must never know and he—well he would bear his part in silence. He plunges on and on through the snow until his limbs grow tired and he is almost asleep. He thinks that he will lay down and sleep awhile and in the morning he will go on, just anywhere that she might not know. He lays down and soon is fast asleep, but when morning comes he does not awake, but sleeps on—the sleep of death.

II—1881.

Some Thoughts On Physical Culture.

From the time when America was first colonized until a few years ago, every stride of progress was made only by the most strenuous effort. Great trials, severe hardships, intricate problems which demanded both brain and muscle for their solution—these are what our forefathers had to face when they determined to make a great nation of a new and undeveloped country. And these have not been without their reward; they have made men who have proved themselves giants physically, intellectually and Spiritually. Thus these trials and difficulties have turned out to be the crucible out of which has come the refined gold. These men were brought by means of muscular activity to an harmonious development and adjustment of mind and body and, therefore, became such men as they were. But since there is not the demand now for such strenuous muscular activity, there is danger of a falling off in our standards of physical development. Already we see indications of this decline in the hollow-chested, pale-faced, cigarette smoking young men, numbers of whom crowd the streets of our cities and are to be seen in many of our places of business. So true is this that it is almost impossible to believe that these are the descendants of those strong and sturdy men who could conquer the virgin forest, subdue a savage race, and lay the foundation for this great and powerful government. Thus we see the red flag of danger before us and 'tis Nature who is flounting it in our very faces. It now remains to be seen whether we will heed the warning or wait until we have become a race of degenerates not only physically but morally and mentally as well, a result which cannot but follow.

Then let us see what is the remedy. It is physical culture for every man, woman and child in the United States, taken regularly, systematically and according to scientific principles. This is easily proved by a look at the conditions which prevail among the nations of the earth. For what is true of the national development must be true of the indi-

vidual since the individuals compose the nation. The fewest superb specimens of physical development will be found in France, Spain and Italy and it is likewise true of these nations that they are degenerates in more respects. But, on the other hand, there are England, Germany and Russia, all of which are advancing and whose dependence rests in their perfect men. The perfection of men which exists in England is due to her sport loving men and women, the former being great lovers of the chase and the latter being accomplished horsewomen. Then too, there is that latent energy stored up by generations of sturdy squires, the shire-men, who have been accustomed to lead a most active life. Germany has brought about this state by her system of gymnasiums and compulsory military service. Russia holds her strength from the fact that her people are nearest to that perfection of body which is found among savage races, as well as to the rigorous climate and active out-door life of her citizens. Then if those nations whose citizens are in the highest state of physical development are the most prosperous it seems that this same law must hold good with individuals.

We have purposely refrained from speaking of Americans as regards their comparative national development because no just comparison can be instituted. We are a mixture of all races, and if one predominates it is not so far in advance but that we are not yet a mixture and the blood is not untainted. Furthermore we have passed that stage of national life which is conducive to physical upbuilding. We are at a point where it is possible that stagnation will set in. And if it does, we must degenerate. But the nation can only be reached through the individuals and therefore these should be awakened and made to realize their responsibility.

Exercise has a very varied extent and is productive of many and different results. And while there is no one who wishes, or is able for that matter, to take all forms and test all results; yet it is equally true that every person should take a certain amount of regular, systematic exercise other than his regular business demands, although more is needed

by some than others, and the same exercises are not suitable for all. For instance, the athlete should take other exercise than that gotten by training for his especial event. For while skill in a particular direction and its attendant develment of certain muscles are attractive, yet unless counteracting exercises are taken, our handsome athlete is much the worse off, having developed one part of his physical being at the expense of another. Or, another instance, the tired business man who has probably stood on his feet all day and had his mind filled with business cares; should he take exercise other than that? Yes, nature demands that he take suitable exercise for the storing up of nerve and brain force and for the re-creation attendant thereon. For exercise is not confined in its benefits to muscular effects alone, but is besides a fundamental factor in the development and culture of the mind; the tone of blood and muscle has a direct effect on the brain and nervous system.

Now there are some common but erroneous ideas to which attention should be called. One is the impression which many people have, that if they are piling up great amounts of fat they are healthy. But fat by collecting around the organs of the body impedes their proper action and is rather injurious than healthful. Therefore all superfluous fat should be turned into muscle and muscular force by means of exercise. Then there is another popular misconception, which is that enormous masses of muscle constitute physical perfection. But those who make this mistake either forget or else do not know the intimate co-operation which exists between muscle and nerve and that too great muscular development is a strain on the nervous system. The nerves are the electrical system of the body and to put on two much muscle is like connecting with too strong a battery, for in both cases the fuses must inevitably burn out. Too much muscle, like too much exercise, is as bad if not worse than too little. But it is now possible for every one, with little trouble, to find out just what he needs and how totake it.

If we wish to develop our intellect to the greatest extent we must give our minds the aid of strong and healthy body.

The intimate connection between brain and muscle cannot be ignored. It must be consulted or else all our calculations will work out falsely. The recreative effect gained by a change of mental state can nowhere else be found so powerful or so beneficial as that produced by an exercise which calls for the concentration of the mind on the muscles. Then we can hardly overestimate the benefit of the mental stimulous received from rational exercise.

By taking better care of ourselves and by taking some regular exercise planned on a scientific basis and adapted to individual needs, we can make less work for physicians and also make sure the fact that, through individual upbuilding, the nation will be competent to maintain her present position and push on to greater achievements yet to come. That *activity* means *life* and *stagnation* means *decay* is a truth which should be impressed upon every thinking person and he should be urged on to the point whence he shall see that if he wishes to be the greatest, enjoy to the fullest and accomplish the most he must make it his aim to get that harmonious, mental and bodily adjustment and development which is to be gained only through muscular activity, or commonly speaking exercise

H. T. S.

The Dramatic Works of Stephen Phillips.

This is the day of popular prose fiction. Now budding genius almost always blossoms into an historical novel. Half the world writes historical novels; the other half reads and talks historical novels day in and day out. The existence of such a spirit renders possible in a town no larger than Spartanburg, the sale of seventy-five copies of "Audrey" the first day of its appearance. In such a time, it is with a feeling of genuine relief that we withdraw, if only for a few moments, "from the madding crowd's ignoble strife" and turn our attention to one who, seriously and honestly and with a marked degree of success, has undertaken to express himself in dramatic poetry. It is something to write a suc-

cessful drama; it is something to invoke the Muses from Parnassus and gladden the heart of the world with poetry; but he who has successfully combined the two has achieved perhaps the most difficult feat in the world of literature.

The presentation of "Paolo and Francesca" at the St. James Theatre in London in 1899 marked the advent of a strong, original force into the English world of letters, and the striking success of the play gave promise of still greater achievements in the future. The play-goers of London waited anxiously, almost impatiently, for the next contribution from the pen of Mr. Phillips. They were rewarded by the presentation in 1900 of "Herod," and, on Feb. 1, 1902, of the "Ulysses," a dramatization of Homer's "Odyssey." On these three productions and a small volume of poems published in 1897 Mr. Phillips's claims to distinction depend. In this paper we are concerned chiefly with the distinctively dramatic elements of Mr. Philips's writings, reserving always the right to refer to his shorter poems by way of substantiation, comparison, or illustration.

Mr. Philips's dramas are avowedly an expression of a reaction felt in his own case against Shakspearean ideals. * This reaction has placed him among the Classicists rather than the Romanticists. Time and space forbid us to enter into any extended discussion of the essential points of distinction between the Classic and the Romantic drama † but a careful consideration of the elements of plot, character, and style as found in Mr. Phillips's writings will, we believe, sustain us in this judgment.

And first let us direct our attention to his construction of plot. The classic drama is characterized always by unity of plot—there is never an underplot as in the "Lear," or an interweaving of stories as in the "Merchant of Venice," or a complex revolving wheel of Nemeses as in the "Richard III." The story or the action is carried along with

* See the conversation between Mr. William Archer and Mr. Stephen Phillips in the Critic for June, 1901.

† We recommend to those of our readers who wish to pursue this subject further Chapter I. of Mr. Henry A. Beers's "History of Romanticism in the Eighteenth Century" and the article on the "Classic and Romantic" by Dr. Frederiek Henrv Hedge in the Atlantic Monthly for March, 1886.

scarcely a pause from its inception to its conclusion. We are never called upon to turn from the sphere of life in which we are moving and learn what is taking place in another and perhaps totally different sphere. We miss the Complication and Resolution of the Romanticist. In short, unity of effect is the one object sought by the Classicists. This simplicity of plot is quite characteristic of Mr. Philips's dramas. He begins the story of the love of Paolo and Francesca and carries us right through it with post-haste speed, never, except for two periods of about two minutes each, giving us time to get our breath and to realize that we have not been transported to another world—a world of intense, though wrongly-placed love, a love though involuntary, yet irresistible, a "Love that denial takes from none beloved," a love that will finally be the cause of the death of its subjects and of a far greater tragedy in the life of its agent and avenger. The same is true of the "Herod." The "Ulysses," being an epic rather than a tragic drama, dealing with events rather than with men, requires a treatment apart from these. But careful readers have observed that in every detail of this play also there is one dominant idea—the home-coming of Ulysses.

The characters of the Classic Drama are drawn with what we might call a large, clearly-defined, simple outline. They often indeed represent one attribute of life rather than life in its fullness and its completeness. There is not so much attention paid to details or to minuteness of characterization as in the Romantic Drama. We rather feel the impression of the character as a whole than see it in its various details. Furthermore, there is lacking generally—though there may be possible exceptions—that unfolding of character which forms one of the chief charms of the Romantic, and especially of the Shakspearean Drama. The characters of the Classicist come before us fully developed—we never have any conscious feeling of their growth and development as the play proceeds. In this, as in other particulars, simplicity is the keynote of the Classic ideal. Here we must again place Mr. Phillips among the Classicists. For we feel that we know

Giovianni, and Paolo, and Francesca, and Herod, when we first meet them in the opening act of each play. It is very interesting to quote here a few words from Mr. Phillips himself:* "Yes, there you have it! There is no underplot, no philosophic embroidery, no minute development of character. I know there is not—but is drama impossible without these things? . . . . . Is there not such a thing as large and simple character? Must it always be subtle or complex? And is character the only element in drama? . . . . . I seek after unity of effect where the Elizabethans sought after multiplicity." Do we not feel here the awakening of a new force in literature—the arousing of a spirit of originality, of inquiry? Is not this suppressed murmur of a wholesome feeling of dissatisfaction with the conventional standards of the drama a healthy sign?

One cannot read these plays without being impressed by the skilfulness with which Mr. Phillips handles his material, his dramatic background, and his dramatic situations. Indeed we sometimes feel almost like calling him a master of intellectual device—he is a literary artist if he is anything. This artistic sensibility finds its expression primarily in his use of dramatic situations. Even his short poems are replete with such situations. "The Woman with the Dead Soul," the "Christ in Hades," and the "Marpessa" are as truly dramatic in the essence of their material and treatment as anything not cast in dramatic form can well be. In the "Paolo and Francesca" our attention is riveted at the beginning by the situation as it is opened up to us in the first few lines. Here is an old duke, Giovianni, who marries, for purely political purposes, the daughter of a neighboring tyrant—a woman young, pure, tender, bred in a convent, "innocent as yet of this great life." But, though this marriage was at first arranged for political purposes, after Giovianni has seen Francesa he says:

> "And yet since I have seen Francesca, I
> Have fallen into a trance. It seems, indeed,
> That I am bringing into this dark air
> A pureness that shall purge these ancient halls."

*The Critic for June, 1901.

But this duke has a brother, young, handsome, intelligent, entertaining. These two brothers are, as Giovianni says:

"A something more than brothers—fiercest friends;
Concordia was our mother named, and ours
Is but one heart, one honour, and one death.
Any that came between us I would kill."

And more, this younger brother, Paolo, has been the first of the two to see Francesca and to be seen by her. When Francesca says to him:

"All here are kind to me, all grave and kind,
But O, I have a fluttering up toward joy,
Lightness and laughter, and a need of singing.
You are more near my age—you understand—"

When she utters these words, we feel that all the elements of a tragedy are at hand and will be wrought out in a terrible manner. We might enter into the "Herod" and point out this same quality, we might show how the love of Herod for his queen Mariamne, the love of Mariamne for her brother Aristobulus, the royal descent of this brother and sister, the love of the people for Aristobulus, the indomitableness of Herod's will,—we might show, I say,—how these circumstances and conditions inevitably lead to the tragedy which follows, but we must pass on and notice another mode of expression of Mr. Phillips's artistic sensibility.

In the development of an idea, of the realization of a passion, or of the conception of a truth, Mr. Phillips is especially skillful. He begins, perhaps, with a mere suggestion of the feeling, passion, or idea and gradually leads us on step by step to a full realization of what he intends to show us. Let us illustrate again from the "Paolo and Francesca." Our author does not leave us to take for granted that Paolo and Francesca are in love, but shows us the bud, the bloom, and the fruit step by step. At first we see little more than the natural affinity between two persons of like age and like inclinations. Paolo indeed has felt the flame, but very calmly and very wisely decides that he will leave the palace and go to the war. But Giovianni in his blindness insists that Paolo

shall stay for the marriage and the feast and asks Francesca to love his dear brother. Francesca answers:

"Sir, I will love him, is he not my brother?"

Paolo at last tears himself away to go to the war, but stops—a fatal pause—at an inn not far from Rimini. He can even see his brother's palace from the door of the inn. When he ceases from action, thoughts of Rimini and Francesca return with more force than before. He "cannot go from her; may not return," but "rather than betray," he will go to death—he will poison himself. But he cannot die without first seeing her:

"At least I must behold her before death;
And go straight from her face into the grave."

Another step has been taken in the working out of this love which is to be the cause of so great a tragedy. Of course, when he has once seen her his resolution breaks down. But not until the last scene is the final step in the growth of this love taken. Then, and not till then, do Paolo and Francesca willingly, and with a consciousness of their sin, yield themselves to their passion, regardless of consequences either earthly or divine.

Paolo says:

"I'll struggle now no more. Have I not fought
Against thee as a foe most terrible?
Parried the nimble thrust and thought of thee,
And from thy mortal sweetness fled away,
Yet evermore returned? Now all the bonds
Which held me I cast off—honour, esteem,
All ties, all friendships, peace, and life itself.
You only in this universe I want."

Francesca replies:

"You fill me with a glorious rashness. What!
Shall we two then take up our fate and smile?"

We feel that the time for the Nemesis has at last arrived, and the Nemesis comes in the shape of Giovianni, the injured husband, who in turn suffers a fate which we believe to be almost more terrible than that suffered by the two young lovers.

Mr. Phillips has further shown himself a literary artist by his Dramatic Foreshadowing. Vague references in the beginning of a play to what is to take place afterwards; prophecies, as of blind Angela; the inexplicable premonitions felt by the characters; the strange atmosphere we seem to breathe—all these arouse, sustain, and intensify interest from the beginning to the end of the play. When Francesca first enters the palace, as soon as she is alone with Paolo she says:

"It seemeth difficult to breathe,
It is as though I battled with this air."

We feel impending doom in these words addressed to the Duke by his old friend and kinswoman, Lucrezia:

Old friend, remember that we two are passed
Into the grey of life: but O, beware
This child yet scarce awake upon the world!
Dread her first ecstasy, if one should come
That should appear to her half-opened eyes
Wonderful as a prince from fairyland
Or venturing through forests toward her face—
* * * * * *
Youth goes toward youth."

When blind Angela tells of the vision of two lovers taken and slain in each other's arms, our excitement is almost at fever-heat; but when she adds the few words—and the only ones—that throw a glimmering, uncertain light on the personality of this lover of Giovianni's queen, we can scarcely contain ourselves, so vividly and so powerfully has the author aroused our interest. The same method is used in the "Herod." Herod has heard some muttering of the new King who is to come and establish a reign of peace and love over Judaea. He hangs dreamily on this idea and murmurs, more to himself than to his councillor:

"A gentle sovereign. Ah, might there not be
Some power in gentleness we dream not of?"

This idea once more recurs to Herod, now almost imbecile, at the close of the play, and an indescribable pathos is thrown over the scene by these words of his to that same councillor:

"And you, Gadias, think you not the king
That is to come, might with pure gentleness
Found such a kingdom as no sword could make?"

Herod, in his mad love for Mariamne, tries to make her say that nothing shall ever stay her love for him. She says that such a love as hers could never die, but adds:

"Yet might you kill it.

* * * * * *

In a night murder it in a moment;

* * * * * *

Oh, then—
You'd stoop and lift a dead face up to you,
And pull me out from reeds like one just drowned,
More dead than those who die; and I should move,
Go here and there, and words would fall from me.
But, Oh—you'd touch but an embalmed thing.
Do nothing, Herod, that shall hurt my soul."

After Herod has murdered Aristobulus, this prophecy is literally fulfilled, and his subsequent order for the execution of Mariamne is but the accomplishment of that prophecy utterred long before that he "should kill the thing that most he loved."

Closely akin to this Dramatic Foreshadowing and productive of very similar effects is the element of Irony—one of the most noticeable characteristics, indeed, of Mr. Philips's writings. We feel somehow that Fate is playing a double game with us—that she says one thing when we are not quite sure that she does not mean another. It may be that "coming events cast their shadows before them," but when they do arrive, they are often in such a guise that we do not recognize them till it is too late. Further, the means used to avert a prophesied doom may be the very agent that shall carry it into execution. To illustrate: Herod has given orders for the drowning of young Aristobulus as he swims in the pool. At the very moment, perhaps, when the dastardly deed is being committed, Herod, feeling his wife's arm gently encircle him, cries out, "The pool!" We feel that conscience, or something very nearly akin to it, is aroused. But even

before this Herod has felt not quite at ease concerning this deed. He says:

"Yet I ne'er feared before; not when I slew
The assembled Sanhedrin. Why do I tremble?
Not that I have contrived this murder, this
Most politic, most necessary act.
Then why this apprehension mystical,
This beaded forehead, and this quailing flesh?
Dimly I dread lest having struck this blow
Of my free will, I by this very act
Have signed and pledged me to a second blow
Against my will.

* * * * * *

The first step is with us; then all the road,
The long road is with Fate. O horrible!
If he being dead demand another death."

The irony is further emphasized by the stage direction—[*Walks backwards into Mariamne's arms, she having entered softly behind him.*]

We have quoted above the fine foreshadowing scene between Herod and Mariamne. When we recall the manner of the death of young Aristobulus, the irony conveyed by these three lines is simply indescribable:

"Oh, then—
You'd stoop and lift a dead face up to you,
And pull me out from reeds like one just drowned,
More dead than those who die."

Again, take the words of Francesca immediately after she has entered the home of Giovianni. She is in conversation with Paolo:

"What is it to be sad?
Nothing has grieved me yet but ancient woes,
Sea perils, or some long-ago farewell,
Or the last sunset cry of wounded kings,
I have wept but on the pages of a book,
And I have longed for sorrow of my own."

We pity her—for we feel that before the end of the play her wants are to be gratified in a manner and a degree of

which she little dreams. Giovianni, aroused by the continual mutterings of prophecy which reach his ear, has a fear of peril to Francesca. He entrusts her, during his absence, to Paola, never dreaming that he is only furnishing the means for the furtherance of that peril which he is seeking to avoid.

But Mr. Phillips has learned the supremely important lesson for the dramatist—that however perfect he may be in the technique of the drama, however artistically he may work out his plot, however successful may be his characterization, however skillful he may be in his use of dramatic devices for holding the interest of his audience, yet the one thing essential to a truly great drama is that it shall have an abiding human interest running through the fibre of the play and forming the life-blood of all its parts. This appeal to that part of our nature which is distinctly human must form the permanent element of every great piece of literature. In this respect Mr. Phillips is rather modern than classic. His plays are fairly loaded with passion—deep, moving passion that often pulsates and quivers through every line till we feel that language could say no more. "The Woman with the Dead Soul" and "The Wife" are splendid examples among his short poems. The speech of Giovianni when at last he realizes that it is Paola who loves Francesca:

"Paolo! ah, no, not there!
Not there where only I was prone to love!
Beautiful wast thou in the battle, boy!
* * * * * We have slept
Together in the moonbeams! I have grown
So close to him my very flesh doth tear!
Why, why, Lucrezia, I have lifted him
Over rough places—he was but a child,
A child that put his hand in mine! I reel
My little Paolo! [*He swoons off.*]

Where shall we find among the poets of his age anything finer than this speech of Paolo while he is at the inn, trying to leave Rimini? We quote it here in full; stage directions

and all, for if we should decide to cut out a part, we could not tell what part could be most easily sacrificed:

"I have fled from her; have refused the rose,
Although my brain was reeling at the scent.
I have come hither as through pains of death;
I have died, and I am gazing back at life.
Yet now it were so easy to return,
And run down the white road to Rimini!
And might I not return? [*He starts up and looks at the towers red with sunset.*]

Those battlements
Are burning! they catch fire, those parapets!
And through the blaze doth her white face look out
Like one forgot, yet possible to save.
Might I not then return? Ah, no! no! no!
For I should tremble to be touched by her,
And dread the music of her mere good-night.
Howe'er I sentinelled my bosom, yet
That moment would arrive when instantly
Our souls would flash together in one flame,
And I should pour this torrent in her ear
And suddenly catch her to my heart.
[*A drum is heard.*]

A drum!
O, there is still a world of men for a man!
I'll lose her face in flashing brands, her voice
In charging cries: I'll rush into the war!
[*Soldiers pass across the stage. Seeing Paolo, they cheer and call him by name—then exeunt. He makes to follow, then stops.*]
I cannot go, thrilling from Rimini,
A tender voice makes all the trumpets mute.
I cannot go from her: may not return.
O God! what is Thy will upon me? ah!
One path there is, a straight path to the dark.
There in the ground, I can betray no more,
And there forever am I pure and cold,
The means! No dagger blow, nor violence shown

Upon my body to distress her eyes.
Under some potion gently will I die;
And they that find me dead shall lay me down
Beautiful as a sleeper at her feet."

And now let us notice briefly the language, the outer garment, with which Mr. Phillips clothes his thought. His language—he uses mostly blank verse—is classic in its simplicity and strength. There is a majesty, but withal an easy flow of verse, that is well suited to the nature of the subjects he treats. Especially is this ease of flow noticeable in the "Ulysses." It has been complained that Mr. Phillips lacks a sense of humor and lightness of touch. Perhaps this is true, but the awfulness of the subjects he treats—the matter of life, death, and the grave, the appeal to the distinctly pathetic side of our nature, the "splendid seriousness" that characterizes him—all these so engage and engross our attention that we hardly feel that there is any room for humor or any time for play. His imagery is especially worthy of attention. It sometimes even approaches the beauty of the Homeric figures. With a few strokes of his pen he sets before us a living, almost visible, tangible impression of life as he sees it. Take, for pure beauty of expression, these words of Paolo to Francesca:

"Francesca, think not I can lightly leave you
And go out from your face into the dark.
Ah! can you think it is not sweet to breathe
That delicate air and flowery sigh of you,
The stealing May and mystery of your spirit?"
And again:
"So still is it that we might almost hear
The sigh of all the sleepers in the world."

Notice the silvery sweetness of these words of Herod concerning Mariamne:

"Would you commit such beauty to the earth?
Those eyes that bring upon us endless thoughts!
That face that seems as it had come to pass
Like a thing prophesied!"

How picturesque and yet how surpassingly tender are these words of Francesca:

"O voice too sweet!
And like the soul of midnight sending words!
Now all the world is at her failing hour,
And at her faintest: now the pulse is low!
Now the tide turns, and now the soul goes home!
And I to Paolo am fainting back?"

With an apology to our readers for attempting to treat so broad a subject in so narrow a compass, and with a brief summary of the points we have tried to touch upon, we shall close this paper. We have tried to outline Mr. Phillips's handling of plot, his method of characterization, his use of Dramatic Foreshadowing and Irony; we have illustrated the intense passion of which he is capable; and have barely made some suggestion of the beauty of his style. With this quotation from Dr. Charles Forster Smith, we take our final leave: "Predictions are rash, especially about the fate of poets, yet I venture the prediction that in ten years Mr. Phillips will be ranked—supposing Mr. Swinburne then no longer among the living—as the greatest living British poet."

D. S. MURPH.

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Another Prize. Through the courtesy of Mr. W. H. Wannamaker, '95, we are enabled to offer another Journal prize. Mr. Wannamaker, who has always been an ardent supporter of the college and all its interests, offers five dollars for the best article of any kind contributed to the Journal for publication in the remaining issues for this college year. As said before, this is not limited to any special kind of contribution. Essays, poems, historical sketches etc. will be considered alike.

The fact that our Alumni are supporting us as they do should incite us all to higher purposes and set our blood stirring faster and our mind working with more zeal and enthusiasm to show our appreciation of what they are doing for us. We hope many of the boys will take advantage of this offer. The fact that it is not limited will allow no man to say that it doesn't "come in his line." The man whose talent doesn't come in this scope hasn't any line. So don't be back-

ward fearing to give the editors trouble, we will stand for that.

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Reading. One of the chief things that is puzzling the minds of teachers and librarians of today is how to restrain the tide of novel reading. When a new novel comes from the publisher the demand is enormous, and librarians have noted that from fifty to eighty per cent of the books taken out of the libraries are novels. It is an evil which is very hard to check. People begin to read more for entertainment than they do for education. Librarians everywhere are trying to correct this habit. Mr. Herbert Putnam has advanced the view that no work of fiction should be bought by libraries until it has been out a year. This practically follows the advice of Emerson against reading books that have not survived a year. Many of the novels published nowadays contribute nothing to literature but act only for the amusement of a certain class of readers. Of course many are instructive and deserve permanent places as true forms of a great class of literature and should be read and digested, not merely tasted. The major evil in novel reading is that the people who read novels read nothing else. Some one has said that one should never read a novel without reading two books of a more serious kind in addition. One library has adopted a two card system which allows the reader to draw two books, but only one of fiction.

Novel reading can very easily be made a habit, and the longer it is kept up to the exclusion of other forms of literary expression the more the taste narrows, and the desire for books that necessitate thinking will finally become nothing. Many people think that to be up with the times they must read all the latest fiction, but it is sometimes better to be able to show what they have read by the effect it has produced on them than to be able to say they have read so and so.

The number of the late books that have been sold is appalling; nearly all of them going into the hundreds of thousands. After a short time though many of them dwindle

into insignificance and the copyright is sold, and after they cease to be puffed we find that some which were most popular just after publication are almost forgotten.

• •

Base Ball. So far the base ball outlook is good, but to put out a winning team we must have backing as well as spirit. Unless faculty and students work together and unless there be spirit and interest in the work on the part of all there will be a sad deficiency. First we should have games enough to make it interesting, and the boys who know how to play ball must come out and play. There are nine regular and one or two substitute positions to be filled, and everyone stands an equal chance. Even if one fails to make the team he will have the satisfaction of knowing that he has done something to forward the interests of his Alma Mater. Let everyone help the others all he can, and let us put out a winning team in the spring of 1902. And to those who do not play ball, it is useless to say how much can be done by exhibiting the right interest and enthusiasm in the work and by giving encouragement in speech and in money and by giving any other help when it is needed. Let '98, '99 and '00 be the watchword that will make the team of 1902 remembered in the annals of the college above all others. Good

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Spartanburg's Exhibit. The fact that Spartanburg won first prize at the Charleston Exposition only affirms what has been shown many times before. Spartanburg is a great county. With thirteen other counties competing she led by five points and lacked only three points of making a possible hundred. She was perfect in installation, decoration and quantity, and our committee for displaying the exhibits deserves great credit. Spartanburg has ranked long as the greatest manufacturing county in the world, and the exhibits show that she is also rich in agricultural productions such as cotton, corn, rice, fruits, nuts, wines and in minerals and woods. The New York World quotes an Ohio gentleman standing in front of the Spartanburg exhibit as saying: "I have lived in America sixty-two

years, and I have never realized what a wonderful country the South is in resources. It is 'way head of the North in natural richness.'' Spartanburg's exhibit is characteristic of the State. The display shows what remarkable progress the South has made since the civil war. South Carolina now ranks as the second manufacturing State in the Union, Massachusetts being first, but Massachusetts' start was made in the beginning of the last century while that of South Carolina began practically after the century was two-thirds gone.

Aside from her material display Spartanburg shows that she is doing much for the mental development of her children in her colleges and schools which speak for themselves in the men and women they turn out in all walks of life.

Some suggestions have been made regarding the use to be made of the prize money. Mr. Cleveland suggests that a monument be erected with it to commemorate the memory of some of our Revolutionary heroes and heroines. He mentions the Thomases, Captain Roebuck, Mary Musgrove and Kate Barry. This would be an excellent plan as it would perform a double duty, that of commemorating our Revolutionary dead and of keeping before our minds what Spartanburg progress did.

Centenary of Victor Hugo. In Paris on the 26th of February was celebrated the centenary of the birth of Victor Hugo. The bust was placed in the Panthéon in the presence of the highest officers of the French government. The eulogy was delivered by M. Georges Leygues the Minister of Education, and he did great honor to one of the greatest novelists. The house where he was born was turned over to the city of Paris to serve as a Victor Hugo museum. It was a very impressive scene when 1,200 school children marched by his statue which faces his house and threw palms and flowers round it. They were followed by a Parisian working girl representing the muse of labor who placed a bunch of flowers on the pedestal. At night there were many electrical displays suggesting scenes from his produc-

tions. Columbia University also did honor to the memory of the great writer, M. Mabilleau, a French sociologist, and Hamilton Wright Mabie delivered addresses. There were also recitations of his poems and speeches. Everything suggested how high he was and is held in the estimation of his people and people of other countries.

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Miss Stone. From all reports received up to date Miss Stone has been liberated for a fact this time something which everybody is glad to hear. After the reports "she is free" and "she is not" have kept us guessing so long it is a pleasure to find that all have settled on the affimative. When Miss Stone gets ready for the lecture platform she might form an alliance with the woman who went over Niagara Falls in a barrel, and they would coin money. We think it would be to the advantage of the United States government to forward Miss Stone to the missionary fields at once and let the whole incident be forgotten. The fact that the United States as well as the other countries connected with the affair were stood off and that the United States had to pay an enormous ransom for her release is a disgrace to twentieth century civilization. It is a sad state of affairs anyhow that travellers can't go through countries in this day without being in constant danger of being robbed and murdered. It is said the United States will try to get the ransom money returned. It should be returned, and the governments should be given to understand that interference with our travelers in their domains will be held against them.

The Easy-Chair.

W. Z. DANTZLER, Editor.

The *Wesleyan Literary Monthly* is for the most part taken up with descriptions and tales of the "Cannon-Rush," or the custom of firing a cannon on Washington's Birthday by the Freshmen. "The Successful Detective" is the best of these tales. But "The Pickle Club's Annual" is next best, and "His Kitty" an amusing complication and resolution story that should be read twice to be thoroughly appreciated. The only critical article is one of high merit concerning Stevenson's "Kidnapped;" in the concluding sentence the author states that "never has such an able story possessed (and does not this enhance its uniqueness?) such a bad end." The poetry is the best in arrangement and variety, to be found in the February magazines. Among the poems is one

TO A PRESSED TRILLIUM.

Sweet token of the summer field,
  How fares thy gentle slumber?
Still lies thy former bed concealed
  With coverlets past number;
Tho' frosty now is winter's cold,
The breath of June thy leaves enfold,
Where tangled with faint threads of gold,
  Rich purple tints encumber.

Cool dews at evening kissed thy brow,
  And soothed when thou wert sighing;
Tall grasses nodding at thy brow,
  For love of thee were dying;
The veery hushed thy slumbers sweet,
Thy morn the sparrows sang to greet,—
But ah, crushed rudely at my feet
  One day I found thee lying.

Sweet tales, I fancy, thou couldst tell
  Of spring and idle lover,
If half the memories linger here,
  Which in my bosom hover;
Dost wonder why I press you so,
And press you to my cheeks that glow
So warm—but how can flowers know
  What snows of winter cover?

—HAROLD E. WILSON.

This issue of the *Wesleyan Lit.* clearly shows the latest and most improved methods of college journalism. If there is anything of which it is significant, it is of the revolt from the style and make-up of the "Congressional Record" to that of the newest and most refreshing of the great out-of-college magazines. An echo of the Congressional Record comes to us now and anon from the neighboring town of Greenville.

The *Furman Echo* for February is hardly an exception, and does not belie its name, with its highly-colored bombast and strained misdirection of statement. Verily, in the words of the *Richmond College Messenger* " an echo from Mount Parnassus." The articles, of which "The Practical Idealist" is the best, are, in theme and theme development almost faultless, but every author thinks he will make no impression unless he steps aside once in every few moments to convulse us with a sentence, which, like the thunderbolts of Olympian Zeus, cannot possibly be hurled forth by "hoi polloi." If we skip these sentences "Sunset in the Forest" becomes a delightful piece of description, and "Opportunity" becomes readable. Even with this caution, however, we feel that something is missing, and that is—good fiction. (We have long ceased to speak of "a lack of poetry" in any magazine.)

Pine and Thistle, from the Red Springs (N. C.) Seminary, has been a regular visitor, and we shall not let the year pass

without plucking some straws off the pine and thorns off the thistle. We no doubt pull a handful of straws out of their sockets when we quote the following from Beethoven, in the "music notes." "Music should strike fire from the heart of man and bring tears from the eyes of woman." Also: "Poets play upon human passions, liftiug the soul to higher purpose, soothing the pain of a wounded heart, and sometime turning to brighter paths the feet of despairing ones. But the heart hath depths the poets cannot reach. The soul hath emotions that cannot be clothed in words. Beethoven fondled the voiceless keys and the quivering strings gave forth inspired unfolding of joy, of hope deferred, of longed-for things that never came, beyond the power of other utterance than the heavenly language of music." quoted from the Chicago "Philharmonic." Among the thistle-thorns, we commend the fifth installment of "Letter from Toledo" written from North Carolina, descriptive of the Buffalo Exposition, which has panned out. We were again stuck when the editor declared that she heard, every day, slang almost amounting to profanity from the lips of refined (?) young women at Red Springs. May the thistles never overtop the pines at Red Springs! There must be "murmuring pines" near there, for there was more than one excellent piece of poetry embalmed in this dainty magazine.

We are glad to see an improvement, both in form and contents in the "*Limestone Star.*" The simple poem, "God is Everywhere" has a world of meaning in it. The criticism of the "Princess" is exhaustive, and the major part of it is a paraphrase which causes us to agree with the author that Tennyson's Princess is richer in form than in substance." The fiction is very good but there is room for improvement; about one piece there is lack of finish, about the other there is lack of probability. We commend the author of "South Carolina 1670–1790" for boldly entering the arena of history, but in doing so a statement is made that is open to challenge, and that is that "very little of importance took

place from 1790, in South Carolina, until 1860. "What about the founding of several colleges, the nullification agitation, and the series of events that led up to those of 1860?

From the funny column: Senior R.—"We've got to draw maps in our history so we will understand the geometrical position of the Mexican War" (which is commended to the Wofford Seniors).

S., to servant—Richard, where is our desert?
Richard—That's where you all are deserted today, mum.

EXAMS.

When a shadder cold creeps o'er you
And your heart beats fast and loud,
And the days loom up before you,
And you walk as in a cloud.

When you sit and gaze distracted
At the *schedule* on the wall,
With your weary brows contracted
As you think how near your fall

When you do not dream of sleeping,
But you hold your throbbing head
And all night you sit near weeping,
But you dare not go to bed.

When you're deep in books and papers,
And you only live to cram,
But your brain seems gone in vapors
As you grind for your exam.

—N. C. F., The Carolinian.

The *S. P. V. Journal* was placed in the college library several days ago and from the worn appearance it now presents we would say it is one of our best exchanges. The editorials are of high grade.

Our mess-hall meat nearly finished me
But I soon had ceased to fret,

For the doctor was called and he wisely said
That I couldn't die gest yet. —Ex.

Our impression, after reading the *Columbia Literary Monthly* for March is that it keeps ahead of the times rather than behind them; that quality, not quantity, is its watch-word and that it is an honor for one of the many students of Columbia to write an article that shall, for its concentrated excellence and freedom from stiltedness, be found worthy of a place in the magazine.

The *Cento* for February has an atmosphere of cheerfulness about it that pervades even the panorama of Indians and woods mantled with snow in "Wanita." The first poem is commendable for its length; but some of the other literary matter might with more propriety have been placed in the local department. A glance at the locals remind us of the conversation of a group of jolly boys as heard from an adjoining room—we cannot catch its full meaning, but some of the jollity and fun comes even through the walls.

We welcome the *Winthrop Journal* to our table, whether it comes or not. Like all its predecessors, it was modest at first, and so the February number, the first one, did not come,—in official capacity. But "a little bird tells"—it made an excellent beginning.

Prof. to M—What the difference between a cardinal and an ordinal?

M—You count with one and enumerate with the other—cents.

The *Criterion* is beyond criticism; or rather beyond the reach of it; especially the locals, which would seem to indicate that the majority of the young ladies have not been accustomed to the use of "good grammar" before they entered college.

Alumni Department.

ROBT. E. SHARP, Editor.

SENIOR EXHIBITION.

DECEMBER, 1856.

Programme.

Prayer.

Music.

Speech—R. E. Bowie, Spartanburg.
The Triumphs of the Mind.

Music.

Speech—J. N. Carlisle, Union.
The Duties of the American Citizen.

Music.

Speech—Geo. Cofield, Union.
Astronomy.

Music.

Speech—S. M. Dawkins, Union.
The Ruins of Time.

Music.

Speech—W. M. Martin, Richland.
Man Never is, but Always to be Blessed.

Music.

Speech—C. Petty, Spartanburg.
The Perpetuity of Republican Institutions.

Music.

MAY EXHIBITION, 1857.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Prayer.

Music.

First Oration—R. E. Bowie, Abbeville.
Poetry.

Music.

Second Oration—J. N. Carlisle, Union.
Ambition.

Music.

Third Oration—Geo. Cofield, Union.
"Marius Sitting Among the Ruins of Carthage."

Music.

Fourth Oration—S. M. Dawkins, Union.
Classic Learning.

Music.

Fifth Oration—W. M. Martin, Richland.
"What Next."

Music.

Sixth Oration—Chas. Petty, Spartanburg.
Music.

Music.

The following is taken from the "Spartanburg Express:"

MAY EXHIBITION, 1857.

The exhibition of the Senior Class of Wofford College, in accordance with previous notice, came off on Friday last, with much credit, both to the institution and to the young men. Notwithstanding the rain and mud a goodly number of ladies and gentlemen were present, giving encouragement to the speakers and interest to the occasion.

The first speaker, Mr. R. E. Bowie, of our town, deliver-

ed a chaste and elegantly written essay on "Poetry," showing considerable familiarity with, and a just appreciation of his subject. We speak of it as an essay, because we think it offered very few opportunities for the display of the oratory powers. We therefore rather commend the simple and unaffected manner in which it was delivered as not at all out of taste.

The second speaker, Mr. J. N. Carlisle, of Union District, delivered a speech of considerable merit on "Ambition," showing, by argument and example, how much its perversion is to be dreaded, in the amount of ruin and misery it adds to the lot of mankind, and how much a noble and well directed ambition to elevate and ennoble the condition of our race. His declamation was earnest and natural; in this particular we think he excelled any of his class.

Mr. Geo. Cofield of Union District, followed in a speech upon "Marius Sitting Among the Ruins of Carthage." Mr. Cofield, having just recovered from an illness which had confined him to his room for several days, spoke in so low a tone that, from our position, we could hear very little that he said. We have no doubt, however, that his effort was a creditable one, sustaining the reputation for mind which his rank in the class has given him.

Mr. S. M. Dawkins, of the same district, made a sensible defense of "Classic Learning" and discovered by his zeal and earnestness a proper appreciation and estimate of this branch of learning. Mr. Dawkins will, with a little more practice, make a pleasant and agreeable speaker.

Mr. W. M. Martin, of Richland, taking up the "What Next?" cry of the aged pilgrim who, at each successive inauguration from Washington to Buchanan, has uttered the same odious cry, gave a very humorous and scathing satire on the follies and humbugs of the day. His speech was well delivered and most flatteringly received by the audience. In the choice of a subject we think Mr. Martin was peculiarly fortunate, as it gave an opportunity for the display of his most striking power. The speech was a "decided hit," and gave marked satisfaction to all who heard it.

Mr. Chas. Petty, of our district, in discoursing upon "Music," struck a key note which gave him the fixed attention of his hearers, and caused them to appreciate more fully his handsome eulogy of the "heavenly maid." We congratulate Mr. Petty on the rapid improvement which he has made in the manner and style of his delivery; he bids fair to make a forcible and impressive speaker.

It is singular that one-half of the above class lived in Spartanburg until a few years ago.

Mr. Cofield is president of the National Bank in Spartanburg, and Capt. Petty is editor of the Carolina Spartan in the same city.

Hon. Samuel Dibble, the only member of his class of '56, is a very successful lawyer at Orangeburg.

The alumni of Wofford rejoice when they hear of their alma mater furnishing nearly one-half the number of the judges in the state. Wofford is a very small institution but she has Messrs. C. D. Dantzler and T. W. Gage of the class of '75 and Mr. J. C. Klugh of class of '77 as S. C. judges.

Young Men's Christian Association.

NORMAN L. PRINCE, Editor.

The Toronto Convention.

The fourth quadrennial convention of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, held at Toronto, February 26 to March 2, is now a part of history. It was the largest student gathering ever held on this continent. The following statistics will give some idea of its far reaching influence. Delegates were present from twenty-two countries. The total number of institutions represented was 465; registered student delegates, 5,266; faculty delegates, 212. Others present were as follows: members and secretaries of foreign mission boards and societies, 82; editors of religious papers not otherwise classified, 28; returned missionaries, 107;

Young Men's Christian Association secretaries, 70; Young Women's Christian Association, secretaries 28; representatives of young peoples societies, 15; graduate Volunteers, 42; not otherwise classified, 57. Thus the grand total of registered delegates amounted to 2,955.

The present organization dates back to 1886, but it had its beginning in the early part of the last century when a few students at Williams College gathered beside the historic haystack and "prayed and planned" for a missionary awakening among students and for a world-wide conquest for the banner of the Cross. The little band was filled with a zeal and determination which was remarkable when we consider the indifference of the church at that time to foreign missions. But the students at Williams and later at Andover College caught the spirit of Christ's last command and determined to give their lives to the great cause of the evangelization of the world, and in 1812 the first American Missionary Volunteers sailed for India. The work continued to spread and in 1886 a combination with the Princeton Missionary Society resulted in the Student Volunteer Movement.

The motto of the Movement—"The Evangelization of the World in this Generation"—has been an inspiration to the thousands of students who have placed their lives on the altar and said to the waiting churches, "Here am I, send me." Since 1886 nearly 2,000 volunteers have gone to the foreign field. At the Toronto Convention more than 100 students were present who expect to sail within the next few months, and there are hundreds of others who have offered themselves but have not yet finished their college or seminary courses. They stand as a challenge to the church of Christ to send them forth into His harvest.

A deep spirituality pervaded the convention from the start. Mr. John R. Mott led the opening service at which Mr. Robert E. Speer addressed the convention, and in a most earnest and impressive manner urged the delegates to a closer walk with God and to heart searching to see if Jesus had His rightful place in their lives. Mr. Speer was fol-

lowed by Mrs. Howard Taylor, of the China Inland Mission, who also made a most touching appeal for a closer fellowship with the Holy Spirit. It would be hard to find two speakers of greater power. To look into their faces and to listen to their burning words as they spoke of the transforming power of Christ's love, was to be convinced that they knew from personal experience what they were talking about. But to give even the names of all the speakers worthy of mention, together with their subjects, would fill more space than is allotted me.

The subject of missions was handled from almost every conceivable point of view. As one speaker put it, "the goal of the centuries is the evangelization of the world," and the work of the convention was a consideration of the best plans for bringing about this glorious result. Everything that would tend to narrow or circumscribe the work was passed by and in its stead were considered those things which look to a broad "Missionary Universalism." Individual responsibility was stressed. The great commission, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," was urged as a living command which should bear directly upon the life purpose of every Christian. Each one has a gift which he is commanded to use and to those who are not permitted to go there yet remains the great privilege of giving. The facts were brought out in the convention that while many had shown themselves ready to obey Christ by giving themselves or their substance to aid in the work, there are still multitudes of individuals and thousands of churches which give absolutely nothing to this great cause. The spirit of liberality has not kept pace with the constantly increasing resources of the Church. There is an urgent need for money; there is a need for men and women who having heard the despairing cry which comes up from the depths of degradation and woe, are willing, as the great missionary said, "To give themselves a living sacrifice, wholly acceptable unto God, which," he adds, "is their reasonable service."

The needs of the various mission fields were discussed and from all came encouraging reports of progress, but from

all an intensified appeal for greater activity on the part of the home Church. Some of the lands which have shaken off the yoke of superstition are fast crystalizing in agnosticism and rationalism, and unless the Gospel enters while they are in a plastic state it will be too late. One of the speakers in reference to this said, "God having placed India in the furnace, has brought it out red hot and now commands the church to strike."

At the close of the last session the chairman read the following helpful cablegrams from the Student Volunteer Movements of other countries:

Norway—"To live is Christ."

Sweden—"Hearty greetings."

Germany—"One blood, one spirit, one motive, one goal. German students greet you."

India—"Fields white; time short; send men full of faith and power."

Shanghai, China—"One million students, leaders of four hundred million people, suddenly awakening. Pray."

North China—',North China calls; fill up the gaps; victory ahead."

Japan—"Christ conquering Japan."

After a season of quiet prayer and a selection by the quartette Mr. Speer brought the convention to a close with a powerful appeal for a deeper and richer spiritual life. Another season of silent prayer was engaged in and Mr. Mott, having pronounced the benediction, declared the convention adjourned. Only those who attended this great gathering can know how real was the presence of the Holy Spirit. His revelation to the delegates will remain after the burning words of the speakers are forgotten.

C. L. S.

Local Department.

D. S. Murph, Editor.

Anniversary.

[We are indebted to a fellow student for this account of the annual celebration of the Societies.---Ed.]

On account of the very bad weather which we were having along about the 22d of February, the anniversary which was to come off that night was postponed to the Monday night following. As this event is the commemoration of the birth of our founder, Rev. Benjamin Wofford, it is considered Wofford's most important public celebration outside of commencement, so that interest always centers around it. But unfortunately the weather was very inclement Monday night, and the large crowd which we usually have on this occasion was cut down considerably. However a number of the Converse students were so kind as to brave the weather and be present anyway.

The two orators of the evening were D. S. Murph from the Calhoun Literary Society and Norman L. Prince from the Preston. The presiding officers were R. E. Sharpe, Preston, and Carroll Varner, Calhoun.

Mr. Prince, the first speaker, had for his subject "The Real Beginning of America." He showed that the real government of the people, by the people did not begin with Washington, but rather in 1829 when Andrew Jackson came to the presidency—a man who was from among the people and representative of them.

The other speaker, Mr. Murph, spoke on "A Politician with Ideas," giving first a sketch of the life and character of Edmund Burke. Then he showed how his attitude to the French Revolution was apparently directly opposite to his attitude toward the American Revolution, at the same time reconciling these two in the man by his ideas of government.

Both speeches showed much care and thought on the part of the speakers. The subjects, rather unique, were ones which required deep thought and a good knowledge of both American and English history, and all who were present would agree that they were well treated. The style of the speakers, clear and forcible, suited their subjects. Immediately after the speaking those present were invited to the two society halls where a reception was in order from then until 11 o'clock. Most of the young ladies from Converse who were present remained over to the reception and for nearly two hours everything was in a pleasant way in the society halls. But soon the young ladies had to leave and the anniversary was over with. Much of the success of the reception was due to the efficiency of those on the reception committee. C. H. V., '02.

A Few Superlatives.

The hardest student in college—Sam Lanham.
The most modest man in college—Haskell Dial.
The gayest man in college—W. P. Way.
The greatest ladies' man in college—Bennett.
The champion of the gridiron—Coke Ariail.
The heaviest hitter in college—Bob Oliver.
The most impassioned orator—John McCallum.
The most brilliant man—Lord Garlington.
The most enthusiastic man—Dukes.
The best Society worker—Kay Brabham.
The champion heavy-weight—"Boots" Sullivan.
The prettiest co-ed—"Sister" Ellen.

(To be continued.)

Campus Notes.

The Sophomore class have elected the speakers for their exhibition, which will take place some time during the latter part of April. The speakers from the Calhoun Society are: J. C. Candler, W. D. Burnett and S. F. Cannon. From the Preston: Chester Moore, E. K. Hardin and J. C. Harmon. Presiding officer, W. W. Niver.

The following officers have been elected to serve the Preston Society during the next term: President, R. I Manning; Vice-President, P. H. Nash; 1st Critic, T. C. Easterling; 2d Critic, E. A. Montgomery; Treasurer, I. E. Curry; Recording Secretary, L. T. Leitner; Corresponding Secretary, W. C. Herbert; 1st Censor, A. M. Blair; 2nd Censor, R. E. Sharp.

The baseball team has been doing some splendid work both in the gymnasium and on the field. The coach, Mr. Moffett, will arrive about the 15th and will immediately take the team in hand. Our first game will be played with Cornell on March 29th in Spartanburg. The lovers of the game will then have an opportunity to see some fine playing.

A number of our boys took advantage of the big February snow and went up to Converse, where they had a battle royal with the fair ladies.

Professors Gamewell, Rembert, and DuPré have visited Charleston and all pronounce the exposition a success. A large number of the students will go about the first of April. The Senior class will spend about a week in Charleston, taking occasion during their stay to visit the phosphate beds and other points of interest in and around the city.

The monthly orator of the Calhoun Society for March was W. D. Burnett; of the Preston, W. C. Herbert, A. C. Daniel and W. W. Niver have been elected to serve the societies respectively for April.

The favorite flower of Senior S . . . p is the rose. At least he is very fond of that flower in its partly-developed stage.

It is a source of great satisfaction generally to the students that Spartanburg has won first prize among the counties of the state in the exposition. All our home counties could not win and we are pretty well satisfied to compromise on Spartanburg.

Ask Junior T———n if he *Lykes* anybody in Columbia better than he likes himself.

Prof. Clinkscales lectured to the population of the mill town, Converse, on March 2.

Our holiday, Washington's birthday, was greatly enjoyed by the students. Some of them who live near Spartanburg took advantage of the opportunity to spend a day or two at home.

Dr. Wallace, our professor of history and economics, lectured at Walnut Grove school house on March 8.

The college community was grieved to hear, on March 10, of the death of Prof. Snyner's eldest brother in Nashville, Tennessee. On account of sickness in his own family, Prof. Snyder was not able to attend the funeral.

Our March examinations begin on the 21st and end on the 29th. A sighing, a moaning, and a groaning can already be heard from different quarters of the campus.

Lost! Somewhere in the neighborhood of Union by the Y. M. C. A. delegation on their return trip from Columbia two Juniors. Indescribable, but will answer to the names Thompson and Owen. Finder will please return to Faculty of Wofford College and receive a suitable reward—N. B.—We are glad to say the above-mentioned articles have since been found and returned to their rightful owners.

Professor of English, reading from "The Lady of the Lake," "With one brave bound the copse he cleared." What does the word "copse" mean?

Fresh. A-s-t-n—Policemen.

Junior S l - - n tied his alarm clock to his bed and was surprised next morning because it didn't go off.

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Wofford College Journal

Literary Department

T. F. WATKINS, Editor.

A Moonlight Fantasy.

Softly, on the dreamy air
Of the night I seemed to hear
Our old signal, low and shrill
Whistling of a whip-poor-will.
Scarcely knowing where or why
I was going, slowly I
Wandered, lost in reverie,
Surely, to the old oak tree.
Hardly knowing where I wandered,
O'er past memories I pondered;
In a reminiscent mood
By the old oak tree I stood,—
Forgetful both of friend and foe
Dreaming dreams of long ago,—
Living o'er in mind the hours
That we wandered mid the flowers,—
When we were happy, you and I
In the happy days gone by.
As in memory I lingered
Nervously I felt and fingered
The little sea-shell, small and white
That you gave to me that night,
And in fancy then I heard
Every sentence, every word
That you said to me that night,
When our hearts were free and light.
I could see your face so plainly
In the moonlight—Ah! how vainly
Do I long for you to-night—

Every star shone just as bright,
Far-off, faintly, in the hush
I could hear the river's rush,
And the flying fleecy cloud
Threw its mystic hazy shroud
O'er the moon's still face, and so,
All was like to long ago.
    Suddenly, the charm was snapped
The night owl in the tree had flapped
His gray wings and flown away
And the vision would not stay.
From my dreaming I awoke,
Found myself beneath the oak.

F.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's Poetry.

In the *London Times* of January 4th, there appeared a poem from the pen of Mr. Kipling which has occasioned much comment and criticism, favorable and otherwise. It has attained a greater publicity, perhaps, than any other literary event of the year. It is an exceedingly strong, forceful indictment of civilian Englishmen who spend their time at golf and cricket when the United Kingdom is very much in need of their service in the field. It has the good old Anglo-Saxon bluntness, and the characteristically Kiplingesque shout to a marked degree, and is tinged with a prophetic bitterness. In very plain language he charges the islanders with having "fawned on the younger nations for the men who could shoot and ride" while they were wasting their time at the goals and wickets, and with racquet and rod. It verges dangerously near upon being a suggestion for compulsory service in the Royal Army. Naturally it has not been received with grateful thanks or enthusiastic welcome by the English press or the English people. As to its merits, it will rank very high considered as a sign of the times or as a metrical essay, but when we come to search for poetry, it is not there. It will live as the natural outcome of the age, as a stern prophetic warning, but not as a great poem. It has about it none of the technical nicetie

polished verse, but is expressed in "straight-flung words and few," and carries with it that *vivida vis* which is so characteristic of this Bombay seer.

The Islanders is by no means the first poem by Mr. Kipling which shows his power of satire, and which has served to win for him the title of the "English Jeremiah of the Day," which has been bestowed upon him by a contemporary critic. In his earliest book of verse, Departmental Ditties, he shows that he is possessed of that quiet, dignified, smiling ridicule suggestive of no one so much as of Dick Steele, which in the Seven Seas develops into the stinging sarcasm of Swift, as in Mary Gloster and in Mary, Pity Women. Indeed, the general tenor of the Ditties is so much milder than that of his later Hebraic productions that the Story of Uriah almost seems out of place in the earlier volume. And yet, even allowing for the difference between eighteenth century prose and twentieth century verse, Steele would not have written Departmental Ditties. For there is something more in them than mere laughter, and something deeper than simple representation, our Teutonic friend Herr Gratz to the contrary notwithstanding. In proof of this, we would point to you the story of Jack Barrett and The Last Department.

This small book of *Vers de Societe* contains only forty thin pages, and is neither very powerful nor very poetic, but it has a significance in Mr. Kipling's literary development and hence in the history of English Letters. For it might have been foreseen that the man who wrote of the "Last Great Bugle Call" would some day write a poem like the Vampire, or the L'envoi in the Seven Seas. For this reason, we say that the appearance of Departmental Ditties in 1886 marks a milestone in our literature.

The reception of this little book had been generally favorable. Sir William Hunter, Chancellor of Bombay University, had hazarded a prediction concerning it. "This book," he said, "gives promise of a new literary star rising in the East." Emboldened by this success, he continued to write an occasional poem for newspapers and reviews, most of

which were subsequently collected and published together with Departmental Ditties under the title of "Barrack-Room Ballads and other Poems." The "other poems" are not homogeneous, and consequently do not form a class to themselves, but right here it seems fitting that something should be said in reference to the Barrack-Room Ballads of this book.

As far as we know the British soldier through other sources and as far as we may believe the truth of contemporary criticism, this seems to be a portrayal true to life, loyal to faults as well as to virtues. Nor is it merely a picture of the external. It is deeper than that. The innermost heart of Tommy Atkins is laid open before us; his love affairs, his "scraps," his war experiences, his ideas about men and things, and his hopes and aspirations; and clad in a rude dialect though it may be, we find that indefinable something which we term poetry. For who can read Danny Deever, or Mandalay, and not be touched by their pathos? Who can read the Sons of the Widow or even Loot, and not feel a responsive thrill within his own bosom? Thus we see that there is in them the common universal interest of the great heart of humanity.

As to the style of the Barrack-Room Ballads, it seems to be the identical verbage of the British soldier. The metre and rhyme seem to be for the most part flawless, of their kind. They have a rhythmical jingle of their own, which sometimes approaches positively near to being sing-song. They commit themselves to memory almost at a single reading. They have as much of the onomatopoetic, unconscious though it may be, as can be found in as many lines from any other poet. When the English language unaided refuses to express sense both by words and by sound, he introduces the Indian *Bolee* into the midst of the verses. This, too, is thoroughly characteristic of Tommy Atkins, for although he depends mainly on the sign-language, one of the firmest convictions is that he speaks Hindustanee fluently and is, on the whole, a "profound Orientalist." The following chorus-jingle from Route Marchin' illustrates both points well:

"With its best foot first
And the road a-slidin' past
An' every bloomin campin'-ground exactly like the last,
While the big drum says
With 'is 'Rowdy-dowdy-dow!'
'*Kiko Kissywarsti* don't you *Hamsher argy jow*!' "

The British Soldier of the later Barrack-Room Ballads in the Seven Seas seems to be a somewhat different fellow. He developed a kind of Devil-may-care optimism, and a better sense of humor. He tells that since

"We've got to die somewhere, someway, some'ow,—
We might as well begin to do it now."

He exhorts us "Then do not be discouraged, 'Eaven is your 'elper," and insists that we should fight on "all for the sake o' the Core." Like Robert Burns, he cannot hate auld Nickie-Ben with right orthodoxy, but he assures us that the Devil is "none so black as he is painted." He watches the "new recruity" with much interest and amusement, and he genuinely believes that "the backbone of the army is the non-commissioned man." But he has retrograded so sadly from a moral point of view that we are forced to the conclusion that life in the Army (since Mr. Kipling's earlier volume) has vitiated him to a certain extent. He seems to revel in the sensuality of the ballad of The Ladies and to take a grim delight in the coarseness of The Sergeant's Weddin' and the awefulness of Mary, Pity Women. It seems that an unwarranted stress is laid upon the Seventh Commandment. "One word," says a recent critic, "that has not been allowable in ordinary conversation for more than one hundred years is distinctly overworked in The Seven Seas." So let us leave Tommy Atkins, graving for him the epitaph which he wrote for himself:

"Gawd bless this world! Whatever she 'ath done—
Excep' when awful long—I've found it good.
So write, before I die,—' 'E liked it all.' "

In reading Mr. Kipling's verse, one never loses sight of the fact that he is preëminently the English *vates* of the day and that he is essentially the product of his age. Like the

prophet, he belongs to the whole people. It has been said of Sidney Lanier, perhaps the greatest flutist that America ever knew, that his playing appealed alike to the musically learned and unlearned. A similar statement might be made with regard to Mr. Kipling. More thoroughly than any other British poet, he belongs to the whole people, because he is freer from conventionalities, because he uses concise and forceful language, and because the sentiment expressed appeals to the common interest of humanity. During his illness a few years ago in New York, a Brooklyn car conductor was heard to remark: "I s'pose you've heard that Kipling is better? It's good news. I like him because he don't follow no beaten tracks. He cuts a road for himself, and a mighty good road, too." This may be regarded as in a measure significant of the unique place he holds in our Literature. Mr. Stephen Phillips, for instance, or Mr. Swinburne, and many others do not belong to car conductors. Beyond the significance of the incident, there is a deeper truth in the statement. Mr. Kipling could scarcely be accused of following a beaten track. The Islanders, The Truce with the Bear, and the Recessional incident have disproved this.

It is difficult to indicate exactly what relative position Mr. Kipling holds in the history of English Literature, but far more difficult to illustrate what his influence will be upon the trend of Poetry. As would be expected, he has, like Poe, his enthusiastic admirers and his bitter detractors. On the one hand, a copy of his "Schoolboy Lyrics" sold recently for one hundred and twenty pounds, while on the other, a current magazine contains an article headed with the startling statement, Kipling Is Dead. It has taken all the prestige of Kim to counteract the unpopularity caused by The Islanders. We can form some slight idea of the power of his influence upon English Letters when we remember that each of these two works has had nearly its desired effect. For why did he write Kim, if not to show us pages of life? And how did he wish The Islanders to be taken, if not as a warning?

All Mr. Kipling's critics seem to think of him either as the creator of The Recessional, or as the author of Plain Tales from the Hills,—as a great and good man, or as a tremendous force for evil in our National Ideals. It remains for time to decide whether he is a very good man or a very bad man, but I think we must all conclude that the creator of some of Kipling's characters is a brilliant writer, and that the author of some of his poems is essentially a very great man.

S. T. Lanham.

An Indian Legend.

The sun had just gone down behind the western hill-tops in the little Indian settlement leaving the heavens still blushing from his passing caress. All was quiet. It was the lull which precedes a storm. Around a fire near the centre of the group of wig-wams, the old braves sat with lighted pipes meditating.

In a wig-wam near-by quite a different scene was being enacted. Seated on the ground, his hands tied behind his back to a stake, sat an old man. Suffering was written in every line of his haggard face, and around his deep-set eyes were dark rings caused by nights spent in sleepless anxiety; anxiety for himself, nay, in his strong face there was no line of fear, but near him sat a young girl of about fifteen years. Her welfare troubled him. Seated in the dim light, her curly black hair falling in clusters about her sweet face, she made a pretty picture. The old man's eyes lit up with pity as he looked at her. She was his grand-daughter and while making the trip from home to that of her father they had been captured by a nomadic tribe of Indians to whom he could not prove that he was friendly, so he was to be burned at the stake that night. He was not concerned about himself so much as about the future of his child. She had gone to sleep against his side and he could feel her breathing. "My child! My child!" he cried. At this moment there was a stir in the opposite side of the wig-wam, and a tall young Indian stepped in front of the old man.

"Strong-arm no forget kind act," he said. "Four moons ago Pale-face save him from mountain-lion. Strong-arm save Pale-face squaw. Him carry um home."

"I remember you, Strong-arm, and I shall trust her to you," said the old man. "If you violate your trust may all the curses of hell fall on you. Take her to the city of C——about a hundred miles to the south-east from here and inquire for the home of J. S. Black. Give him this note which is in my hat band."

Strong-arm jumped back to his place, and a voice bade him bring the prisoners out. He turned the old man over to one of the braves, and signified that he would bring the girl. The old man was led by one of the braves, and the others fell in line one by one closely- followed by their squaws and children. About two hundred and fifty yards away was a clearing and in the centre a stake. They tied the man to the stake and waited for the young Indian and the child. No Indian appearing, they sent one of their number to find them. He returned and reported that he was not there. Then there was commotion. They scattered and began to search, seeming to forget the man tied to the stake

A lithe figure carrying a child watched these proceedings with some misgivings. "Let's take Grandpa." It was the child's voice. He dashed into the clearing and hastily cutting the prisoner's bonds bade him follow. The Indian turned, and ran for a near-by stream. The pursuers soon struck the trail. Strong-arm reached the creek, jumped in and floated rapidly down stream. In sight of the pursuers the old man jumped in and attempted to swim up stream to throw them off the trail. But fatigue overcame him and he sank. The Indians seeing the way he had started to swim supposed the deserter with the child to have gone the same way. They went up the creek, but finding no trace gave up in despair.

Meanwhile the boy supporting the child was swimming with the rapidly flowing current. Some distance below he swam to the shore, and following the Indian signs

reached his destination after some trouble in caring for the child. He inquired and soon found her home.

The father and mother were nearly frantic about the child and her grandfather, and when they heard of the probable fate of the old man their joy on finding their daughter was mixed with sorrow. Strong-arm gave them the slip of paper given him by the old man, and this is what they read:

"My dear children.—

The bearer of this will save the life of little Sylvia, educate him with my property, care for him as a son. Your loving father,

Henry Black."

After performing his duty the young Indian started to depart not knowing where he was going. They stopped him and told him what provisions were to be made for him, but he declined saying "that he preferred the old life." There the large brown eyes of the child were turned on him pleadingly. "Stay," she said. He decided to stay.

* * * * * * *

Many years passed. He had been given the best education possible, and had just returned to his adopted home after an absence of several years. He had not seen Sylvia during the intervening time, as he had not returned during school days. He was surprised when he saw her. She had grown into perfect womanhood and had become the belle of the city.

Two young men of the place paid her especial attention. They were Thomas LeGrand and Henry Farland. But it did not take a very close observer to see that her feelings were stronger toward LeGrand, who by his sunny disposition and pleasant manner had a knack of winning friends. It did not take Henry Farland long to find where Sylvia's preference lay. He was rich and had had every wish gratified since he was a child. Consequently it was a blow to his selfish spirit to find that another was going to get what he wanted for himself.

When Strong-arm saw the condition of affairs his heart was heavy. He determined not to mope about however

and to risk all on the cast of the die. He decided that he would ask her to marry him. If she refused———

The next evening when she came in from a drive with LeGrand he stopped her in the hallway. "Miss Black, it has been a long while since you and I played together out there on the lawn. Since then I have worn off all the old habits of savagery and have taken on the garb of civilization, and I want you for my wife." She gave a low, mocking laugh, "Why you're only an Indian" she said. Suddenly he forgot the training which civilization had given him and said: "I suppose that fool LeGrand has told you that. You'll rue this yet."

He went out, slammed the door and walked out into the road which led away from the village. He longed once more to get out into the free country, to go out in the woods as he used to when a boy and lie on his back and gaze into the heavens and listen to the singing of the birds who had never sung so sweetly since. He longed to throw off the cramp of civilization and live again the open life which he had left for her. He walked on and was soon swallowed up in the darkness.

Next morning the city of C——— met with a shock; one of her most promising young men, Thomas LeGrand, had been found dead in bed stabbed in the neck. The window was open on the piazza roof, otherwise there was no evidence to show where or how the murderer entered.

When her father related the news to her Sylvia was overcome with grief. After she became calm the words of Strong-arm recurred to her. He must have taken that way to get revenge on her for refusing to marry him. She ran to her father and told him the whole incident.

A posse was sent out and he was captured without difficulty about twenty-five miles away. Shortly afterward he was tried for murder and convicted on evidence of the girl and sentenced to be hanged one month from that date. His own words had convicted him.

The day for the hanging was dark and gloomy. Frequent peals of thunder reverberated through the old prison corri-

dors. The time for the execution approached. Strong-arm was led to the trap and the cap placed. Suddenly there was commotion. "Stop! stop!" yelled a voice. "Henry Farland fell from an upstair window while ago and is at the point of death. He says he killed LeGrand so that he might marry Sylvia but she refused him." Strong-arm was released.

Sylvia who had watched the fortitude with which Strong-arm bore his imprisonment sent for him when he was released. "Strong-arm," she said, "I am sorry I gave the evidence against you. Is the proposal you made me still open?" "Oh, I'm only an Indian," he said, and turning on his heel he stalked into the night. "198."

A Study in Black.

We were in Uncle Aleck's cabin, he seated in a chair made from a flour barrel and I perched on an empty soap box. These were our accustomed seats, for from the time of my earliest recollections I had been in the habit of spending the early evening in there, listening to the old man's stories. Sometimes they were tales of the animals as in "Uncle Remus," but more often the slavery times of "Ole Marster," "Ole Missus" and Young Marse Henry."

Last night the story had been of the "Pattyrollers" and tonight I hoped to hear more about them, for they were rarely told of in detail, though often mentioned. I tried by well placed questions to bring out further information about this useful organization of slavery times.

But Uncle Aleck remained silent and I began a rapid review of the day's doings to see in what way I had offended him. I wondered what I could have done to merit this coolness, and began to be very uneasy about it. I remembered very well the time when I had been throwing at a stray chicken and had quite accidentally hit the old man in the head. It had taken long and earnest pleading and all my

spare change invested in apples, before I had been able to win back his favor.

At length, however, he broke the silence and filled my soul with joy by asking in his usual way what I had said. When I told him he chuckled and said: "Well I see you is boun' to have sump'n 'bout dem times, but I ain' goin' to tell you nothin' about dem pattyrollers, I doan lak 'em." And then he told with impressive words and a manner impossible to describe, the following story:

Before the war two principal planters in James County, Va., were Col. John Player and Major Zack Proctor, for then as now, every southern man, not a General, was either a Colonel or a Major. Uncle Aleck, or Aleck as he was then called, was the body-servant of Henry Player, Col. Player's only son, and about five years older than Henry. Of course, it will be understood that Aleck's principal duty was to keep his young master entertained, which he did by aiding and abetting him in all of his boyish meanness.

As the plantations of the two principal men of the county lay side by side, nothing could be more natural than that the darkies of one should visit those on the other. It was in this way that as young Aleck grew up he learned to know and "think a heap of" Eliza, a house servant of Major Proctor's.

This humble romance was greatly aided by the fact that "Massa Henry" was deeply in love with Miss Mary Proctor, the only daughter of the Major. This was regarded as a very desirable match by the parents of both parties. Miss Mary was not so sure of herself, however, for she was a girl who had many beaux and always treated all alike. This made Henry's calls at "The Oaks" all the more frequent and Aleck's opportunities for love making more numerous.

Before anything definite occurred in either of these love cases, however, the war broke out and Henry at once volunteered. Within a few days he was elected captain of a company from his old neighborhood and taking Aleck as his body servant he set out gayly for the front.

Next came those days of gallant fighting in the army and

heroic sacrifices in the homes. The company from James County with Henry at its head was often praised in the papers of the times and many a time the old Colonel's heart was gladdened by the reports of his son's prowess.

But now a shadow fell over the whole South, for Henry's noble leader, Stonewall Jackson, was killed, the armies in the west were weakening, Sherman and Grant, the two great war-dogs of the North were pressing ever nearer to the seat of the government and it was only a question of time ere the Confederacy must yield to the Union. All was gloomy and desperate. It was just at this point that one of the fierce, final struggles that Henry Player, charging gallantly at the head of his company, fell, shot through the body, and was left for dead.

When Aleck heard that his master had been shot, although the fight was still on, he rushed to the rampart before which lay the body of the apparently dead soldier, he was himself shot. The bullet which had so unceremoniously stopped Aleck had made a great mistake. It had hit him in the head. Such a wound would have been fatal in almost any other part of his body, but Aleck's head—Oh, no!

It might just as well have killed him though for all he knew of the next few weeks. When he awoke he was in a Yankee prison-hospital and he had been there for over a month. From there he was carried to Libbey prison where he was treated with unusual severity because the guards thought that for a negro to fight against the North was the greatest crime possible. It never seemed to occur to anyone that Aleck might be a non-combatant and he as he was already in prison did not try to convince them, he was too proud of being thought a soldier.

At length the war was over and in the autumn of 1865 he started home. It was frequently necessary for him to stop and work to get a little money with which to continue his long tramp. To get work on any of the regular lines of travel was indeed difficult and this is why the night of Nov. 27, 1865, found him in Gastonia, a rather rough village of western Pennsylvania. He asked that night for permission

to sleep in an outhouse of a tough old character of the region named Thompson, a miserly old fellow, said to be rich.

During the night Aleck was awakened by cries for help from the house and rushing in he saw a man just jumping from the window and old man Thompson on the floor with his throat cut. Blood was all over the floor and Aleck got himself well splashed up before he thought of what might happen if he were caught there. As soon as he thought of this he started to run but was stopped at the door by a neighbor who was also aroused by the cries.

Thus he was caught, apparently, red handed, and would have been hung if Thompson had not been so unpopular in the community, but as it was the neighbors testified that "it was a great riddance of bad rubbish," and so he got only ten years in the penitentiary. Of course no one had believed the story of a negro tramp.

Because of his ten years imprisonment which he passed lightly over, Aleck did not arrive at his destination till late in the fall of 1876, and then what a change.

All during his two imprisonments he had been picturing to himself the reception which he would get on his return, for he had never once thought of the changes which the war and the long period of time would have caused. He had imagined how his old chums would receive him, how the little pickaninnies would rush up to the big house and tell "Ole Marster" that Aleck was back. And the love and confidence that would be placed in him as the faithful servant of a dead son. He remembered so well his 'Liza and he pictured to himself the tender greeting she would give him and then the marriage.

But when he arrived the scene was entirely different from what he had expected. "Ole Marster" and "Ole Missus" were both dead and at the former site of the "big house" he found only a few old trees and a neglected orchard. He rushed from there to the neighboring place of "The Oaks," and there he found some of his old chums who told him all. They told him Marse Henry had only been wounded and had crawled away under cover of night. How "Ole Mars-

ter" had died during the war, and how after it was all over Miss Mary Proctor and Henry Player had been married, had sold out and were now living in town and that 'Liza had married another man.

So he gave her up then and came on to the town himself where he found Henry Player a merchant with a troublesome boy on his hands, "which boy I makes a habit o' keepin' out o' mischief, but I 'spects you hed better go in now, kase yo mar 'll be a wantin' yo to put yo to bed."

1,141,111.

Evening Thoughts.

With the twilight stealing round me at the close of day,
And the chiming vespers pealing in the distance far away,
Come to me the angel whispers, soft as falling fountan spray.

Whispers that with hope confiding bear my longing spirit high,
To the gates of the eternal in the vaulted, ethereal sky,
Then the sweeping floods of memory dim the vision of mine eye.

Deeper still the shadows gather, deeper thoughts the darkness brings,
Still I hear the angel whispers, hear the rustle of their wings,
Waking thoughts have vanished from me, like the notes from broken strings.

And the joys of days departed come to me with silent tread,
Like the snowflakes on the holly, shattering memories on my head—
Memories of the dear departed in the city of the dead.

Now the heavenly music ceases in the silence of the night;
It has given my soul sweet comfort, and my heart is strangely light
As I sit and watch the twinkle of the stars so clear and bright.

—S.

A Dream.

It was away out in the "Wild and Woolly West." The sun could be seen just above the western horizon, bathing the broad prairie with a last shower of golden beams. The

air was calm and serene, and the tall grass was beginning to stretch upward to taste of the on coming dew. For miles and miles the country stretched away on all sides, no tree nor house, save one lonely cabin, rising above the level to disturb its monotony.

On this hot summer day two pedestrians could be seen approaching this cabin from opposite sides. Upon a closer inspection each appeared to have something upon his back, and this was soon recognized as the pack so commonly seen with the foot peddlers in America. Both arrived at the cabin about the same time, and, with that "ready to become acquainted" way characteristic of Americans, especially of this class, all formality was dispensed with, and they introduced themselves as Patrick O'Connelly, originally from the Emerald Isle, and Jack Skinner, a Yankee from New England. Neither had tasted of food since early morning, and, worn out by their long tramp, they prepared to retire to their bed of straw in one corner of the room. Soon after they had lain down, a noise was heard under the house. Running outside to see what could cause it, they found an old rooster which had been left, apparently by some one hastily moving away. After a long chase the fowl was caught, and Pat picked off the feathers while Jack made a fire. When the chicken had been prepared, it was hung over the fire until baked brown, and the savory odor was very conducive to sharpening their appetites. But when the chicken was cooked, they decided that one rooster was not sufficient to satisfy two hungry men, and both agreed not to eat it then, but to wait until morning, and the one who dreamed the most remarkable thing would receive the entire fowl for his breakfast. This decided upon, the meat was carefully covered, and Pat and Jack were soon wrapped in slumber, at least to all appearances.

Before the sun had reappeared, our friends were up and hastily preparing for the long journey ahead of them. Having put on their clothes, the Yankee suggested that it would be well to tell their dreams and see who would get the chicken for breakfast. The Irishman readily consented and

Jack began: "Well, Pat, I had a most wonderful dream. I dreamt that you and I were here just like we are,—both awfully hungry,—and that after while, a long ladder was let down from heaven, reaching clear from up there down to that very door, and beautiful angels were climbing up and down that ladder. When one of them saw how hungry and thirsty I looked to be, he asked me to go up with him and have something to eat. You can bet, I didn't refuse. Well, after a good climb, we got up there, and the first thing I saw was a great big table made of solid gold, covered with silver dishes set with diamonds, and all kinds of good things were in those dishes,—I can't tell about all of them. The angel told me to help myself, and, I tell you, Pat, I sure did some of the biggest eating you ever saw. Now, just think carefully, did you dream any such thing as that?"

"Faith an' bigabers, to be sure oi did," replied Pat. "Why, oi dramed that very same thing mysef, oi tho't that oi clambed up thar too, an' when oi got ter ther top, oi kinder luked in, an' ther first pers'n oi seed wuz you, sittin thar, seemin ter injoy yerself, eatin like everything, an' so Jack, oi jus lef you up thar, an' cumed down an' eated that old rooster mysef."

Tit Bit.

(To be continued.)

A Study in the Nemesis of Excess—Romeo and Juliet.

Unlike other plays of Shakespeare, there is but a single motive in this play; it is a young man and young woman's tragedy of youth and love and death. In this play, there are other admirable characters, but they are only secondary. Almost from the beginning of the play our attention is drawn to these two leading characters and although, from time to time, the secondary characters come in to assist the movement of the play, our attention is ever with the fortunes of Romeo and Juliet.

In the early part of the play, we are prepared to foresee the dangers threatening the future of the two lovers. The

first few scenes disclose to us an excess of passion. We see, in the vehement old Capulet, the furious Tybalt, the brilliant Mercutio, the petulant Nurse, so many issues of the reigning irritability and impetuosity. Amid such a strain of passion, old hostilities are rekindled and feuds have broken out again between the two Houses of Montague and Capulet.

Out of this excessive passion and enmity, there comes about the unfortunate state of affairs in the lives of Romeo and Juliet, the consequences of which it takes the rest of the play to trace. It is natural that love, springing out of these conditions, is most likely to be passionate and fatal. The difference of feeling between the two Houses only adds to the intensity of the love. So when Romeo and Juliet meet and become enamored of each other, the strain of secrecy, with which they have to pursue their love, causes them to disregard all existing dangers.

The meeting of Romeo and Juliet, during a feast at the latter's home, results in passionate love for each other on first acquaintance. Neither has any hesitancy in confessing that their love is infinite. From the banquet scene to the moon-lighted garden where they pledge their mutual love, they seem to anticipate brightest hopes. Once, during the evening, did Juliet remind Romeo of the enmity of the two Houses by asking, "Art thou not Romeo and a Montague?" But he assures her that there is no need to fear by replying, "Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike." In this answer was the imprudent mistake of the evening.

But during the evening an incident had happened, which prepares us for the catastrophe of the next day. Tybalt discovered the presence of Romeo and wished to force a fight. It was only through the efforts of Capulet to protect his hospitality that the outbreak was prevented. But on withdrawing Tybalt said: "I will withdraw; but this intrusion shall, Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall." So the next day brought the ruinous consequences. Romeo tried to pacify the bullying swordsman, Tybalt, but to no avail. The star of the unlucky man is against him. In the fight, Mercutio and Tybalt are killed and Romeo exiled.

Here the excessive love passion of Romeo and Juliet suffers a nemesis of reaction. Up to this time they were living in happiest anticipations. They have let their passion drive them to a hasty vow without considering the consequences of the future. So, when circumstances arise, which increase the animosity of the two Houses, their lack of prudence in not having considered the danger of these outbreaks between their families brings out the nemesis on their love passion.

In the meantime, the two Houses, that make up an enveloping action, suffer also a retribution. The existing irritability and enmity, which they are the occasion, cause them to suffer in the feigned death of Juliet, the exile of Romeo, and the unfortunate deaths of Mercutio and Tybalt. The two Houses, just here, marking the turning point in the play. Retribution brings sorrow upon the Capulets and Montagues for keeping alive old feuds, and upon Romeo and Juliet for lack of prudence.

In studying the character of Romeo alone, if we say he lacks prudence, we certainly cannot say that he lacks courage and self-control. To be sure, his whining over Rosaline's indifference to him and his blubbering in the presence of the Friar and the Nurse mark him as somewhat feminine in character; but, at other times, his courage asserts itself so evidently as to overshadow his weaknesses. Love is the only thing wherein he lacks self-control. He was willing to risk his life for a friend. Careful was he not to anger anyone, but, when provoked, he was ready to prove his courage as he did in the duel with Tybalt. In the last of the play, he assumes full manhood, the moment he receives the false tidings of Juliet's death. No longer does he dream. His determination is soon fixed. He now speaks with masculine directness:

"Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee tonight."

But let us consider the courage and self-control of Juliet: If Romeo is a hero, Juliet is far greater in her sphere as a heroine. She is the embodiment of womanly refinement and gentleness, but, at the same time, there are admirable posi-

tive elements in her character. Her heroism is displayed most, when the marriage with Paris is forced upon her. Here, after appealing to her father and mother, she is able to fall back on her own strength which proves sufficient to sustain her purpose. Fearful is her resolution to carry out the suggestion of the Friar. She is fully aware of its great danger, but her courage and terror inspire her to drink the "distilled liquor" saying:

"Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee."

Thus it is such courage and heroism which support Romeo and Juliet in the final Act. With the same coolness of mind which he had contemplated the starry heaven with Juliet, he emptied the fatal vial saying:

"Here to my love! (*drinks*) O true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die."

She with no less courage and directness of purpose says,

"Yea noise? then I'll be brief,—O happy dagger! (*snatching Romeo's dagger.*)
This is thy sheath (*stabs herself*): there rest and let me die."
(*Falls on Romeo's body and dies.*)

In the tragic death of Romeo and Juliet, we see the full results of nemesis upon an unfortunate love. At the same time, we see nemesis brought upon several of those who form the enveloping action. As we have said before, the first nemesis grew out of the long standing irritability and impetuosity between the two Houses. On account of this excessive passion, Romeo and Juliet suffer most, all through the play. Now upon the secondary characters, principally Capulet and Montague, they are made to suffer severely because of their failure to adjust the bitter feeling existing between them.

Shakespeare drew no moral, his was not to preach, but the reconciliation between the two Houses in the closing scene of this play, leaves us inclined to think that the pleasing adjustment of a long standing feud is, in some measure, a good moral.

T. C. E.

John Higgins.

The day was a beautiful one, and the sun shone forth from a clear sky, when John Higgins left for South Carolina College. There were many friends at the depot, who wished him a happy and prosperous college course. As the rapidly moving train passed into the distance, the friends of John Higgins predicted a bright future for him.

After a stretch of sixty miles, John found himself at the union depot, where a crowd of old students were gathered meeting the incoming trains. Soon he got acquainted with the boys. They took him to the college where he was shown a good room.

At 11 o'clock that night after having spent many pleasant moments with the boys, he might have been seen in his room a tall, flaxen-haired, blue-eyed boy, apparently of about 18 years, with his firm set jaws resting upon his hands, gazing into the fire. His gaze was not confined to the fire. He was looking out into the great future as it stretched itself before him. What a beautiful future he saw. He saw himself a power in college; he saw himself a freshman, sophomore, junior and senior, and in June, 1880, surrounded by admiring friends as he received his diploma at the hands of the venerable president. He spent fully an hour in these meditations, and upon retiring he prayed to his God that these thoughts might come true.

The next day when the college bell summoned the students to their duties, John was one of the first in his class to be in the recitation room. College life ran along smoothly and he made a good impression on the faculty and students. Many of the boys sought his favor, among whom was a handsome junior, a rather gay student. Bill Holt knew exactly how to win the favor of the underclass men. His brilliant wit and attractive personality won for him the favor of many of the gayer students of college.

It was Saturday night, a slow, drizzling rain was falling. John Higgins was seated in his room buried in one of Elliot's great novels, when he heard a gentle rap at his door.

"Come in," he said, and in came Bill Holt.

"Hello, Higgins," said Holt, "What are you doing?" John threw his book aside and they chatted pleasantly for some moments. At length Holt pulled from his pocket a new deck of cards. "Let's try a game," said he to Higgins.

"No, I don't play cards," was the prompt reply.

"Oh! there's no harm in a social game," said Holt, sneeringly.

"Thank you, very much for the invitation," said John, "but you really must excuse me."

"O! you goody, goody Fresh. You are afraid. You will not make friends here that way," were the savage remarks of Bill Holt as he left the room.

John was left alone. "Already a bitter drop in my college life," he said. "But I did not mean to wound Holt's feelings by refusing to play cards with him." The words, "Goody goody Fresh., you won't make friends that way," sounded in his ears, as he lay in his bed. He wanted friends, he wanted influence. Could he afford to refuse to join the boys in their fun?

Sunday night found the rain still falling. Another gentle rap is heard at John's door, and he bids Bill Holt a hearty welcome. "Hello! Higgins, guess you are mad with me for treating you like I did last night, but I was only teasing you. Really, old fellow, if you want to stand in with the boys you will have to join them in their fun. These fellows who come here and act goody goody are laughed at." These words stung John to the quick. How could he depart from the principles taught him at home, and yet he wanted friends and influence. As they conversed, Bill pulled from his pocket the same deck of cards with which he had tempted John the night before.

"Come, now," said Bill, "for a little game," and soon they were shuffling the spots. The hours rapidly passed by and still they played. At length Bill pulled from his pocket a bottle of wine and offered John a drink. "No, I can't take any but you help yourself," said John.

"O! just take a swallow, Higgins. It won't hurt you.

You have no idea how much better you will feel. You will have to do a few things that you would not like the preacher to know if you want to stand in with the boys." To John's lips went the fatal cup just to please his friend. The wine was pleasant to the palate and he soon took another draught. "How pleasant this is," thought John to himself as he called out, "High, Low, Jack and the Game." He abused himself for refusing to take the wine at first, "but that was all right now. They were good friends." When Bill left for his room, how popular John thought he would be as he looked from his window into the darkness.

It was not long before John was a confirmed drunkard. Dissipation began to mark him. Her furrows sank deeper and deeper in his face. Those once flashing blue eyes were now dim and smoky. The boys pointed at him saying: "Yonder goes drunken Higgins. Wonder if he's had a drink today?" He was moneyless and friendless. Thus a year and a half was spent in dissipation. Bill Holt avoided him and always greeted him coldly. The actions of his former friend stung him to the quick. What had he done him," he thought to himself. Was it because he had not money that Bill avoided him? He would ask Holt why he treated him so coldly. No he would not do that. "Not another drink will I take, not another moment will I give to dissipation." These were the solemn resolutions that he made in the quiet of his room on Saturday night, falling upon his knees and praying to God that he might give him strength to carry out his sacred promise to himself.

The March examinations were near at hand, John spent hours upon the work that he had neglected during the quarter. Nobody sought his room. Mathematics was the first examination. Being peculiarly gifted in this science, John did not have much trouble in mastering it. He was not in the examination over thirty minutes before he left. He returned in about twenty minutes and resumed his work.

"Hellow Pete," said Henry Tills, "heard they are about to catch a fellow for using unfair means on examination yesterday." "Who is it?" said Pete. "That fellow Higgins," replied Tills. "O, I am not surprised."

A meeting of the sophomore class was called, and John Higgins was ordered to appear and answer the charge against him. A solicitor was appointed, and jury empaneled. John had not one witness. How could he prove his innocence if they would not take his word? Bill Holt was the chief witness against him. He said: "I saw Higgins come out of the examination room. I saw him go to his room at 10:30 o'clock Friday and copy the examples from a key and return to the class room." At the conclusion of this testimony the verdict of the whole court seemed to be fixed. John then took the stand. He said: "I left the room it is true. I went to my room, but did not use a key. I used no unfair means whatever. I am innocent. If you condemn me I shall leave college with double disgrace."

From the rear of the building arose an honest faced lad of about sixteen. "May it please your honor, I was at A. C. Breels' store at 10:30 o'clock Friday morning and saw this man Holt there. How could he be at two places at one time? I can prove what I say by Mr. Breels." "Send for him! send for him!" echoed throughout the whole room. Mr. Breels was sent for and when he arrived all eyes were fixed upon him. After being sworn, he said: "Holt was at my store from 10:30 to 10:50 o'clock Friday morning." "That's enough—that's enough," cried the whole court. "He is innocent." Higgins was the hero of the hour, and Holt boarded the first train for Augusta, leaving the man whom he tried to ruin with the honor to graduate. 200.

Macaulay—Some Characteristics.

After reading a highly estimable biography it is difficult to keep one's self from being tinged, if not wholly biased by the writer, especially if the reader has been before an admirer of the author whose life he has just read. To a marked degree is this true of the fascinating biography of Macaulay by his nephew, George Otto Travelyan. In a recently written article, charmingly characteristic of the writer,

Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, while speaking of biography in general, classes this one along with Plutarch's Lives as one of the very best of its kind.

Now, after a careful reading of this work, as well as some of the author's own, we believe that it would not be out of place to say a few words concerning the ideas and characteristics of the great essayist and historian. It has been generally admitted that his views and ideas were, in a certain sense, materialistic, that is, he does not always seem to seek after those things which contain the higher and nobler spiritual interests of life. Let there be no misunderstanding. With his public and private life there have been no serious faults found, for in these relations he is always above reproach. Of few men, so intimately connected with politics at the bottom of which there is always a certain amount of evil and corruption, can this be said. Yet, with all the essential nobility in Macaulay's way of living, his views were distinctly nearer the material than the ideal side of life. This, no doubt, is due to two reasons: the age and environment of the man and his connection with politics.

First of all, Macaulay lived in the age of the industrial awakening of England; the railroads were superceding the old modes of transportation; factories and industrial interests of various kinds were springing up on every side, testifying that a new era of commercial prosperity was at hand. With all this Macaulay was heartily in sympathy; whatever raised his country in the scale of nations from a material standpoint, and increased the general wealth and comfort of the people as a whole, found in him a strong advocate. On the other hand two of the most prominent men of the time, Carlyle and Ruskin, were sternly opposed to this industrial movement, taking the view that the individual man was injured, and the general social status of the people lowered. So we see that there were two sides to the question, the material or practical side which Macaulay championed and the more idealistic side of Carlyle and Ruskin.

The age, therefore, had much to do with the way in which Macaulay looked at life. But there were deeper reasons,

perhaps, than this that made him take the stand he did; his early life and surroundings must have had much to do with it. Macaulay was born to easy circumstances, and therefore his boyhood knew no struggle. His father was a commonsense, practical man of affairs, of a kind and philanthropic disposition. He taught his son those things which would enable the man of average talents and attainments to make his way in the every-day affairs of the world. And Macaulay's nature was too much like his father's not to come upon, and assimilate into his own, these practical teachings. Therefore throughout all he wrote we see this intense practicality, this sound, commonsense view of a subject, literary or political. It seems that the outward and visible effects always appealed to him ten-fold more than the inward and invisible. To use his own expression, he felt that "an acre in Middlesex is better than a principality in Utopia." Moreover, he was wealthy and of high station; he had dear friends and relatives whom he loved and who loved him; he was courted at home and abroad for his brilliancy, his wit, his good humor and his hospitality; there was hardly any political office that he could not have had if he had wanted it. He smiled at the world and it mirrored back his smiling countenance; it was good and he was satisfied. Why should he not be?

Macaulay's extreme popularity is therefore easy to account for. It is this closeness to the every-day affairs of life, to those practical interests which concern the average man which helps to explain this favoritism. He is not too deep for mediocrity nor too shallow for those who call themselves the highly cultured. In short, to use the words of a recent writer, it is "this very glorified commonplaceness" that fitted him for his work and rendered him the most popular writer of his time.

But what, the question is asked, if Macaulay was swayed by the impulses which sway the average man and was in sympathy with most of those things which the average man is in sympathy with—what was it that prevented him from being an average man? The question can be answered in a

word. It was his brilliant and powerful intellect, distinguished for its clearness and logic. Then, in addition to this, we have his little less than miraculous memory. He is quoted as saying that if through some strange misfortune all the copies of "Paradise Lost" and "Pilgrim's Progress" should be lost he could recall them from memory word for word. It is almost beyond belief! At such an intellect we can only stand and marvel. And to think that it remained bright and clear to the last!

But with his powers, and with the popularity which these powers invoked, there is but one thing that prevents Macaulay from taking his place with the very first prose writers of any age. He lacked insight—the very greatest requisite. Its place was (no doubt) usurped by this same practical, logical turn of mind, which made him unable to appreciate Wordsworth's "Prelude" and condemn it as "flat prosaic twaddle." To say that he appreciated no work of genius at all would be false; otherwise, he could never have written his essays on Milton, Addison, and Johnson. But poetry where the mystical and intangible was concerned, as for instance in some of Shelby's poems, and in the one alluded to above, he seems to have been at a loss to appreciate; he lacked the insight of Carlyle. His compensation, however, lay in the fact that he did what Carlyle did not do,—he combined the literary artist with the sound, well-poised man of practical affairs. With Macaulay reason was always supreme, and when this faculty of his mind came into play, he was at his best.

The fact that a man is marvellously well read, that he is versed not superficially but deeply, with the greatest works of modern times and antiquity as well, is not a guarantee that he will make a great stir in literature. But add to this a marvellous power of mind for grasping and holding facts, a never-failing memory, a great breadth of intellect and a wonderful style, which at once catches and holds the attention of the reader, and no one can be at a loss to understand why Macaulay occupies the place he does.

Macaulay shows himself vastly superior to the average

individual, (in this grasp and assimilation of facts.) If it were possible for the average man to gain such knowledge it would doubtless be at the expense of his ideas. His acquirement would be faster than his assimilation, and consequently instead of a man, broad-minded, advanced and progressive, as might be expected, you would have a man of narrow mind and retrogressive spirit for the simple reason that he is devoid of ideas. This probably seems a direct contradiction of facts, for it is generally believed that the more a man reads the more learned he becomes, in virtue of which fact his views and ideas become greater and wider. But, as every one knows, this is not always the case, the cause for which may be generally assigned to the reason given above.

Therefore, however great anyone's receptive faculty may be, he is incomplete without the initiative impulse, which is brought about through the requirement of ideas. In the happy combining of the two, that is a prodigious storing away of knowledge and information without a corresponding deficiency of ideas, Macaulay stands before us as the extraordinary man, as the man seldom encountered.

S. M. DAWKINS.

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Criticism in College Journalism.

We have noticed recently among our exchanges that there is a great tendency toward senseless cutting. The Exchange Department of college magazines as we understand it is for mutual upbuilding, to show one another where improvement can be made and to aid one another by giving encouragement and praise wherever needed and to raise college journalism to a higher standard in every way. It is not to criticise harshly, to cut back in some sarcastic manner which really amounts to an exhibition of "sorehead." We are reminded of a statement by Disraeli, that "It is much easier to be critical than to be correct." In one of our exchanges the editor criticises the sarcastic method exhibited by other editors and before he has criticised two exchanges he falls into as cutting sarcasm as it has been our fortune to find in any exchanges. The magazine had been criticised pretty severely by the exchange editor of the other

magazine hence the return cut. This cutting business merely because the recipients feel sore about some criticism of themselves should stop. College journalism should be above it. It leads us to believe that Byron was about right when he said:

As soon
Seek roses in December—ice in June
Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff;
Believe a woman or an epitaph,
Or any other thing that's false, before
You trust in critics.

Favorable criticism should teach us as some one has said what we should be and unfavorable criticism wherein we are deficient so that we may remedy the deficiencies.

• •

The Charleston Trip. To say that the boys enjoyed the Charleston trip would be "putting it mild," and many thanks are due Dr. Wallace who arranged admirably so that the boys could go very cheaply and have the advantage of a special train. After the three days of learning interspersed with pleasure or *vice versa* the "Wofford College Special" returned leaving most of the Senior class for their geological tour, and the boys join heartily in thanking Prof. DuPré for many hours spent pleasantly to great profit at the phosphate beds, in the Charleston Museum, in various exhibits and in town listening to his invaluable explanations and information.

On Saturday as guests of the Citadel boys we had the pleasure of taking a ride around the harbor and to Fort Sumter, of which a Westerner says there can be seen the "granite casemates, damp, dark, dreary, within which the gallant defenders lived, moved and had their being during the storms of the most continuous gun fire of the war." He says, "it is the most peaceful spot on the earth now. The white-winged gulls sail about, the sun shines brightly on the dancing wavelets, the ships go in and out; the past is but a dream." To the Citadel boys we owe some of the most pleasant hours of our stay in Charleston, and we cannot

express our appreciation, but if they will come up in the mountains we shall try in a measure to repay the debt we owe them.

Those of us who had the pleasure of staying until "President's Day" felt fully repaid in staying to receive the climax to our week of enjoyment. Changing the old sentence a little we may say "we went, we saw and we took by storm," and we have only pleasant recollections.

• •

Pres. Roosevelt's Visit to Charleston.

The trip of Pres. Roosevelt to Charleston marks an era in the history of South Carolina. It puts a seal upon what has been affirmed so often since the Spanish-American war, that there is no North and no South, that we belong to a reunited country. But to Pres. Roosevelt and to many others who have seen the Exhibits was shown as Gov. Aycock said that there is a South, a living, producing South, a South full of resources and which forms a very important part of the Union. This visit ought to make the sections work together harmoniously pushing forward the interests of a country free from sectionalism. It is certain to bring South Carolina forward and to make outsiders see the side of us which we take pride in and not judge us from a few things that happen through men who have somehow been chosen to represent us. Pres. Roosevelt felt the hospitable side of Carolina, and from his frequent remarks about it, he seemed deeply impressed with the treatment he received. He was proud before and became more so of that good old Southern blood that coursed through his veins. He is closely connected with the "storm craded nation that fell" and having seen some of the needs as well as the possessions of the South he is now in a better position to judge about her wants and use his recommending power in her behalf.

• •

The New President of Columbia.

Many accounts have been written of the man who has been recently installed as president of Columbia University and all agree that he ranks in the forefront with the greatest educators of the day. In the Century Magazine

for April, a writer enumerates the endowments natural and acquired necessary to make a successful college president and he finds all of them united in Nicholas Murray Butler. It is interesting to note some of them. Besides having high executive ability he must have a keen insight into human nature. He must be a worthy representative before the public. He must possess plenty of common sense, tact, judgment, a keen sense of humor, the power of inspiring confidence and above all he must be a man of high culture and scholarship, and the writer adds that he should be an educational expert. Besides possessing these other qualities, Dr. Butler is pre-eminent in his study of the educational problems of the day, being the chief promoter of the founding of chairs of education which now form one of the principal courses of study in many universities.

His career should be an inspiration to every student. He was distinguished as an undergraduate student and received an assistant professorship by the time he was twenty-three and became the head of the department of philosophy at twenty-eight, and now at the age of forty he is president of his alma mater, ranking as one of the chief educators of the time.

We find that he did not consider the prestige of his position so he could gain and impart knowledge. During a vacation he taught in a common, country school. He was able to study human nature here in its rough state, free from all affectations and gained very valuable information.

Dr. Butler has also attained eminence as an author and editor. He is the founder and editor of the "Educational Review" and has edited several books on education which are of great value. He has not narrowed his mind to his own branch by any means but has a broad knowledge of everything that a man of the day should know. He has moreover the knack of making friends coupled with the power of commanding respect.

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Cecil Rhodes. Cecil Rhodes' views on certain matters have called down on him much criticism mostly unfavorable. Most of the American papers think that he

was crazy. His policy that there should be a secret coalition of the millionaires of the world to rule the world would make it appear that his mind was unbalanced. The cause to which he left much of his money, however, shows that he knew education was necessary before anything could be accomplished. His principle was that "territory is power," but his will implied that he believed the old principle that "knowledge is power," and the scholarships that he ordered in his will to be distributed show that he believed in the production of well rounded men. He judged a man to have four elements in his make-up, physical, intellectual, social and moral, and we can learn much of the man from the percentage he gives those elements. The men who win these scholarships must rank closest to the 100 per cent. mark with physical side counting ten points, intellectual forty, social twenty and moral thirty. This man himself a ruler of men, realized that a man must be the possessor of all these qualities in a more or less degree before he would become a man in the strictest sense of the word.

Though many things in Mr. Rhodes life show him to be of an unscrupulous nature, certain incidents show that he possessed a tender heart. As for instance he found an English lad near the point of death crying and asking him why he cried and receiving this response, "I am not afraid to die. sir, but there is no one to take care of mother," he told the lad to quiet himself, he would take care of his mother. After taking her address he walked away and was heard to mutter, "O! the cost of it all," referring to the war and the cost in lives.

His actions in life though will be long forgotten while the memory of his strange will and the good effects that will probably be wrought from it will still linger with us.

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General Wade Hampton. All that is mortal of South Carolina's greatest son has been laid away and in the breast of every true South Carolinian a silent tribute is paid to his illustrious name. Fitting memorial

services were held in many places and eloquent tributes were paid to his memory. The words applied to the father of our country may be most fittingly applied to the savior of South Carolina "great in war, great in peace and great in the hearts of his countrymen." We have had great soldiers and we have had great statesmen, but in no one have we of South Carolina had the combined qualities so pronounced as in this soldier, statesman, hero. He was not a believer in the secession movement, but like Robert E. Lee when his state seceded, he cast his lot with his state, and a very short time found a notice in the paper asking for help to form a legion and the Hampton legion whose fame shall never die was formed and did gallant service all through the war. He told his men that he had never asked a man to go where he himself would not go, and how his men loved him is shown in what he said was to him the proudest remembrance of the war. A young soldier dying on the field said to him: "I am not afraid to die, I would go anywhere fighting under you." This illustrates the way he was loved and revered by all his men. He never surrendered but gave his sword to Lee. As some one has said he surrendered but once and then to Death.

He returned home and lived a retired life for a while, but his people had further need for him, and during the trying period of reconstruction he showed that he was the man to remove his state from her position of discord and set her on the road to prosperity. He quelled his fellow-citizens many times when bloodshed seemed inevitable and prevailed upon the maddened mobs to disperse and leave matters to be settled amicably, assuring them he would do his best for them. There again was shown the unbounded confidence his people had in him. They had been persecuted and robbed before and it looked as if it was not going to be stopped, but they left it all in the hands of their fellow-citizen, their leader to do what he thought best for them. Under his guidance the Democrats soon had possession of the state government, and the Federal troops were withdrawn and carpet-bag rule in South Carolina was forever over. He served his state many

years, both as governor and U. S. Senator with great ability and in retirement showed he still possessed the elements of greatness and now South Carolina weeps over the grave of one whose place can never be filled.

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that nature might stand up
And say to all the world 'This was a man!'"

Several plans are on foot to erect suitable monuments to his memory, and Charleston and Columbia are discussing the naming of one of their principal streets after him. Though these will not make his name greater to us they will keep it before posterity.

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The Prizefight. The action of Gov. McSweeney in prohibiting the prizefight in Charleston is meeting with universal commendation. Though it would have been a great drawing card for the Exposition, it would have brought much blame on the State. It was to be a "scientific boxing match." By the laws of the State a boxing match is permissible, but it is hardly probable that Fitzsimmons and Jeffries would have met for any boxing affair when the belt, besides a large purse, was at stake. It went hard with the Charleston sports but it added a feather to McSweeney's cap. The affair is to come off in California as that is the only state that will permit it. The fact that the other states have forbidden it indicates a great upward stride and if California would follow, it would add more to the prestige of the United States as a moral force. South Carolina may do some things, but we can say we don't have prizefights.

Breezes From Other Fields.

The other day the editor, and shall we call him Titbottom? were walking across a newly ploughed field. In the distance one could see the light or dark green of the garden of nature; here grass; there the blades of corn, and even some Boston beans were growing within our sight! Titbottom remaked it reminded him of various books he had read, of the many ideas in rows, one after another, all more or less the same. "But," said he, "if you examine closely, you will find that no field is exactly like another; that no plant can behold itself in a mirror as we can behold ourselves; that there is individuality about every growing leaf." And so, when we had come in from our tramp, what should we do but label this page, by mistake we hope not, with "Breezes from Other Fields" of college journalism.

The Charleston College magazine for March abounds in fiction. In one story occurs this simple but effective description. "At last we gained the long level ridge from which Mitchell and Clingman's Peak rise as slight elevations. Night was near, and already under the thick balsam trees the air was dark and cold and damp. When we reached an opening which some whirlwind had torn from the black, solid balsams, Press ordered a halt for the night. The last glimmer of day was upon our lofty camping ground, while the world below was blotted out by mist and darkness. The cold was intense, and we lost no time in gathering a pile of logs and dry fir branches. The bright fire light rendered the camp warm and cheerful."

The Converse Concept for April is ornamented by the picture of the editorial staff. The articles are in pleasing variety and just the correct length, it seems to us. If we would give a name to this month's issue, it would be music number; the poetry, the editorials, etc., breathe of the ap-

proaching music festival. There is a delightful piece of fiction with the scene in France.

A dainty little periodical, the Horean, from Thornburg College, Atlanta, Ga., has dropped down on our table; we were struck, among other things, by the "ad." of Mr. *Pink Cherry*, (with photo,) a dealer in meat, on Peachtree street. We will look a long time before we find such a euphonious collection of mere business terms.

The Baylor Literary shows a well arranged and varied table of contents, though the Literary Department has a poem and two addresses that might have been put in the Local. In the account of Martin Luther's life it is very well put that he caused a separation rather than a reformation: "The son of a poor miner in Saxony, hardship and rigorous necessity were the poor boy's companions. His youth was nursed in the wintry whirlwinds of change, midst desolate darkness and difficulty." "An Interpretation of Poe's Raven," by Prof. S. Berry Smith of Missouri, who, while obeying the technical verse-form of the Raven, substitutes "endore" well given, for "lost Lenore;" instead of the black raven of despair, he weaved in a fantasy of a snow-white dove of abiding hope. In place of "midnight dreary in December," he floods his poem with the sunshine of the month of flowers; the pallid bust of Pallas becomes a vase of flowers, ebony becomes ivory; "nevermore" becomes evermore, etc. The author says "If Poe had never wailed that monody of despair . . . this latter poem . . . might have possessed more than passing interest."

Two stray meteorites of the fancy have been in the atmosphere of the college-world the past few months, which, in composition, are as follows:

No. 1.—"He that knows not
And knows that he knows not
He is a Freshman, respect him.

He that knows not
And knows not that he knows not
He is a Sopomore, pity him.

He that knows
And knows that he knows
He is a Junior, honor him.

But he that thinks he knows
And thinks that everybody thinks he knows
He is a Senior, pity him.

—Converse Concept.

No. 2.—The sleepiest thing on earth—a Senior.
The haughtiest thing on earth—a Junior.
The wisest thing on earth—a Sophomore.
The most ridiculous thing on earth—a Freshman.

We feel like we are going backward when we begin the article on Dickens in the S.-W. University Magazine, but the choice humor from Mr. Pickwick, the society-burlesque, etc., soon convince us of the opposite. The height and depth of eloquence is explored in "A National Quandary." We are enchanted from the word go ! or the first sentence, which is, "American history is a vista of wonders. We feel straightway as if we can see down the years to 1776 and beyond; the blending in colors of colonies, characters, wars and parties, and in this way we are led to hope that this vista will not be blurred by the events of the 20th century; that government by the consent of the governed will yet be established in the once Spanish Indies.

HE WAS A FRESHMAN.

The boy stood on the burning deck
So far as we can learn,
Stood there in perfect safety, as
He was too green to burn.—Ex.

The Wake Forest Student is a good type of a student, it seems to us. A cover of modest, though not dark, brown, the contents so arranged that you can not get into the heart of the intellectuality all at once, you must first use the paper-cutter, otherwise several sensible questions; it is neat, full of sunny prose and poetry, as the hills of France are with fig-trees and grapes ripe for the vintage. For instance, "My

Wand of Dreams," poem; "The Life of Byron," a well prepared essay, shows how few men of letters live so as to make the story of their life a stirring, fascinating one. "At School," the author states, "Byron did not evince a turn toward scholarship, stood low in his class, had a horror of mathematics, but was especially fond of history, romance, and adventure." There is the first negro dialect story in this magazine that we have seen in months; "Dat Con'stutional 'Mendment." The writer is a very good reproducer of lingo, even down to spelling tomatoes "termottosies." There are two war-fiction pieces; one scene in South Africa, the other in Cuba around Santiago. Among the poems is a short translation.

FROM SOPHOCLES' ANTIGONE.

Love, unconquered in fight,
Love, of riches the blight;
Thou art wont to sleep
On a maid's soft cheek,
Yet wonderest o'er the plunging wave,
And dwellest in every wild man's cave;
No long-lived god can shun thy power,
Nor mortal man in his short hour;
Who hears thy call is madness' thrall.

Thou dost harm just hearts
Wronged by thy arts;
Thou hast caused this strife
For a kinsman's life.
O, victor is the clear desire,
From the fair bride's eyes, love-lit with fire;
It knows no law, but ranges free,
Its law whate'er it wills to be;
Resistless, mighty sports aphrodite.

The editorials in the S. W. P. U. Journal are very solid. For instance: Defeat, to the brave, is but the beginning of more noble effort. Failure should not be met with indifference, but neither must it result in despair. Those who strive for honor men attain must take such lessons as ele-

ments in their training for future success. Loss is turned to gain by those who

Hold we fall to rise; are baffled, to fight better;
Sleep, to wake!

Another specimen: "College men are often represented as a conceited and self-satisfied class. There is some ground for this criticism, but it generally applies to the more superficial and unscholarly. The most conceited under the heavens is not the college-bred, but the self-made man. One of the results of a thorough college training is that it broadens a man's conception of life and knowledge. The more cultured a man is, the more modest he will show himself."

Two poems from the Mt. Holyoke (Mass.):

A PLEA FOR SPRING POETRY.

When the poet in the springtime
Sings of blossoms and of birds,
Then the worldlings shrug their shoulders
As they mock his joyous words,
Saying, "Why must poets bore us
And compel us still to hear
These ecstatic spring effusions
That they've sung us every year?"

Oh, you worldlings, surely never
Would you murmur or complain,
That each year the self-same blossoms
Come to gladden us again.

Then why blame the gentle poet
When each year he needs must sing
Still the self-same song of gladness
For the beauty of the spring?

TO MY LADY.

In the land where you abide
Cometh now the glad springtide;
Ruddy daisies in the grass
Raise their faces as you pass;
In each fragrant, shaded place,

Violets entreat your grace;
Daffodils shine everywhere,
Laughter-loving, golden-fair.
Here, alas, the cold winds blow
Over brown hills touched with snow;
Sullen skies hang dull and gray—
Yet I am right glad and gay;
So my thoughts of you may be,
Sweetheart—it is spring with me.

Alumni Department.

ROBT. E. SHARP, Editor.

The number of Wofford men now pursuing graduate courses in universities is a sure sign of the inspiration to higher work that is found upon the campus. W. H. Wannamaker, '96, is doing English work at Harvard; J. Porter Hollis, of the same class, is in Political Economy and History at Hopkins; D. Wistar Daniel, '92, is working in English Literature and Philology at Vanderbilt; Coleman Waller, '92, and W. E. Willis, '92, are in Mathematics and Physics at the same institution; W. F. Wolfe, '97, is studying Biology and Botany at Chicago; two other men of the same class, S. Marian Tucker and Olin W. Wannamaker are in English at Columbia and Harvard, respectively; Robt. A. Law of this class is assisting in English at Trinity College and doing advanced work; E. E. Williams, '97, is taking a Theological course at Vanderbilt; L. L. Dantzler, '98, has English and Modern Languages at the Lane institution. This list adds up eleven men in all—not a bad record.

J. O. Hardin, of the class of '58, is an excellent, worthy farmer in Chester.

E. K. Holman is at Mechanicsville.

J. F. Shackelford, druggist in Columbus, Ga.

Rev. R. B. Tarrant runs the boarding house at Bamberg Fitting School.

J. D. Dunlap, of the class of '59, is in Georgia.

J. W. Holmes, editor of the "People" in Barnwell.

Rev. J. W. Humbert is in the South Carolina Conference.

Rev. A. J. Stafford superannuated at Aiken. He is a very worthy man.

Rev. A. J. Stokes P. E. of Charleston district.

A. J. Townsend, school teacher in Texas.

Rev. S. A. Webber, at Yorkville.

T. B. Anderson, class of '60, is merchant and planter at Waterloo.

C. J. Dunlap, in Georgia.

J. J. Durant is at Lynchburg. He is a quiet, worthy man.

F. N. Littlejohn is a successful business man in Charlotte.

T. S. Moorman, a lawyer in Columbia.

E. O. Steadman, physician in Georgia.

J. Hamilton, of class of '61, is in California.

P. C. Johnson is in Berkeley. He has been successful as a teacher.

Rev. C. McCartha is professor in Alabama.

Rev. G. F. Round is a minister in the State of Washington.

R. W. Simpson resides near Pendleton. He is one of the leading trustees of Clemson College.

G. M. Yancy is in Tennessee.

Julian C. Rogers, class of 98, is in the bank at Bishopville.

Prof. F. E. Dibble, of '95, is a member of the Faculty of Columbia College.

J. W. Daniel, of 92, is at St. George teaching. He has been successful. This is his second term there.

Carroll P. Rogers is in Union in Excelsior Knitting Mills.

Dr. F. McP. Lander, of '94, was present at the meeting of the S. C. Medical Association held in Spartanburg recently.

Col. D. O. Herbert, of '78, is one of the leading lawyers of South Carolina. He is located at Orangeburg. He served with ability as Captain of Company C, Independent Batallion, afterwards 2nd Regiment of S. C. Volunteers, both in America and in Cuba. Since retiring to private life Capt. Herbert has been called upon to serve his State, and is now Colonel of one of the Regiments of the State Militia.

Hon. T. M. Raysor is a distinguished lawyer. He is State Senator, and has been very favorably mentioned for Congress. He was of class '78.

Local Department.

D. S. MURPH, Editor.

"Round The World in a Man-o'-War."

Mr. Robarts Harper delivered the last Lyceum lecture of the season on this subject at the Converse Auditorium on March 18.

Mr. Harper came very highly recommended by lyceums in cities such as Atlanta, Ft. Wayne and Cincinnati, and these recommendations, combined with the confidence felt in the lyceum here, caused the audience to have great expectations. They were not disappointed.

Mr. Harper is a very cultured man, being a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society of London. His father was an officer in the English navy, and he himself for a time served on a man of war. He has crossed the Atlantic fifty-one times, and has made the tour of the world. Needless to say such a man has met with many and varied experiences during his

travels. Some of these experiences he has embodied in his famous lecture, "Round the World in a Man-o'-War," and this is the lecture which so delighted and entertained his audience.

A very important feature of the lecture was the splendid stereopticon views and moving pictures which were thrown upon the scene as the speaker proceeded. These views were splendid, the beautiful tints and shades of color being especially fine.

Mr. Harper began by saying that of course only a few of the many things which happened on a tour around the world could be touched upon in so short a time. As an introduction he showed a man-of-war of the type used a century ago, then one of the modern type, showing the great advance which a hundred years has made in naval science. The audience were delighted to see the very ship, the "Victory," on which Nelson sailed and fought, and the death scene of Nelson surrounded by his officers and friends.

In his journey around the world Mr. Harper paused at Gibraltar, at Seville, at Granada, in Italy, in Egypt, in British India, at Melbourne, on the southern coast of South America, Rio de Janerio, and finally returned across the Atlantic to London, his native city. Views from each of these places, explained and enlivened by Mr. Harper's pleasant words, entertained the audience for about an hour and a half. It was with great regret that his hearers saw him drawing to the close of his journey, and they hope to have him tell them more about it at another time.

This is the 24th lecture given by the lyceum since its organization. This closes the very prosperous and very pleasant course of 1901-1902. It is an open secret that the remarkable success of the lyceum from every point of view is due in great measure to the indefatigable efforts of Prof. J. A. Gamewell. He has spared neither time nor pains in making the organization a success, and the marked satisfaction of its members and the hearers of the lectures attests his success.

The Exposition.

It would be useless to try to describe the trip to the Exposition. Suffice it to say that every one seemed to enjoy himself or herself thoroughly. Many of the students enjoyed themselves in double measure, however, for there were in Charleston at the same time the students from several of the female Colleges of the State, and most of the boys have friends (?) at one or more of these Colleges.

Without trying to tell the adventures of the student body, we shall confine ourselves to a few of the most interesting episodes of the Senior Class, who went not only for the purpose of "doing" the Exposition, but also to study Geology. In order to have more time for these various objects, the members of this Class remained in Charleston several days longer than the student body.

A visit to the Museum of the College of Charleston was quite interesting as well as instructive. The students were specially interested in the skeleton of an enormous whale which had been caught in Charleston harbor several years ago. It was the good fortune of the Class to have as their guide Prof. D. A. DuPré, of our College, whose explanations added a great deal to the pleasure and profit of the time spent in the Museum.

Many of us had never before seen the phosphate beds. So on Thursday morning, again under the guidance of our Science professor, we paid a visit to those beds and to the works nearby. Supt. J. M. Davis took the entire party under his care and carried us over the grounds and through the works. He placed his cars at our disposal, and did everything he could to aid us in our enjoyment of the few hours spent there. The students will never forget his uniform courtesy and kindness to them.

The reputation of the "City by the Sea" for hospitality was fully upheld by the Epworth League of Bethel Church. A reception was tendered by this League to the Columbia College girls and the Wofford boys on Tuesday evening. Dainty refreshments were served, and music, song, and laughter gladdened the hearts of the young Methodists of

both Colleges. The students went away mentally voting heartiest thanks to the Leaguers.

A splendid reception to the Senior Class was given at the Y. M. C. A. Building on Friday night. Some speeches, songs, etc., and the performances of a ventriloquist were followed by a social season and refreshments served in the parlors of the building. The reception was a great success, as is attested by those who were present.

Last, but not least, we mention the trip around the harbor and across the bar, given by the Citadel cadets to the Winthrop girls, the V. P. I. Seniors, the Carolina Seniors and the Wofford Seniors. This trip was a feature of the exposition. This was the only party which had been allowed to land at Fort Sumter for some time. When we stepped on the soil of the old fort we felt that we were on sacred ground. On the return trip we stopped "alongsides" the U. S. cruiser, Cincinati, which was lying at anchor and went aboard. The officers and men were very kind in showing the entire party through the ship. The citadel boys are royal hosts and have won a warm place in the hearts of the Wofford Seniors.

Base Ball.

Manager Wilson, Coach Moffet and Captain Bennett have been untiring in their labors for the ball team this season. Our first game was played with Cornell. It was a snappy, exciting game from first to last. Though the visitors won by a score of 6 to o, the boys at home gave a "well-done" to the team and expressed greater confidence in them after the game than before. Several costly errors bunched in one inning piled up the score considerably.

Smith, Burnett and Brabham for the home team played a splendid game. DuPre pitched beautifully. Brabham's throw from center to the home plate was something unusual. Bennett made a very pretty play in stopping a hot grounder to third and throwing his man out at first. Lewis, of Cornell, knocked the only home run of the game.

The next game was played with the University of Georgia.

Up to the eighth inning the score was 6 to 2 in favor of Wofford. But over-confidence and some costly errors lost the game by a final score of 7 to 6.

On April 24, at Asheville, Wofford defeated Bingham by a score of 13 to 0. Cleveland did beautiful work, striking out 14 men and yielding only two hits.

Two games will be played with the University of Tennessee on April 25 and April 26, respectively, in Knoxville, Tennessee.

One game will be played with Furman and one with Trinity during the May Festival to be held here April 30 to May 2, inclusive.

The Oratorical Contest.

The college community was sorely disappointed in not being represented at the State Oratorical Contest held at Greenwood, April 18. W. K. Greene, '03, who was to represent us, was sick and unable to go to Greenwood. The college has all confidence in Mr. Greene, and expected him to bring back the medal. It is worthy of notice that his mark on composition was three points higher than that of any other man in the contest. When it is remembered that delivery is Mr. Greene's strong point, the boys cannot help believing that he would have represented them very creditably, had he been able to attend. His mother was telegraphed for to come to Spartanburg, and is still with him. He has been very sick, but we are glad to say he is now thought to be improving.

Dr. Wallace and the Exposition.

It is very generally known that the success of the students' visit to Charleston was largely due to the zealous efforts of Dr. D. D. Wallace, our Professor of History and Economics. Dr. Wallace spared neither himself, his time, nor his labor in trying to make this trip a success. The party on the special were unanimous in expression of their appreciation of his efforts. The student body, not indeed as a measure of

his services, but simply to show that they were not entirely ungrateful to him, presented to him, several days after their return from Charleston, a beautiful set of Shakespeare. The presentation was very gracefully done by Mr. T. C. Easterling of the Senior Class. Dr. Wallace, in accepting, made a few very appropriate remarks, expressing his appreciation of the spirit which prompted the gift.

NOTES ON THE CAMPUS.

Professors Snyder and Rembert are in Athens, Ga., where they have gone to attend the meeting of the fifth annual conference for education in the South.

Dr. R. W. Jones, Professor of Science in the University of Mississippi, recently spent a short time on the campus.

Considerable interest is now being manifested in tennis. Mr. George Marshall Moore, an alumnus of Wofford, has given a beautiful trophy cup to the tennis-players of the College. Mr. Greenewald, a prominent merchant of the city, has also given several valuable prizes. The cup will be given to the best single player; the other prizes will be given to doubles. The tournament will begin Saturday afternoon and last about two weeks, two games being played each afternoon.

Prof. H. T. Shockly, our efficient Gymnasium instructor, has about completed an original system of exercises based on purely scientific principles. He has given it to a number of students, all of whom are very much pleased with results.

At the last regular election of officers for the Calhoun Society, the following were elected to serve the next term: President, B. H. Brown; Vice-President, T. C. Austin; 1st Critic, D. C. Strother; 2d Critic, D. S. Murph; Secretary, A. M. Brabham; Censor Morum, G. W. Vaughan.

Prof. C. E. Boyd, of the Carlisle Fitting School, recently paid the College a visit.

The students had the pleasure not long since of a visit

from Mr. Rogers, the owner of the educated horse Jim Key. Mr. Rogers was out on a tour organizing Bands of Mercy.

A much enjoyed visit was paid the College by Rev. James D. Hammond, Secretary of the Board of Education of the M. E. Church, South. Dr. Hammond is a very scholarly man, and may always feel sure of a warm welcome at Wofford.

Mr. John B. Cleveland, of Spartanburg, recently presented to the History Department a splendid map of Spartanburg County, which will be hung up for the use of the College in the History room.

Rev. Mr. McCulloch, of Nashville, Tenn., recently spent a few days on the Campus. He came as the representative of the Board of Missions of the M. E. Church, South. He made several splendid speeches and did much to arouse a missionary spirit among the students.

D. S. Murph, of the Senior Class, attended the Convention of the State Epworth League held at Marion, April 17-20. He reports a splendid Convention and unbounded hospitality on the part of the citizens of Marion.

The Sophomore exhibition will be held on May 5.

Wofford College Directory.

Jas. H. Carlisle, LL.D., President.

J. A. Gamewell, A. M., Secretary

D. A. DuPre, A. M., Treasurer.

Calhoun Literary Society

President, B. H. Brown.
Vice-President, T. C. Austin.
1st Critic, D. C. Strother.
Rec. Secretary, A. M. Brabham.
Treasurer, W. C. Owen.

Preston Literary Society

President, R. I. Manning.
Vice-President, P. H. Nash.
1st Critic, T. C. Easterling.
Secretary, L. T. Leitner.
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Wofford College Journal

Editor-in-Chief, B. H. Brown.
Business Mgr., T. C. Easterling.
Literary Editor, T. F. Watkins.
Exchange Editor, W. Z. Dantzler.
Alumni Editor, R. E. Sharpe.
Local Editor, D. S. Murph.
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Y. M. C. A.

President, L. D. Thompson.
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President, 2nd Capt. C. H Varner.
Vice-President, E. F. McWhirter.
Sec. and Treas., R. C. Oliver.

Alumni Association

President, W. E. Burnett, '76.
Sec. and Treas., J. F. Brown, '76.

Fraternities

Chi Psi.
Chi Phi.
Kappa Sigma.
Kappa Alpha.
Pi Kappa Alpha.
Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

Senior Class.

President, N. L. Prince.
Vice-President, T. C. Easterling.
Sec. and Treas., B. A. Bennett.

Junior Class.

President, L. Q. Crum.
Vice-President, W. C. Owen.
Sec. and Treas., M. W. Sloan.

Sophomore Class

President, J. C. Harmon.
Vice-President, E. K. Hardin.
Sec. and Treas., E. F. McWhirter.

Freshman Class

President, H. Dial.
Vice-President, J. H. Hamel.
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Wofford College Journal

Literary Department

T. F. WATKINS, Editor.

The New South.

Up from the bleeding wounds of war,
Up from the battle's din and strife,
Up from the cannon's awful roar,
Away from the Furies raging rife,
She comes, our suffering South.

From out the murky mists of defeat,
From under the war's red, rolling cloud,
From under the palid winding sheet,
Away from Death and his sable shroud,
She comes, our wounded South.

Sweet flowers now have sweeter bloom
Where desolation, desolate,
Spread out across the wasted fields,
Grim witness of a brother's hate,
O, patient, suffering South!

Fair, fruitful fields the story tells,
Again by industrious toilers' care,
Like Sharon's fragrant hills and dells,
Abound in perfumes rich and rare,
Wafted o'er thee, dear, sunny South.

Where blackened chimneys, lone and bare,
Kept sentinel watch o'er ashen heap,
Now laughing children fill the air
With merry shouts and romping feet—
Thy homes rebuilt, enduring South.

We place a garland on each grave
Of those who spilled the crimson tide,
That the right they saw their arm might save,
And the things they loved might still abide.
Their blood was spilled for thee, Old South.

But every thought of hate, if hate was there,
And every beating surge of burning wrath,
Has long since left thy heart, dear land so fair,
And love and peace shine on the later path
In which you tread, forgiving South.

Where joys once had winged their flight
To other lands in darkened days,
At evening-time there now is light,
As sung by ancient prophet's lays,
A halo round thy head, New South.

From out the night of doubtful gloom
You lift your hands and seize the prize
Of larger good from fresher bloom,
The fruitage of your sacrifice,
O, breathing, burning South!

—S.

Lowell, The American Citizen.

To most of us Lowell is the poet, or the essayist, or the scholar and critic, but if our conception of this one of our "American men of letters," whom England honors with us as the representative of that common language and life which are the eternal bonds that bind England and America so firmly together, if our conception of Lowell does not make of him more than poet, essayist, scholar and critic, we fail to conceive all that he really is; nay, more, such a conception fails to grasp what Lowell was possibly first of all, an American citizen.

"James Russell Lowell—A Biography" is the title of a book in two volumes from the pen of Horace E. Scudder. This book is valuable in giving us a view of Lowell which, at least to some extent, we hitherto have failed to get. The writer has here drawn for us with no mean skill a portrait of

a man worthy of note and honor principally for what he was able to contribute towards making America and its citizens more truly, nobly, and grandly American, more worthy of the over-ruling Providence that in his own ripe time set aside the American continent and into it led a chosen people to work out the great principles of Democracy and Freedom on virgin soil where all was new and fresh and free and where king and noble could not live.

Of all men who have been equipped by nature to render the highest and best service to our political life, none have been better endowed than Lowell.

Lowell, the poet, is so well known to all that to speak of his endowment for this high office which nature jealously entrusts to but few of her chosen sons, is waste of time.

Yet a word of general comment is necessary. When we dig below the surface to find out what is the bed rock upon which imperishable verse is builded, we find two materials that have gone into the making of the foundation,—Truth and Idealism. The poet must be a man of vision, of power to see into things and grasp the realties. Some English critic has said that sagacity is Lowell's greatest power and that this power he possessed to a most marked degree. He was a seer, an idealist, holding constantly before himself those visions of Truth which only his poetic eye could see.

We count Lowell also one of the foremost scholars of our country. His scholarship was broad. He intimately acquainted himself with much of the best literature of some half-dozen languages. However, we pass over the contribution which he, out of the rich store of such learning, made to our letters. But we would note the training, the development, the enlargement of his powers, the result of the acquirement of such thorough, accurate and broad scholarship. Nor can his special training as a literary critic be passed over. Discrimination, sound judgment and ability to find the best in whatever he has before him, are developed in the literary critic as he works. All of those elements which are warp and woof of the genuine scholar and critic, —trained mental faculties, power of discrimination and a

never satisfied thirst for Truth, for the reality of things,—are just as necessary in the statesman of the highest order.

But more than this,—the study of the best literature made of Lowell more than a scholar. Those with whom he kept company through his books were those who from the time of Homer to his own day, in many lands and among many peoples, saw the best in their own day and generation and recorded it. Idealists these friends were and their idealism kindled in Lowell's breast a kindred spirit.

Only a few men are endowed richly with the poetic vision, with power of insight, with faculties of mind brought to perfection by training, and with pure, lofty ideals, and but few of these have been of much service in solving the problems which the body politic must work out. The very endowment and equipment of such men are temptations to dwell only in the regions of idealism and fancy, leaving the practical affairs of every day life to take care of themselves, as best they may, in the hands of men without a high vision of the duties of noble citizenship and without the inspiration that pulses through the veins of him who has caught a vision of his State's sacred mission. But it was different with Lowell. "Certainly, I would rather be left to my studies than meddle with politics, but . . . . my duty was plain," he says. Here our poet speaks for himself and discloses to us that element in his nature which drove him into the fields of political activity. The very culture and refinement of the poet's soul would call him away from what, at superficial thought, seem baser concerns. Largely then was it this deep sense of his moral responsibility that girded Lowell to stand shoulder to shoulder with those who deeply had at heart America's political welfare. The idealism of the poet, the trained faculties of the scholar, the power of discrimination of the critic, and the earnest purpose of the moralist, are then, to be applied to practical affairs. He ably met the plain duty which rested upon him as a citizen of a nation which needs must call into her service her wisest and best subjects, or else be wrecked upon the hidden rocks which, unseen by the common eye, threaten the destruction

of that ship which has entrusted to it the precious cargo of Democracy.

But specifically, as an American citizen, Lowell rendered two distinct services to his country,—first, as spokesman for his own people to his own people; second, as spokesman for his own people to the peoples across the Atlantic. The one service he performed at home by speaking out his lofty conceptions of the principles upon which this government is founded, pointing the wayward citizen into the path of his duty and sounding the fog-horn warning of hidden shoals; the other service abroad as occasions came to him to stand in public as the representative of the American people and speak of those fundamental principles for which the American patriots fought.

Before passing to his service abroad, let us consider his service at home. The public platform, when some special occasion called him forth, gave him the open ear of the people; but he reached possibly more open ears through his written than through his spoken words. The editorship successively of several of the best magazines in the country afforded him a stimulus to and an outlet for his political writings. Upon the "great plains of society" was "his mind most wont to dwell," and it was from these plains that he gathered the material for much of his work. Also his poetry gave him an audience. In form and, to a lesser degree, in substance, the public address and the magazine article and the poem differs each from the other, but we need not consider separately these three, for into whatever he wrote or spoke when his country was the theme, Lowell breathed the same lofty sentiments.

His most distinct contribution to America is his conception of the high calling of the government and its citizenship. What is more needed than idealism such as his? "How noble the science [of government] is,—nobler than astronomy;" it has to do with "bodies endowed with thought and will, calculates moral forces, and reckons the orbits of God's purposes towards man." "Politics are the most serious of all

human affairs. . . . The State . . . has always been and must always be the supremely important thing."

That "the security of the State is based on the moral instinct and manhood of its members," he never failed to keep before those who heard him. "It is time to remember that History does not concern herself about material wealth,—that the life-blood of a nation is not that yellow tide which fluctuates in the arteries of trade,—that its true revenues are religion, justice, sobriety and the fair amenities of art, that it is only by the soul that any people has achieved greatness and made lasting conquests over the future." He would have us know that the nation can not be builded on "mere speculations of freedom and democracy:" the structure must be reared upon the sure base of the moral worth of the individual citizen. He taught that our country is great in just the proportion that her people in life and character are great. His appeal is to the conscience of the voter.

"The eternal principles of freedom" were deeply wrought in Lowell's being. "A vision . . . of freedom which had never been dethroned in his soul" left its image clear and distinct in his nature. As he considered the needs and dangers of America, he saw but one hope of a safe voyage and that was freedom and independence for everybody in everything, in thought and in action, in literature and in politics. His stinging satire was directed against "cowardly truckling to popular views." "If there be any hope, it is in getting independent voters to be independent thinkers." So he speaks and continuing says, "It is a great deal to conquer only the slavish obedience to party." He saw the need of independence for our literary men and thus expresses himself; "There is no one opprobrium of American scholarship and letters so great as the general laxity and debasement of criticism. With few exceptions, our criticisms are venial (whether the pay be money or friendship) or partisan. . . . A difference in politics may turn a creditable poet into a dunce."

We pass on now to Lowell's service abroad. In 1877 he was appointed Minister to Madrid where he remained until

transferred three years later to the Court of Saint James, London. Here he remained in his official capacity five years. Both at the Spanish and English courts he was honored as the Minister of the United States, but to both peoples he was more than a mere official representative of a foreign government.

The English especially delighted to do him honor, and during his official stay in that country and during his several later visits, many attentions, highly gratifying to his countrymen, were paid him. To the English he was the representative of the American people, the spokesman of England's brothers across the sea. It was a great day for his country when Lowell stood in England and on many occasions spoke of those "principles of freedom" upon which the American institutions are founded. He "endeavored to express the American idea," feeling that "there is something magnificent in having a country to love."

To be an ambassador of one people to another, not merely of one government to another, is a high honor and a sacred trust. Is it putting it too strongly to say that of all our public men Lowell was the fittest to be the ambassador of the American to the English people? He was an "American of Americans" and was proud to say; "It is in my very blood and bones. If I am not an American, who ever was?" He rejoiced as a young man rejoices in the pulsing flow of youth, "to feel" himself "the citizen of a strong country," to feel in his "veins the pulses of an invincible nationality."

NORMAN L. PRINCE.

The Last Flirtation of Henry Van Wyck.

Henry Van Wyck was something more than a polished lady's man, a graceful dancer, a good conversationalist, for in spite of his effeminate, handsome face and small, white hands, there survived in him something of the courage and self-reliance of his Dutch ancestors. This was shown by his ready acceptance of a rough old mountaineer's invi-

tation to spend several weeks at his cabin in order to enjoy the good fishing in Horsepasture Creek.

It had happened in this way. This renowned flirt of New York, the man who counted the broken hearts which were the result of his handsome face with as much pride as an Indian warrior did his string of scalps, was seated upon the veranda of the Bon Merle, the excellent summer hotel of the mountain village, rolling a Turkish cigarette and pondering upon the best way to inform the blonde from Newport that their engagement of two weeks duration must come to an end, when an old mountaineer, his shoulders stooped under the weight of years, his face tanned and seamed, dressed in the usual home made jeans of the mountains, stepped upon the veranda. Instead of attempting to sell a peck of apples or a string of fish as most of the natives did, he asked in a timid voice for Mr. Van Wyck. The clerk pointed out the tourist and with some trepidation the mountaineer informed the New Yorker that he was Jack Johnson from behind Black Rock. Van Wyck raised his eyebrows and stated in his cold, even voice his pleasure in learning this interesting fact. Jack hastened to state that the object of his visit was to induce the tourist to board with him for a month. He grew eloquent over the quantity and size of the trout which could be caught in Horsepasture Creek and fixed the price of board at such a low figure that the man of the world became suspicious. However, he loved to be close to the bosom of nature, to get away from the conventional circles in which he moved and rough it. So he accepted the offer of the old mountaineer and fixed an early hour in the morning for their departure, for the long journey must be made on horseback over a narrow trail. He wondered why he had been sought out so anxiously when there were so many disciples of Izaak Walton who must have attracted the attention of the old man; but he reasoned that a report of his wealth must have reached the ears of the old mountaineer. It pained him, for while Van Wyck was conceited about his handsome face, he was not proud of his millions.

In the morning the incongruous pair set out over the

stony trail for Jack's home. The mountaineer led a horse loaded with baggage while Van Wyck followed with a bundle of rods and fishing tackle suspended from his saddle, which caused many smiles to flit over the honest face of the hunter.

Van Wyck enjoyed the journey and came to know and love the artless old mountaineer, who beguiled the tedium of the journey with a thousand reminiscences and anecdotes of the war and his hunts after big game.

Van Wyck attempted many times to draw from the old hunter the cause of his being urged so vigorously to come when the hunter must have known there were scores of men in the hotel who were not only willing but anxious to go and who would have quickly paid him a larger amount for board. On these occasions the old man became confused, evaded the question, and began to tell how many bears he had killed in the winter of '54. This strange conduct of the old mountaineer puzzled and worried the New Yorker for he had heard of mountaineers alluring revenue officers into the laurel thickets from whence they never returned.

They had traveled for two days and the last rays of the sun had disappeared behind the Nantahale range and still they had not reached the cabin of the old man. Jack's reassuring voice informed the tourist that the cabin was only over "yon ridge." After another hour's ride they entered a little cove, beautiful in the moonlight. A cheerful shaft of light came through a crack in the door of a hut and the cheerful voice of Jack's wife bade the expected travelers to enter. The exhausted New Yorker refused the food which lay upon the hearth awaiting their arrival and requested to be shown his bed. The hospitable dame conducted him to a small room. Hardly had he gotten under the blankets before he was asleep—the sleep of complete exhaustion.

The tourist awoke with a start and stared around his strange surroundings. The sun was pouring through the only window in the room. He looked from out of the large bed and saw the only ornament upon the rough walls was a large crayon picture of an old lady whose face was distorted

with untold agony and who was the possessor of numerous cork-screw curls. It harrowed the artistic soul of the tourist and he quickly turned his face away. He got a glimpse of a part of the general living room of the hunter through the door which stood ajar. The huge stone fireplace was aglow with logs. Above it an old flint-lock hung in state. Upon the walls were the skins of various animals; bears, deer, foxes, and squirrels had undoubtedly become acquainted with the destructive fire of the old gun. In one corner was a huge spinning wheel brought to a high state of polish by constant use. In the center of the room was a rough table. Van Wyck hardly noticed the room for his attention was immediately caught and held by the group before the fire—the old hunter contentedly smoking his corncob pipe, the good dame busily frying the bacon, and a girl whose extraordinary beauty made the conqueror of lady's hearts start in a way that made him conscious of his aching muscles. He marveled at her beauty. Her wealth of golden curls, her rosy cheeks, her long eyelashes which sheltered large blue eyes, her small mouth, her graceful figure, all were noticed and admired. The rough dress seemed to enhance by contrast the beauty of the wearer. He was lost in contemplation of the scene when the hunter came to his door to ascertain how he had stood the trip. Van Wyck soon donned his rough clothes and was conducted to the creek to "wash." The breakfast was upon the table upon their return and Van Wyck ate the bacon and baked potatoes with a relish that he had never had for the elaborate menu of the Bon Merle. Jack introduced with much embarrassment the mountain beauty as his "darter." Lindy was very bashful but Van Wyck noticed with complacent satisfaction that there was awe and admiration in her eyes. She took little part in the conversation, only replying "that she had ketched twenty trout in one evening" to Van Wyck's inquiry if she ever fished. She disappeared before the meal was finished and Jack dragged him off to the stream to fish.

The "crick" in spite of the name it was forced to bear was a beautiful mountain stream. The pure water dashed madly

over the boulders, while one found here and there a deep pool which was unbroken by a ripple. The laurel, broken here and there by a fir, formed an impassable green wall on each side. The wild, turbulent course of the water communicated a spirit of recklessness to the tourist as he leaped from rock to rock after his expert guide. Jack had not deceived him about the quality of the fishing and the two returned at dusk with a long string of mountain trout.

Van Wyck found his sojourn at the home of the mountaineer very pleasant. Lindy's timidity gradually wore off before the diplomatic advances of the stranger and she finally consented to take her father's place on the daily fishing excursions. She sat by his side while he whipped the stream with his rod. She begged him to tell her about "the great big town whar you lives." He described to her the importance and beauty of New York in simple language and she in return told him of the magnificence of Franklin, the county seat, "whar me and pa went to sell the spotted calf."

Gradually the idol of New York society became infatuated with this flower of the mountains. He was never happy when she was not with him. He loved to hear her full, rich voice when she sang some crude mountain song as she helped the housewife in her duties.

Van Wyck spent hours writing sonnets to her. He found many things in the beautiful valley to suggest similes and he compared her grace to that of the mountain trout, her purity to the mountain violet, her cheeks to wild roses, and the whiteness of her forehead to the snow on the eternal summits. The man of the world who had begun by admiring the striking beauty of the mountain girl, who had thought with a smile that an Arcadian love affair would enliven the waning summer, whose conceit had been fed by the evident adoration which shone in her eyes, now was truly in love; but when he thought of the girl's lack of education and her social position, he shut his eyes and repeated fiercely, "I must not, I must not."

They were seated on a boulder below Glen Falls admiring

the scene in the moonlight when something, was it the reckless madness of the water or the wonderfully rich and musical voice of the girl, made the scion of the proud old Dutch family lose his self-control? He found himself passionately pouring the story of his mad love into her ear. Then the artless girl told him in the simple but powerful vernacular of the mountains of her love for him, how she could not live without him. At length they left the fascinating spot and wended their way back to the cabin where the old couple were seated on the door step awaiting their return.

Henry Van Wyck hastened to his room. He found no sleep that night for now he was tortured by remorse. What had he done? How could he introduce this girl no matter how beautiful, who was without the very rudiments of an education, into the cultured circle of society where he moved? He thought of his family name and reputation. "No, he could not marry her. But it would kill her." The cold society man who had been serenely engaged ten different times in one summer recoiled when he thought of the noble character of the girl. But he was resolved. He would slip out of the cabin at the break of day and go back to the world, leaving forever the valley whose happiness he had destroyed.

At the break of day the tourist slipped from his room and was about to pass through the large room out of the cabin, when he beheld Lindy kneeling before the fireplace coaxing the sullen embers into a blaze. He attempted to tip out without the girl's being aware of his presence. He was not successful for she turned around quickly when a slight noise reached her ear. Never had she seemed so lovely to him. In spite of her shabby gown and rough shoes, she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. A happy smile of love lighted her face but it soon faded away when she perceived that he had on his traveling clothes. "Whar air you going?" she asked in a frightened voice. Van Wyck turned pale and replied: "I have got to leave you Lindy, perhaps for a long time." He moved quickly towards the door, hoping to end the painful scene. She ran towards him and

threw her arms around his neck. "And ye only axed me to marry you yesterday. Don't you love me?" "Yes, but I cannot marry you," he said in a husky voice, as he gently disengaged her arms. The mountain girl raised herself to her full height and her eyes flashed with anger as she pointed to the door and uttered the single word, "Go." He went out like a whipped cur and as he turned down the path looked through the window. The girl had fallen upon the floor and there was an anguish upon her face which made the millionaire shudder, while her frame was convulsed with sobs.

The tourist hastened up the mountain trail at a rapid gait vainly attempting to flee from the regrets which gripped his heart. When he reached the highest peak of Black Rock he looked back into the cove. The customary cork-screw of smoke was not issuing from the chimney. Van Wyck turned his back upon the scene for he knew that sorrow dwelt upon the banks of the Horsepasture.

* * * * * * * * * *

Van Wyck was again sitting upon the veranda of the Bon Merle recuperating from the mental and physical strain of the last few days when his attention was attracted by a handsome carriage that was passing. "Could that elegantly dressed lady be the mountain girl? Yes, it was! He would know that face in a million." One of the large group which had now gathered on the steps exclaimed: "It is May Dean, the famous Boston actress." She was beckoning to him. The dazed man went to the carriage. She exclaimed, "O! Mr. Van Wyck, I wish to explain it all to you. You see, I am to lead a play in which I take the rôle of a mountain girl whose heart is won and cast aside by a chance summer visitor, and I thought I could get new inspiration if I should practice during the summer in the mountains with a real lover. I hope I have not caused you any inconvenience." Then she added gushingly, "And you do propose beautifully, Mr. Van Wyck." A wave of a silk handkerchief and the carriage was lost in a whirl of dust. Van Wyck slowly went back towards the curious crowd. Slowly the

meaning of the actress penetrated his dazed mind. "He, who prided himself upon his knowledge of and power over women, had been the stupid dupe of an actress. He had been carried over the mountains as a handsome dummy for the actress to practice her new rôle upon. What an actress she was though! Who would have thought her a mountain girl? All those loving glances, all that artless innocence, how natural they had seemed! Now he understood the strange manner of the old hunter." His conceit had received a cruel blow. He left for the city that afternoon and when the obsequious hotel keeper asked him for a recommendation for his house, he used strong, unnecessary language.

That winter all the smart set were puzzled to understand why Mr. Van Wyck so persistently refused to see Mary Dean who had taken New York by storm by her realistic presentation of the broken hearted mountain girl.

SLOAN, '03.

Rostand and Romanticism.

What Stephen Phillips is to England, Edmond Rostand is to France. The most striking difference is in the conceptions and methods of their dramas. Stephen Phillips goes back to the Classicists for his material and methods. While he has given us some lasting work his plays are known and appreciated far more for their poetic beauty than for their dramatic power. They are fine when taken as "Closet"-dramas. Rostand on the other hand has revived romantic methods. He does not come within the class of Corneille and Racine, but within that of Hugo.

I will give you a short outline of the movement in France:

The great literary upheaval which followed the political revolution of 1788 is known as the romantic revival; throughout Europe generally there was a revolt against methods and traditions which claimed authority as Classical. Literature became more highly colored; writers were careless of proba-

bility and delighted in tales of monsters and hob-goblins; while less care was taken to follow technical forms of the classicist. By 1810 this movement reached its maturity in England; for Scott had attained his poetical zenith. Wordsworth had produced nearly all his best work; and Coleridge's *annus mirabilis* lay far in the past. France, however, the centre and focus of the revolutionary spirit, was late in literary rebellion; for nearly all her energies had their outlet in the Terror. But when she came to know the writings of Schiller, Goethe and Shakespeare, the greatest of Romanticists, she saw that there could be literature of the highest type and yet different from the Latin. The first to sound the note in this song of triumph was Lamartine who published his "Meditation" in 1820; while not wholly iconoclastic or Romantic, yet he prepares the way for others.

In 1830 Victor Hugo (1802-1885,) influenced by Byron in lyric poetry, by Scott in Romance, and by Shakespeare in the Drama, came forth as the greatest Romanticist of France, in his Hernani, the crowning victory of this movement. In this drama he makes the unities of the classical play give place to the unity of action; he substitutes variety of cadence in his lines for the monotonous regularity so dear to the ancient writers. "He shifts the emphasis from structure to the rich content of feeling, passion, the full and free play of temperament; and by making the interest centre in a few simple and elementary emotions and conceptions he showed himself a predestined Romanticist and individualist."

Every one was a Byron seeking to utter the voice of his own heart in an imaginative way. Following Hugo, Byron personified the self sufficiency, the daring, the mystery, the gloom, the Nature worship, the love of liberty, and the hatred of formulas which the Romanticist cherished. In ethical conduct each was a law to himself; in style and execution they rejoiced in trampling over accepted rule. "Independence, originality, brilliance, and effectiveness, at whatever cost, were the things sought and prized."

Gautier, Musset, and Balzac were foremost among those who continued this movement in France. But soon men

began to feel that they were not isolated unities, each confronting the infinite on his own account, but members of a composite body. Byronism went finally out of fashion and Realism and then "Social literature" took the fickle fancy of the many.

The explanation of the title of this paper is that the supreme sign of our author is just that he is so inordinately romantic that this question supersedes all others in any discussion of his work. But while treatment and selection have much to do with the greatness of a drama yet there must enter into it life-vitality; for an organic being is one of the first essentials and conditions of dramatic art. Both of these ideas are finely embodied and exemplified in Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac."

"Cyrano de Bergerac," the most popular play of the final decade of the nineteenth century, is a drama in rhymed verse, the scenes of which are laid in the seventeenth century. Here two of the above conditions are fulfilled. He has written his play in rhymed verse thus adopting a literary attitude towards the drama, and has gone back to the seventeenth century for his material; the "realist" would have taken his material from the present. The play tells of the love tragedy of an historical character, a poet and dramatist, duellist and soldier, who was cursed with as disreputable a feature as "Nosey the Dwarf" in the fairy-tale. Cyrano is the study of a man of noble mind, great learning, and of marvelous wit, whose whole life has been clouded by a physical peculiarity. A man of the highest ideals, a poetic genius of the highest order, and above all a tender lover, indeed, possessing every attribute calculated to win the love of a woman except one—manly beauty. "Here," says Henry James, "we have the romantic formula, a short cut of antithesis, short because it ignores shades and lives an high contrast," the handsome but stupid Christian, the witty but grotesque Cyrano. For a romantic use he had not only to be sensitive and conscious but to be magnificent and imperial; and the brilliancy of the creation is the author's expression of this.

Our swash-buckler is withal a genuine poet; one of his chief charms being his outbursts of lyric verse. Take for instance, a line from his famous definition of a kiss, "a rosy dot placed on the 'i' in the participle loving, a way of breathing in a little of the heart and tasting a little of the soul with the edge of the lips." See how well he handles the old legend: "Wise Penelope would not have stayed at home embroidering, if Ulysses had written as you have, but to join you she would have been as mad as Helen and sent her threads flying." The *motif* of the play, the artist's ideal of his subject, is concisely summed in these lines: "I owe it to you for having had at least a friend. Thanks to you a woman's gown has entered into my life."

"Cyrano de Bergerac" is a "Comedie Heroique," the title thus showing the tone of the play. This comic and heroic coloring is strongly blended. It is a form of Romantic treatment, and it has called forth much criticism, both pro and con. It would make the old Classicists turn over in their graves. In the first act we have an abundance of the comic element and the heroics are of a boastful kind. The comedy seems to rise from the coarse comedy of the first act through the second and become more refined, and culminates in the third act. On the other hand the heroics seem boastful, at first Cyrano being little better than an ordinary bully, but he conquers this side of his nature, the first victory being when he embraces Christian who has been making sport of his nose, instead of killing him as the Cadets thought he would do; he gradually becomes less ostensibly heroic physically, and becomes heroic in soul by his entire self-sacrifice to promote Roxane's happiness. "When a sacrifice is complete and directed to a noble end," says Dr. Davis in his ethics, "we call it heroic. The very essence of heroism is the entire sacrifice of self for the sake of others. It is an object of unbounded admiration." Think of Cyrano's sacrifice; he yields Roxane whom he almost madly loves to Christian, his rival, and promises her to protect him; does all he can to further their engagement and marriage; daily risks his life to send news of Christian when they are beseiging Arras.

In this blending of his homeliness and heroism we feel that he comes perilously near to rant, there being but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous; but if it is rant, it is so spiced with wit and perfumed with poetry that it does not give offence; it is sublime fooling; it is a paradox after Shakespeare's own heart. But is it not an added triumph that after the first two acts the thoughtful reader is carried away by the beauty of his soul?

In the first act Cyrano appears in the double character of fantastic bully and critic; in the second the disappointed lover puts down his rising passion and promises to protect Baror Christian, the favored rival. The play now assumes a more serious tone. The dramatic and highly amusing scenes of these two acts do not appeal to us when we have passed on to the balcony scene, the battle of Arras, and Cyrano's last fight.

Christian having failed to "discourse eloquently on love" is about to lose Roxane. She is a *precieuse* of the seventeenth century and needs above all else to be "learnedly and eloquently wooed;" she dotes on genius, on poetry, and on prosody. Her handsome lover though deeply devoted, is as stupid as an owl in her presence; so there is nothing else for him but to take Cyrano to her balcony and let him speak as well as write for him.

"The balcony scene is one of the newest and boldest bits of playwright's work since Shakespeare. "It is fashioned after the scene from Romeo and Juliet, and throughout this drama we see traces of Shakespeare. Darkness and the conversation held in whispers favor deception. Cyrano pleads passionately the love that Christian cannot utter, and indeed can hardly feel; when the moment comes to ascend the balcony and take the kiss that such flights of poetic beauty have won, Cyrano pushes Christian forward, giving all the beauty of his passion to others and keeping only the pain for himself. "O kiss, feast of love, at which I am the Lazarus a crumb of thee comes to me in the darkness—yes, I feel that my heart receives a little of thee; for on those

lips whereto Roxane is lured, she is kissing the words I have just now spoken."

It is the mental conflict in Cyrano's mind as much as his strongly marked traits that holds the reader, and to the thoughtful theatre-goer must furnish more than half the fascination. It is the human touch. A human life is revealed to us with its victories over self and others, "Emotion without a regret—a gallant acceptance of life with all its possibilities and without many of its more harassing questions—that is the key-note of this play and indeed of all Rostand's work."

As the battle begins at the siege of Arras Roxane appears. Cyrano, still madly in love with Roxane had written her twice a day for Christian as he was wont to do, and had risked his life every morning taking these letters through the lines, so he tells Christian of it, so that he would not give himself away. Roxane tells her husband that she no longer loves him for his handsome face but for his soul. Christian, finding she loves not himself, but the soul of Cyrano, urges Cyrano to speak. Roxane tells Cyrano how she would love Christian even were he grotesque; Cyrano is on the point of speaking when the body of Christian is brought past them. But he will take no advantage of his friend and does not tell her of his love. Roxane, after the manner of all French women, enters a convent and dreams and thinks of her dead. Cyrano quits the army and for fourteen years visits Roxane once a week, but never reveals his secret.

One Saturday afternoon fourteen years after the battle of Arras, she refuses to become the Duchee de Graumont, and thus become one of the first ladies of France. But the clock has struck the hour at which Cyrano was wont to come, and he had not appeared, the first time he had been late in fourteen years. When he comes in Roxane does not look at him, but listens to news of the week. While he is relating them he faints, he soon recovers, however, and attributes it to his old wound received at Arras. Roxane replies: "Each of us has a wound; I have mine, that old wound always fresh, is still there, it is still there under the

letter with its paper now grown yellow, on which can still be seen his tears and blood." "His letter?" says Cyrano. "Did you not promise me that some day I might read it?" She gave it to him; and he read it with his whole soul; for it was one he had written her on the fateful morn at Arras.

Darkness came over them as he read, but he continued to read. Roxane on seeing this at last realized that he had been the one whom she loved and not Christian. But the old lover now denies it, "No, no Roxane, No!" But alas: she discovers it on the very day that Cyrano, who has been assaulted from behind by an enemy, crawls out to make the last visit and dies in her presence. "That death is at peace with the rest of the play, magnificent like the heroes of the Elizabethan drama: the dying champion sees visions of the foes he has assaulted so well but so fruitlessly—Compromise, Prejudice, Cowardice, Folly, Lies,—and in a dying burst of heroic madness he staggers to his feet, draws his sword, puts his back against a tree and executes the big movements of the old-fashioned sword-play as he denounces and stabs these airy phantoms of his brain."

Rostand has not only revived the Romantic methods but has sounded the chords of sacrifice and altruism.

X.

Odysseus to Nansikaa.

(Od. VI: vs. 182-5.)

For there is not anything greater and more to be desired
Than when, of one mind, of one counsel, agreeing, a man and a woman
Together do manage their household, and live, each beloved and loving.
Their life is a source of much pleasure to all of their friends and admirers,
A cause of much envy to others, but they themselves know it the best.

—L.

Some Hints of a National Feeling in American Literature Before the Revolution.

Someone has said that there is but one thing more interesting than the intellectual history of a nation. It is with the development of this intellectual history of our own nation that this paper is to deal. The fathers of our literature were Englishmen who had left their homes to found a new nation upon this continent, and the literature of our Colonial period affords a splendid opportunity for studying the effects that new environments and different surroundings have on a race transplanted to a foreign soil.

The author of the first book in the American literature was that well known figure in our colonial history, Captain John Smith. The title of that book was, "A True Relation of Virginia." Captain Smith has been called an aristocrat, but there is in his writings an element which shows that he had some of the qualities of a true democrat, and in him was a foreshadowing of the modern American, the great champion of the people. Shortly after coming to this country Smith received from the English proprietors of a company for which he was working in Virginia, a letter containing many foolish complaints and commands concerning his work here. His answer was remarkable in that it sounded the note of unsubmissiveness, and right there appeared a symptom of the Declaration of Independence. This feeling of independence had sprung up and to trace its growth is to trace the growth of the national feeling.

For some time the inhabitants of Virginia took no part in the political struggles of their time, and were not interested in the advances made in science, but in Massachusetts the case was somewhat different. They were interested in outside affairs, and as a matter of fact produced writers. To this period belongs the father of American history. The inhabitants of Massachusetts were fortunate in having this historian, William Bradford, to be their governor and

moulder of their character. Bradford wrote what he knew to b true and, in many instances, of events in which he himself had taken part. He wrote of the origin of the religious dissension, and of the awful persecution which followed. "There is a charm in the simple English and in the quiet pathos of his words as he depicts the sufferings of these persecuted ones, particularly of the little congregation at Scrooby, with which the author himself was identified."

In the New England States at this time, theocracy was in full blast, and practically all of the literature before 1650 was of a religious nature. The Puritan ministers were highly educated and wrote much. Perhaps Roger Williams was the greatest of these, though there were many others who were able preachers and writers. Williams was a man of magnanimous spirit, always taking the part of the one who needed help. But the most unique figure in this period was Nathaniel Ward, the "Simple Cobbler." In him we find much humor and originality. For instance, he speaks of the long-waisted but short-skirted patience of woman.

But while at this time America possessed a number of writers and great preachers, her poets were few. Perhaps the only one of this period who really deserve the name of poet was Mrs. Anne Bradstreet. Her best poem is "Contemplations," and in this she shows a feeling for style and nature, and "in the final stanza of the poem, she rises to an altitude of noble and even stately song."

> "O Time, the fatal wreck of mortal things,
> That draws oblivion's curtains over kings:
> Their sumptuous monuments, men know them not;
> Their names without a record are forgot;
> Their parts, their ports, their pomps, all laid in th' dust;
> Nor wit, nor gold, nor buildings, scape time's rust.
> But he whose name is graved in the white stone
> Shall last and shine, when all of these are gone."

We come now to the Beginnings of Americanism. There is a foreshadowing of a new spirit in Johnson, Gookin, and Folger, the latter of whom wrote to the governors of the

colonies in behalf of liberty of conscience and tolerance for some of the persecuted sects. He denounced war in strong terms.

"If that the peace of God did rule,
With power in our heart,
Then outward war would flee away,
And rest would be our part."

The year 1676 was the dividing line in the literary and political history of America. In Virginia there was a determined outbreak against autocratic misrule and Bacon's Rebellion was the result. In New England this year witnessed the crisis in King Phillip's war, and it became evident that the white man had once for all gained the ascendency over the Indian. Prof. Moses Coit Tyler says that, "the year 1676 established two very considerable facts, namely, that English colonies in America could be so provoked as to make physical resistance to the authority of England; and second, that English colonists in America could, in the last resort, put down any combination of Indians that might be formed against them." Then they realized that the colonization of America was a permanent one, and that they were gradually drifting away from England in thought and ideals. That year determined that the English colonist should not always be colonists, but that there should be a real America, and that it should become what it is today. Our first Colonial period presents to us writings of Americans born in England, but the second Colonial period presents the writings of Americans born in America.

One of the best examples of the fact that America was drifting off from England in thought and ideals was Samuel Sewall. His diary and letters are very valuable in that they show the political, civil, and social life of his fellow-citizens. He was perhaps the first to denounce slavery as it was then practiced in New England. In "The Selling of Joseph" we find the same spirit that, one hundred and fifty years later prompted Harriet Beecher Stowe to write "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and caused Whittier and those other great

New Englanders to thunder out their injectives against this great curse. And indeed Sewall so fully covered the ground that the great abolition leaders in the middle of last century found few new arguments to advance. For instance he says: "Liberty is in real value next unto life: none ought to part with it themselves or deprive others of it, but upon most mature consideration." "All men as they are the sons of Adam, are co-heirs, and have equal right and liberty, and all other outward comforts of life." "Originally and naturally there is no such thing as slavery." "There is no proposition between twenty pieces of silver and liberty." Certainly there was a national feeling growing now, and the first sentence quoted from Sewall might well be called the text of the Declaration of Independence and the Revolutionary war.

Robert Beverly wrote a valuable history of America defending the colonists against false charges made by some of the English. It is well to note here that instinctive American feeling of self-defense.

The tone of the writings of Sarah Kemble Knight is very different from that of her English contemporaries. She has the spirit of the American woman who would today be the president of some woman's club.

Perhaps the best poet in the years immediately following 1676 was Michael Wigglesworth, whose best poem was "The Day of Doom." In describing the world just before the Judgment, he says:

"Still was the night, serene and bright,
When all men sleeping lay;
Calm was the season, and carnal reason
Thought so 'twould last for aye."

Suddenly the world's doom bursts, the sleeping sinners are awaken and Christ, the Judge, appears.

"Before His face the heavens give place
And skies are rent asunder,
With mighty voice and hideous noise,
More terrible than thunder."

Then he describes all the scenes of the Judgment and punishment.

The latter part of this period is characterized by "a growing secularization, by an intenser consciousness of the relation of letters to life, by greater freedom of individual expression, and by democratic aspiration." This growing secularization is well illustrated in the writings of John Seccomb, whose chief poem, "Father Abbey's Will," was written while he was at college, and had for its subject, "Mathew Abbey," an old servant of the college, who, dying, left all his worldly possessions to his wife:

"To my dear wife,
My joy and life,
I freely now do give her
My whole estate,
With all my plate,
Being just about to leave her."

The verses of Joseph Green were written in a humorous vein and are very trivial and whimsical. They show the downfall of Puritanism. It is wonderful that the Americans should only a generation after Cotton Mather appreciate a parody on one of their hymns as they did Green's parody on a hymn composed by Matthew Byle. In his writings there is a little note of personal satire, as was characteristic of our writers at a later date.

This increased secularization indicates the presence of a democratic spirit, which can be clearly seen in the sermons and writings of the great preachers of that period.

John Wise was the first to advance the theory of democracy in the church. His opportunity came when Cotton Mather and some of his class tried to substitute the will of the clergy for the will of the people. Wise immediately became the champion of the people, and declared that the fundamental laws of society are that the subjects should obey the masters, but that the masters should not deprive them of their lawful and determined rights and liberties. It is important to note

the entrance of this democratic spirit into the pulpit. Wise's "Vindication" is only another one of those books containing that spirit of democracy and independence which we have noted all along, and which feeling, commencing in the letter written back to England by Captain John Smith, developed and grew as the years rolled on, and finally burst forth in all its eloquence and power in that wonderful article penned by Thomas Jefferson in 1776.

This was the growth of the national feeling in the American literature.

E. K. HARDIN, JR., '04.

A Strange People.

In the year 1587 Sir Walter Raleigh made his second attempt to establish a colony on the coast of North Carolina. The first attempt was a failure. The settlers, by injudicious conduct, engendered a hostile feeling in the breasts of the Indians. A conspiracy was formed for the destruction of the colony, when, at the critical moment, Sir Thomas Drake arrived, and took the colony back to England.

But the second expedition was received kindly by the Indians. John White, who conducted it, remained only a short time and went back to England to get assistance. When he left he told the settlers that if for any reason they should abandon the post before he returned, to cut the name of the place to which they went on a tree or post, and if they were in distress, to cut a cross also. Returning home, he became involved in foreign wars and did not return for three years. When he did return, he found the place abandoned. On a tree was deeply cut the word "Croatan," but the cross was not there. Thus they had probably joined the Indian tribe of that name.

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A few miles from my home, and just within the borders of

Robeson County, North Carolina, live, what we know as the Croatans. They live in a colony and own a large part of the county. Few whites or blacks live among them, and their neighborhood, probably on account of its "tough" character, has long been known as "Black Ankle."

These people, although they have degenerated a great deal and are called mulattoes by some, were, beyond a doubt, originally pure-bred Indians. To this day, they possess nearly all the characteristics of the Indian. Their land, even now, is nearly all original forest—only a small portion of it having been cleared for farming. Passing through there at any time, one is almost sure to see some of them in the woods with guns and dogs, while the women and girls are tending the garden and patch of corn. The men, whether they have much else or not, will have their whiskey, get drunk and fight. They are quick to resent what they think is an insult, but if they like you, will do almost anything for you.

Most of the men are tall and straight, have clear-cut features, dark eyes, straight hair of raven blackness, and in color are dark brown or copper-colored. Some of the women, however, and a few of the men, are lighter in color, and, strange to say, have blue or gray eyes.

About the beginning of the Civil War, several of these Croatans killed a white man. They then defied the law and killed several officers who were sent to arrest them. This state of affairs went on until it seemed they could not be captured, and so the governor finally offered a large reward for each one of them, dead or alive. They now became a band of outlaws with Henry Berry Lowrey as their leader. They went into the swamps, remained in no one place longer than a few days at a time, and kept the surrounding country in terror. As nearly all the able-bodied white men were in the army, there was little to check the outlaws, and they very nearly worked their will. They would raid a man's farm at night and take what they wanted from his barn and meat-house. If he said nothing, his person was not molested, but if he raised any protest, he was answered by a bullet.

If they suspected that a man was acting the spy against them, it meant death, or something almost as bad, for him. But one who interfered with them in no way, was not troubled, as to bodily harm.

One old man told the writer that he was feeding his hogs in the swamp early one morning, when suddenly Henry Berry Lowrey came in sight. He rode up to him with his rifle in his hand and asked if he had been talking about him. He said he knew that his time had come—that Lowrey's purpose was to kill him. Suddenly the outlaw dismounted, walked up to him, pulled his bottle from his pocket, gave him a drink, mounted and rode off, leaving the old man in a trance.

Although these outlaws preferred getting the advantage or the drop on men, when they found themselves in a dangerous position they showed their mettle. Often, when they raided one community longer than usual, soldiers would be sent out to see if they could rout them. On one such occasion, an officer was sent out with a party of men. They found the rendezvous of the outlaws in the river-swamp and heard that they frequently passed up and down the river. Taking advantage of this information, he stationed himself and party behind a pile of driftwood near the stream and awaited results. Soon Henry Berry, rowing a small canoe, came into view around a bend of the river. Waiting until he was nearly opposite him, the officer took deliberate aim at the outlaw's breast and fired. At this, Lowrey, seemingly unhurt, tumbled out of his boat, grasped his rifle, and went wading in the direction whence the shot came, shooting as he walked. The officer, seeing he was determined to take a hand in the affair, and wanting none of his men killed, got out of the way before he came too near.

Although, as I have said, there were few men in the country and the gang had little opposition, still a man would occasionally bring in his reward. A man in Alabama, hearing of them and the large rewards placed on their heads, walked all the way to North Carolina to kill one of them. He found where they were committing their

depredations, and also a lonely hut which they frequented. He stationed himself in ambush near it, and, after waiting several nights, his chance came. A party of the outlaws came in after a raid to hold their nightly revel. Thinking themselves secure, they placed no guard at the door. Waiting until the carousal was at its height, the man crept up to the door, peeped through the "cat hole" that was made in it, and saw the musician of the occasion, lying flat on his back and picking his banjo. Taking aim through the hole, he fired at him and then beat a hasty retreat. Getting assistance, he returned. They had left and carried the body with them, but sufficient testimony remained to secure his reward.

After the war ended and the men returned home, they paid to this band of outlaws the attention due them. They were all killed or captured except two or three and these left the country, going, it was said, to the West Indies.

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During the late war of the people of Cuba for their independence, much was read and heard of their greatest general, Maceo. He was a brave and skillful leader, and, until his death, proved his capability of coping with Weyler. Like many of the Cubans, his nationality was not known. He was described as, and his photograph shows it in some respects, a man of strong, stern features, copper or "ginger cake" color, and of gigantic build. At the time of his activity, rumors were circulated in our country; for the truth of which I cannot vouch. Was the General Maceo of Cuba the former leader of the Croatan outlaws?

L. M. OLIVER.

The Supreme Court.

It is impossible to comprehend the development and growth of our constitutional system without taking into consideration the position and influence of the Supreme Court.

Of all American institutions, it is the most admirable, the most conservative, the most important. It has been truly called the "guardian of the Ark of the Constitution." It is the most impressive department of the Government. In no other nation is there anything at all analogous to it. The English courts are concerned alone with the execution of the law as it is made for them, and they have no right to criticise a law which Parliament may have passed. This is also true of France and Germany, especially so of France, where serious national disorders have been produced by influences which would have been rendered inactive by definite expression from such a tribunal. The Supreme Court is the only department which upholds the dignity and power of the Government, for the House of Representatives has been pronounced "a turbulent town meeting on a velvet carpet;" the Senate is sometimes spoken of as an aristocratic debating society; the White House has became the "executive mansion," a mere business office; and the President is approached with little more ceremony than is observed in calling upon a bank president or the president of a railroad.

In the beginning the judicial was apparently the least important of the three departments of government, its opportunity and influence were slight, its place in the government feeble and inconsequent; but now it wields a power greater than is exercised by any other judicial tribunal of the world. As has been well said: "It is a power which has no guards, palaces, or treasuries, no arms but truth and wisdom, and no splendor but its justice and the publicity of its judgments." It holds a power above that of the chief magistrate of the nation, superior to that of Congress, higher than that of any State, and equaled only by that which made or can amend the Constitution. It has such strength that it can practically make or unmake the constitutional law of the country. The supremacy of the Court is the result of a national growth, of a constant accumulation of influence, with little loss and no decay. True constitutional principles, when once correctly ascertained and interpreted, remain forever. We have not only the wisdom and learning of the magistrates who sit in

the judgment seat today, but we have the vast store of the decisions of their predecessors. The power vested in the Supreme Court flows from two principles in our system of government: first, the Constitution is the supreme law of the land; secondly, the Supreme Court is the highest authorized interpreter of the Constitution and the final arbiter of all questions arising under it.

One of the first duties to which Congress, under the new Constitution, applied itself was the organization of the judiciary. By the first judiciary act of 1789 there were to be six judges. There are now nine—a Chief Justice, with a salary of $10,500, and eight associate justices, each receiving $10,000 a year. They are appointed by the President, with the approval of the Senate, and hold office for life or during good behavior; neither the President nor, except by impeachment, the Senate or House, can remove them. Just before President Adams went out of office a bill was passed, seemingly a measure to reform the court but in reality a partisan affair and aimed at placing the whole judiciary in the hands of the Federalists. Twenty-three judgeships were inaugurated, and the President spent the last night of his term of office in appointing these so-called "midnight judges." The Republicans were indignant at this act and when they came in power this law was repealed and the judiciary was restored to its former status. During its existence only one of the justices of the Supreme Court has been impeached, (Samuel Chase, of Maryland) and he was declared not guilty. The Supreme Court sits in the chamber once occupied by the Senate; and its session begins in October and closes in July of every year. A body of learned, able, and virtuous men are selected as judges, who realize their duties and responsibilities, and rise, if need be, to the occasion.

John Jay the first Chief Justice of the United States, was appointed by Washington in 1789. He was not only one of the ablest lawyers of the country but a true statesman, and had great enthusiasm for, and thorough knowledge of, the Constitution; he seemed to be a man most peculiarly fitted for such a position. In a letter to him the President said: "In

nominating you for the important position which you now fill, I not only acted in conformity with my best judgment, but I trust I did a grateful thing to the good citizens of these United States." Very little business was transacted during the four years that John Jay presided over the Supreme Court; it was not yet awake to its full powers as a factor in the constitutional development of the nation. In 1794 Jay was sent as envoy extraordinary to England; upon his return the next year, he resigned the chief justiceship in order to become governor of New York.

John Rutledge, of South Carolina, a man of distinguished reputation, was chosen as Jay's successor, but the Senate refused to confirm the appointment as the condition of his health was such that he was not deemed fit for so important a position. William Cushing was then named, but he refused to accept; then Oliver Ellsworth, United States Senator from Connecticut, was appointed and confirmed, but he only held the position for a short time, resigning in 1801.

President John Adams had the honor of appointing the greatest Chief Justice that ever presided over our highest tribunal of justice, when he appointed John Marshall as the head of the Supreme Court; and Adams himself termed this act as his greatest claim upon the gratitude of the nation. In politics Marshall was an ardent Federalist; his keen insight had indicated to him the necessity for the nationalization of the states, he saw that the Confederation of 1781 had failed, and that the Union under the new Constitution would not succeed unless it made the United States a unity in fact. During the thirty-four years he presided over the Supreme Bench, he was called upon to decide some of the most important constitutional questions that have ever been brought before the Court. In all these cases his opinions have been pronounced masterly and his logic unexcelled. William Pinckney said, "Marshall was born to be the chief justice of any country in which he lived." His fame as a soldier, politician, and diplomatist, though great, has been cast into the shade by his illustrious fame as a judge; his judgments cover all spheres of jurisprudence, international law, treaty

rights, belligerent rights, land laws, laws of charities, trust, etc.; but his greatest fame rests upon those decisions in which the purposes and powers of the Constitution were revealed and defined. Landon says: "Chief Justice Marshall rose to the height of the contemporary and future demands of the government, and expounded the Constitution with the wisdom of the sage and the prescience of the seer. . . . Time had made the more conspicuous his merits. The keenest powers of legal criticism and analysis, focused upon his opinions for forty-nine years, had shown with what breadth and strength he had placed the nation upon the Constitution. . . . . The rebellion was, in some degree, an appeal from the judgments of Marshall to the arbitrament of war. Then it was more fully disclosed how luminous he had made the dark places in our constitutional charter of powers. In the light of his expositions the nation found authority to protect itself."

Marshall was succeeded by Roger B. Taney, of Maryland, who was at the time of his appointment the attorney-general of the United States under Jackson. Taney's political enemies called him a renegade Federalist, and said that his appointment was his reward for his obedience while Secretary of the Treasury, to President Jackson. But he was an honest man and a great judge, and history will assign to him a place on the Supreme Court next to Marshall alone. He was called upon to decide many cases of great importance, and his opinions are models of clear and orderly discussion and are of admirable literary form. The most celebrated case decided by Chief Justice Taney was the Dred Scott Case, in which the majority of the Supreme Court held that a free negro, whose ancestors were slaves, could not be a citizen of the United States; Taney's decision was not caused by want of human feeling, but was the natural result of his political principles. Maryland, Taney's native state, recognizing the purity of his public and private life and his exalted character as a judge, has placed his statue in bronze before the state house at Annapolis; and Baltimore has re-

cently erected a statue of him in bronze in one of the most beautiful squares of that city.

President Lincoln appointed Salmon P. Chase as the next incumbent of this high office. Mr. Chase was a man of remarkable ability; he had been the leader of a great political party, a distinguished senator, governor of a state, a brilliant Secretary of the Treasury, but as a lawyer he did not rank very high, and had practically abandoned practicing for fifteen years when he was called to the Chief Justiceship. He at once went to work and familiarized himself with the Supreme Court and his duties, so that when he took his position as presiding judge he was fully equipped. He sat in the Chief Justice's chair only about eight years, but he proved himself an able judge, and worthy successor of Taney; he spent much time and patience in the preparations of his opinions.

President Grant appointed Morrison R. Waite, of Ohio, as the successor of Chief Justice Chase, in 1874. He was fifty-eight years old, and had won an exalted reputation as a sound and solid lawyer. He sat on the bench for thirteen years and had the utmost confidence of his associates, but he was not called upon, like his predecessors, to decide many important constitutional questions.

Melville W. Fuller, the present Chief Justice, was appointed by President Cleveland in 1888. It is the first important public office he has ever held; but he was a lawyer of high standing in Chicago, and greatly esteemed for his personal and intellectual powers.

Every one must be impressed with the influence and power which the Supreme Court has and the great good it has done the country in deciding great questions so dispassionately; no doubt it is the greatest department of our government and the one upon which we can always rely for truth. It is an institution peculiarly American and has by its wisdom and justice gained the confidence of the people, who realize that it is the source of our equilibrium and stability.

B. A. B.

A Comparison With a Promise.

The closing decade of the nineteenth century witnessed two important events in the world of English literature—the passing away of the great, loving Tennyson, and the sudden appearance of another star in the firmament of English letters. The splendid success of Mr. Stephen Phillips as a poet and the almost universal recognition now accorded him remind one very forcibly of the early poetry of Alfred Tennyson.

Mr. Phillips is now thirty-four years of age. Let us notice briefly what Tennyson had accomplished at that age, what Mr. Phillips has accomplished, and a few of the most prominent relative and absolute qualities of the poetry of each during his period of apprenticeship.

At this age, Tennyson had published three volumes of poetry, the most important of which is the "Volume of 1842." This volume includes the poems which he had written up to that time, which he considered worthy of preservation. It has been called "a volume of representative poems," as every phase of his art, his themes, his treatment, and his doctrines here finds a permanent expression. *The Dying Swan* is exquisitely musical; in *Love and Death*, he turns to psychological questions; the lyrical sweetness of 'Break, break, break' he has hardly excelled; patriotism, pathos, love, and life, all prey upon the young poet's mind, and all are here embodied in verse. The volume gave definite promise of a master-artist, if not a master poet.

Mr. Phillips's claims to distinction rest upon a thin volume of poems published in 1897, and upon three poetical dramas, *Paolo and Francesca*, *Herod*, and *Ulysses*, all published since 1899. Critics very generally agree that these productions mark the advent into the English world of letters of a force more striking and more original than any that has entered it since Tennyson laid down his pen for the last time.

Poets have been divided into two classes: poets of art, and

poets of energy—those who have raised themselves to a respectable or even exalted level by constant study and close application to their work, and those works seem simply the outburst of feeling, of sympathy with human life around them. Of course, it is impossible to draw a definite line and say that this poet is exclusively a poet of art, or that that poet is altogether a poet of energy. For all art must be inspired by energy, and all energy must be expressed with art. But within certain limits this division may be accepted. Taking the two poets before us, we class Tennyson as a poet of art and Phillips as a poet of energy. One supreme impression made by a continuous reading of Tennyson's early poems is that he was essentially an artist. We feel everywhere the labored effort after growth, after smoothness of finish, after beauty of expression, after perfection of construction. Though he sympathizes with the feelings, the sentiments, and even the struggles of man, we cannot rid ourselves of the impression that feeling is always subordinated to art—that he is an artist first, and then a poet. The poetry of Mr. Phillips, on the other hand, is characterized by depth of feeling rather than by art-effects—it seems almost a violent explosion of intense, revolutionary sympathy with human passion and human experience. We see the tragedy of life enacted before us; we hear the cry of a soul in mortal agony. We lay down his poems with the feeling that the saddest sight in all the world is that of a soul starved to death or overcome by the powers of darkness.

Closely akin to this difference of effect, and perhaps the cause of it, is another distinction—that of subject matter. Tennyson the poet of nature and Phillips the poet of humanity move in widely separated spheres—they touch life at differerent points. The one sees beauty, the other sees life; the one seeks harmony, the other seeks vigor; the one seeks beauty of detail, the other seeks the effect of the whole. Tennyson shuts himself up to books and nature; Phillips touches and feels and expresses the great throbbing life in the world around him.

In one respect Tennyson has a decided advantage over

Phillips, that is, in the breadth and diversity of his genius. Mr. Phillips has seemed limited to the great questions that pertain to death and life, the grave, and the soul, and has no sense of humor whatever. Tennyson's genius is like John Wesley's parish—it embraces the world. Metaphysics, love, patriotism, sentiment—all find a spokesman in this cosmopolitan genius. He takes time to listen to the purling of the brook, to laugh with Will Waterproof, to weep with the May Queen, and to speak a word of consolation to thousands of suffering men around him.

To sum up: Tennyson the poet of art, Phillips the poet of energy; Tennyson the poet of nature, Phillips the poet of humanity; Tennyson characterized by the sweep of his genius, Phillips by his intensity of feeling. The literary world waits eagerly, almost impatiently, to see whether Mr. Phillips will take up and carry on the work which Tennyson has laid down; whether he will prove another great expression of the dominant ethical spirit of English literature; whether this brilliant promise, whom we have tried to compare with an achievement, shall blossom into a permanent reality.

D. S. MURPH.

Shakespeare and the Common People.

Enough authentic history has been handed down to us to demonstrate that Shakespeare was not a born aristocrat. He was not, it is true, yet, to the reader who knew nothing of his birth, the necessary conclusions reached would be that his early life had been passed in ease and luxury, and that his intimate acquaintances were those in the highest walks of life.

Let us for awhile endeavor to show how he used the common people and also how he looked upon them. It must not be thought that Shakespeare ever treated lightly any generous impulse or noble aspiration of any man who occupied an inferior position in life. The argument has been advanced that Shakespeare laughed at and ridiculed the masses by

reason of the fact that he had passed out of his former sphere (one of poverty and privation) into one of power and influence. But not so. He did so merely because he wished to cater to the wishes of the royal families of England.

It was not a spirit of prejudice that prompted him to draw most of his ordinary characters in the most ridiculous light. He wrote to please and he was fully cognizant that the prevailing sentiment among the crown-heads, and all those in high station, was a spirit of cool contempt for the masses. This is very evident in his treatment of Jack Cade's rebellion and in Falstaff's recruiting of such soldiers as Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, and Bull-calf. In these cases and in all others in which the portrayal of the common people is attempted, Shakespeare is the deliberate autocrat, conscious of his power, who, with the eye of a connoisseur, views their actions, and finds in them material only for laughter.

For us to find out Shakespeare's attitude to the mob,—the "*hoi polloi*"—we have only to read the play Julius Cæsar. Here the crowd is swayed to and fro as a field of grain is stirred by an ever-changing breeze. The vacillation so characteristic of any crowd is well portrayed and Shakespeare seems very bitter in his satirical treatment. His attitude seems to have changed somewhat. He no longer quietly ridicules, for apparently he looks upon them with the bitterest contempt.

The dramatic artist has a passion for concrete reality. In every sense of the word was Shakespeare a dramatic artist, choosing rather to bring in the common people in all their penury and have them utter their own thoughts and emotions than to have astute lords and brilliant dukes philosophize learnedly about the interests and attitude of the common people to the government. How much better did this plan succeed and how much more satisfactorily did his royal hearers satisfy the inherent principle of desiring to see the illiterate and despised common people occupy a position of subserviency, even a superficial reader of his plays must realize.

In The "Tempest," Caliban, a deformed slave, represents

the lower or bestial element in our nature. Here Shakespeare again laughs at the insincerity and hypocrisy of pretended civilization. He makes Stephano, the drunken butler, say many things which point to the fact that Shakespeare had very little confidence in the many blessings that a false civilization based upon the people professes to confer.

In Euripides' "Iphigenia at Aulis," the chorus served quite the same purpose that the common people did in the plays of Shakespeare. Each of them makes common-place remarks which serve to set forth clearly the peculiar and dramatic circumstances under which the different events are enacted. The chorus also served to relieve the tension of the audience, to soothe the excited feelings of the hearers.

Shakespeare looked upon the common people much as the modern politician does upon that class of people in our country who are analogous to the peasantry in France. The modern politician believes that by the mere force of oratory alone he can sway the masses to and fro in whatsoever direction his whimsical fancy may dictate. Brutus first and Antony afterward carried the crowd with them.

X.

Romanticism Made Permanent in France by Victor Hugo's "Hernani."

Romantic literature in France had a harder battle to fight for its birth in the nineteenth century than either of the other two great intellectual countries of Europe, which accounts for the tardiness of Romantic literature in the nineteenth century in France compared with Germany and England. Germany had no classic literature of which to rid herself in taking up the Romantic movement. In comparison with England and France, Germany possessed no great writers in prose or poetry until after the middle of the eighteenth century. Therefore, having no great classic literature to lay aside for the beginning of Romantic literature, Romanticism

began earlier in Germany than either of the other two countries. Next came England. Here the task was somewhat harder. England was different from Germany in that she had her great classic writers, some of whom were still a living influence. In emancipating herself from classic literature, England was helped a great deal by earlier Romantic writers, such as Shakespeare and Milton, who were far greater than any of her classic writers. Next came France. Here the task was still harder. France was unlike Germany, for she already possessed an influential body of classic writers, and unlike England in that she had no great Romantic writers of previous times. So the French Romantic movement had no help in fighting its way, such as the English or German had, therefore its battle was a much harder fought one.

It was not until 1825, after some hesitation, that Victor Hugo openly gave his adherence to the Romantic movement. Before this he "seemed unaccountably to be hesitating, temporising, hanging back." Before 1825, he declared that he was entirely ignorant of what either the Romantic style or the classic style was. But after this date, Madame Hugo says, he "resolutely unfurls the standard of liberty in literature."

Shakespeare's dramas were the first Romantic dramas that found their way upon the French stage. In 1822 a company of English actors endeavored to perform some of Shakespeare's plays in Paris but met with an organized opposition. The attempt was renewed in 1827, and by this time the Romantic movement had made much progress. But it had not "moved the nation's heart," for these were foreign plays and were for the "cultivated few only."

Now since Shakespeare "had cleared the way," it was left Victor Hugo to first stir the "nation's heart," in Romanticism by the presentation of "Hernani," which he wrote in about one month. This was the work that was really to move the "nation's heart." It was to meet all kinds of opposition from all sides carried on by the classics. For "Hernani" violated nearly every old rule of the stage. Saintsbury, in

speaking of "Hernani," says, "The whole balance and rhythm of the individual line is altered. In short, the whole theory of the drama was altered." The Romantic idea was to make literature cease to be wearisome. That is, they dare to attempt to renovate French literature by departing from classic rules and models, substituting a varied and very irregular verse for the monotonous Alexandrines of the old school. Now the classics did not intend to allow all their rules concerning the drama to be laid aside and discarded by this new literary movement without a struggle. They declared that the Romanticists were made up of "rough and fierce vagabonds," which was quite untrue, as they were well educated and of good families. Some of the chief supporters of the Romantic movement at this time, who gathered around Hugo as their leader, are Petrus Borel, Balzac, Berlioz, Auguste Marquet, Preault, Jean du Seigneur, and Joseph Bouchardy. These are some of the young men who volunteered when Hugo called for volunteers to support the presentation of "Hernani" and carry forward the Romantic movement, which was a movement, as they declared, for liberalism in literature. They were sincere in their work, and a brave army of men to have faced all they were compelled to face. Victor Hugo declared, "if the romantics had been thieves, murderers, and monsters of crime, they could not have been exposed to severer objurgations!"

The classic spirit, holding sway at this time, made it difficult for Victor Hugo, in getting "Hernani" presented to the public. The classics had obtained in some way scraps and detached passages of "Hernani," during its rehearsals, which were ridiculed in order to bring the play into contempt. A parody on the play was performed at a vaudeville several days before the play was given to the public. The report of the census was very harsh indeed and pointed out place after place where Hugo should correct his play. Even the performers were hostile. Mlle. Mars, the great tragic actress who acted the part of Doña Sol, interrupted the rehearsals day after day and called for Victor Hugo and worried him with poetical suggestions.

At the very last moment the claqueurs, who are paid applauders in a French theatre and direct the popular enthusiasm, could not be depended upon. It was feared that these men, "in their passionate attachment to the tragedy of the old school," and who had always been in the service of the classics, might hiss instead of applaud the play. Victor Hugo decided to have no paid applauders, but to call for volunteers. Gerard de Nerval acted as "recruiting sergeant," and the army of men, which have already been mentioned with Hugo as their leader, quickly volunteered. These young students of French literature, upon whom the future literature of France depended, came forward and declared that they had "resolved to take their stand upon the rugged mount of Romanticism, and valiantly to defend its passes against the assaults of the classics." They were each given a ticket with the Spanish word, hierro, "iron" inscribed in the corner. These young men requested that they be permitted to enter the theatre before the general public was, in order that they might preoccupy the obscure places where the "hissers" might place themselves. Their request was granted provided that they all be at the door at three o'clock. So anxious were they to be successful in every way, that they gathered before the door at noon. They had dressed themselves in every mode and fashion conceivable, except the mode and fashion of that day. The people passing by would stop and gaze at them with amazement. Madame Hugo says, they were "strange, uncouth, bearded, longhaired, dressed in loose waistcoats, in Henry III. bonnets, having every century and every country upon their shoulders and heads." They were admitted into the theatre at two o'clock in the afternoon of Feb. 25th, 1830, a day that one has said, "will ever be memorable in theatrical annals as being the occasion of a battle, that, in its own field, may be compared in importance with Marengo or Austerlitz." Now the public was not to enter until seven, and the question was how this long interval was to be spent. They had come provided with refreshments and they passed the time away eating their eggs, sausages, ham, etc., strongly flavored with garlic,

and drinking their wine and singing songs. So when the audience arrived they were greeted with a most pleasant smell of garlic. The classics began to arrive, and here the two enemies had met face to face ready for a battle. They stared at each other with angry looks, and their anger increased every moment, which would no doubt have ended in blows if the curtain had not risen when it did.

In the very first act, loud protestations were heard on all sides from the classics. They continued their protestations against the words during the whole performance of the play. Although there was a storm of hisses during most of the play, it was a great victory for romanticism, for the admirable vigor of the verse had its due effect. The long speech of Charles the Fifth before the tomb of Charlemagne produced a great and continued applause. While the applause continued, a publisher called Hugo outside of the theatre and offered him 6000 francs for the right to publish the play and insisted that the bargain be closed at once. For he told Hugo that at the end of the second act he had intended offering him 2000 francs, and at the end of the third 4000 francs, and he was afraid that at the end of the fifth he might offer him 10,000 francs. Hugo accepted the publisher's offer and was paid 6000 francs immediately, which came at a very good time, for his whole possession at that time was only about fifty francs. The fifth act met with greater applause than any other, and thus the first perfomance came to a successful close.

The play continued to be played night after night, holding its ground, notwithstanding the ridicule with which it was to be greeted. It became quite fashionable to go and laugh at this Romantic drama. There is not a line, or even a half line, that has not been ridiculed. But "youth carried the day, with Freedom and Romance as its watchword; Hernani was the symbol of a cause and as such it was acclaimed, quite apart from its merits."

The play was not withdrawn from the stage until June 18, 1830, when Mdlle. Mars required a holiday. Thus it had been for forty-five nights, that the actors and the young Ro-

manticists had stood their ground and had seen that each performance had had a successful end. As one has said, "Thus was fought and won the great battle, or rather campaign, 'of Hernani'. Romantic drama had made good its position on the French stage." For wherever "Victor Hugo's drama has made good its footing, the miserable thistles and artificial flowers of the false classic style have never again been seen."

DAVE C. STROTHER.

An Awful Night.

There are some experiences which we will not believe to be real until we have actually passed through them. When such an occurrence comes upon any one, he is usually plunged to the opposite extreme: he no longer doubts the unusual or marvelous. The one who passed through the wild, ghostly tragedy about to be related firmly believes in the probability of "No Haid Pawn," and haunted houses are considered by him to be as common and ordinary as barns and shops.

The writer has been requested to have placed in cold print the following account, which was first told to a group of college boys while the midnight moonlight heightened the effect. He realizes that it is not healthful to recall the terrible crisis through which we have passed, and so kept down all thoughts concerning this one until its vividness had, to some extent, lost its hurtful influence.

In the summer after my Sophmore year, I had the honor to be a book-agent. My territory was Lexington County, S. C., and part of Richland. I had finishing canvassing and delivering the books, and was on the return to Columbia from my last trip to the "Dutch Fork" of Lexington. It was the 16th of September, and I was thinking of how near the time was to return to college. Suddenly I was aroused by a heavy clap of thunder, and a few drops of rain almost hissed as they fell in the sandy road. Soon the sky was black, the wind rose to a tempest, and the dust was fearful'

I hoped to reach a friendly shelter, but anyone who has traveled that road knows how "few and far between" the houses are. I had ridden several miles, and the rain which succeeded the dust fairly drove me up to the first house I came to, which was on the right-hand side of the road. Besides, it was getting late, so I could not hope to reach Columbia that night. The rain depressed my spirits, and I was ready for shelter of any kind.

The dreary-looking house did not keep me from driving a hundred yards from the road to reach it. Through the drenching rain I waded up the front walk and knocked on the door. It gave forth a peculiar, hollow sound. As I was in the tall-columned, empty porch, I was somewhat sheltered, so waited some time before I knocked again. I was about to knock the third time, as a whiff of the gale blew the rain into my face, when someone on the inside feebly pulled on the knob and peeped out. Then the gaunt figure of an aged man thrust the door wide open and demand a certain sum of money before he would hear to letting me tarry. He struck me as being very mean and stingy, and left me to put my horse and buggy under a dilapidated shelter in the weed grown yard.

All this time, there was almost silence about the place, though the wind and rain were still running rampant. After a scanty lunch of crackers and water in a dimly-lighted dining-room, my strange host suddenly became agitated, and coming close to me, said: "I have nobody to stay in this house with me, as a usual thing, by day or night, except skeletons." As he uttered the word "skel-e-tons," he groaned; then raising his bony finger, he said: "They are my only friends. All the rooms in this old house are full of them, except one upstairs. I do not allow but four in a room, and this has only two." I am not a "scary" person; but I must confess my blood seemed to cease to flow, and I felt suddenly sick. "Why do you live this way?" I at length ventured to remark. He fixed his eagle eyes on me and chuckled as if enjoying a sweet morsel.

I was glad to get out of the stifling, empty supper-room,

when my strange host took the dim candle and led the way up the narrow stairs to the second floor room. He opened the door, motioned to me to go in, then thrust the candle in just long enough for me to see two grinning skeletons of men upon the walls. I determined to get my horse and go on from such a place, but the beating-in of the wind and rain at the window as I raised a sash only too plainly told me that I would have to spend the night in the foul-smelling room, and make friends with the two skeletons that darted back into life with each successive lightning-flash. I can hardly tell why I put my pistol under my pillow of straw as I sank to sleep even amid such weird surroundings. In fact, I had been tired for several days by the monotony and jading-effect of riding as a book-agent in the summer.

Suddenly a vivid dream came upon my troubled fancy: it seemed I had fallen from some lofty height into a great deep pool, and that some fiend was trying to strangle me, instead of helping my fearful struggle for life. Suddenly I awoke, a strong gush of wind had chased away the fleeing clouds, had violently thrown open the blind of this south window of the room, and the moon was shining—shining so that my startled senses could perceive one of the skeletons hanging by its bony neck on the wall and—lifting its bony arm—and pointing at me! Coming after the dream, it seemed only an invention of my fevered fancy, but all doubts vanished when I heard every bone in that skeleton rattle upon its fellow. All the time that bony arm would raise itself up and point at me, until the other skeleton, too, seemed to be alive, and to vie with the former in this strange movement. I deliberatety turned away from looking at them, hid my eyes, and tried to stop my ears,—but now they both rattled louder than before.

I must have been thoroughly scared for I had not heard the door open, when a pistol shot caused me to jump to my feet. Before five seconds had passed, the bony-fingered fiend who had bewitched me into such a state had fired five shots, the second struck my shoulder; I heard him shriek a a curse as he tried to back out of the door and load his pistol

a second time; I had grabbed mine, and almost out of my head with excitement fired the pistols at one of the skeletons! The weapon then dropped from my trembling hands to the floor; I dimly remember picking it up again and firing at the door; by this time the lunatic from the outside had reloaded, and crazily came advancing into the room on me, his eyes flashing Satanic fire! He was as much wrought-up as I, and I remember I could not hear the rattling of the skeletons after he entered the room. Sooner than it takes to tell it, I got in a dark corner of the room, and after firing two more shots point blank, his pistol snapped, and as he darted back behind the door I shot and—he fell against the door to the floor. In my haste I had shot the last ball from my pistol; he was only slightly wounded, and with the fury of a tiger came rushing upon me, as I had sunk on the pile of straw. I sank because he had wounded me; I was bleeding profusely, but was too excited to know it.

Not in accounts of savage war or the struggle of demons have I seen anything to equal the maniacal onslaught of my strange host. My strength seemed at first unequal to his, and like a tiger he sought to make my wound mortal with his teeth and nails. It must have been an hour and a half before I gained the double victory over loss of blood from the wound and over the most furious, skillful, and strongest lunatic, physically, with whom I have ever had to deal. I finally overpowered him, as youth in the end will naturally triumph in a physical contest with age; I bound the old, and now exhausted, lunatic, with what ropes and cloths I could find. He was so exhausted he became quiet, almost unconscious, and groans because of his painful wound were all he had strength to utter. Though I was still weak, when daylight came (what a relief it was to see the sun once more!) I managed to harness my horse and drag my captive to my buggy and put him in. I noticed that the skeletons had a more pleasing appearance by daylight, and as if the breath of life had but lately departed from them.

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As I proceeded toward Columbia, to place my now pite-

ously weeping captive in the lunatic asylum, I thought "What could be the explanation of all this?" Last summer Dr. Babcock unfolded the answer to the writer. In brief it is as follows: Six or seven years ago this lunatic had been the possessor of a happy family and a beautiful "home-place" on State Road, above Charleston. He always "took in" belated travelers free, until one night two who had taken advantage of his hospitality robbed his house, murdered his family, and burned the dwelling over their remains, while he barely managed to escape and to see from a distance, in the lonely woods that surrounded his dwelling for miles, the flames destroying his home. Crazed with grief, he wandered to Columbia, and secured this old house with the intention of having vengeance on "all men, for having treated him so cruelly." He is now, thanks to Dr. Babcock, stronger and saner and younger than he was five years ago: but he has never disclosed how he caused those lifeless bones to point at me, or those skeletons to rattle!

REIZTNAD, Z. W., '02.

A Politician with Ideas.

(Anniversary Oration from Calhoun Society, Feb. 22, 1902.)

"In the middle of the last century, two Irish adventurers crossed over into England in search of their fortunes. Rare fellows they were bringing treasure with them; but finding it somehow hard to get upon the market; traders with a curious cargo, offering edification in exchange for a living, concealing the best of English under a rich brogue. They were Edmund Burke and Oliver Goldsmith." To develop the parallelism suggested in these happy words of Mr. Woodrow Wilson; to follow with curious eyes the lives, the successes, the failures, of each of these men, the one entering the abstract field of literature, the other, the concrete field of politics; to compare these characters in the different stages of their development; to linger over their friendship during the literary reign of Dr. Johnson at the

Turk's Head; and finally to examine the legacy which each has left to posterity—this, I say, would be a most pleasant as well as instructive task. But this would be too broad a field for our present purpose, and we must limit ourselves this evening to a consideration of Edmund Burke and his relation to the French Revolution. When we remember that the distinctive characteristic of Burke's political writings is, in the language of Matthew Arnold, that "they are saturated with ideas," and that the French Revolution is the greatest of all political, social, and moral upheavals, we shall readily see that the subject before us is one of undying interest.

But in order for us to enter into the proper sympathy with Burke the politician, it is necessary, first of all, to bestow at least a passing glance on Burke the man—his life, his character, his habits, his surroundings. Born in Ireland in 1729, he was liberally educated according to the standards of his day, graduating from Trinity College in 1748.

After crossing the Channel into England he began the study of law. He studied law in its relation to human affairs, thus foreshadowing that intense practicality of nature which was afterwards to become characteristic of all his theories of government. After some years of which little is known except that he became acquainted with some of the political leaders of the time, he was elected to Parliament in 1765. During this year he made his first speech, in which his broad information and comprehensiveness of view, as well as his mastery of detail, became evident.

In 1780, he failed of reëlection to Parliament, because, differing with his constituents, he had the manhood to vote according to reason and judgment instead of pandering to the public will. But the years he had spent in Parliament had not been fruitless, for they had witnessed the production of the celebrated speech, "On Conciliation with America," the one "On American Taxation," and the famous "Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol." In these papers he had constituted himself the champion of American rights and liberties

and had almost won the title of "Political Prophet," a title which affairs seemed to justify.

During Burke's public career, his marvelous store of knowledge, his keen insight into political conditions, and the sheer weight of his intellectual genius marked him a leader among men. To these intellectual qualities he added that other essential to leadership in that day, oratory. Whenever he touched a subject with his keen analytical powers, balanced it with his smooth antitheses, added an appeal to the human heart, and threw over it the glamor of his fine imagination, then was it lifted from the plane of abstract thought into the plane of concrete human action—it was transferred from the sphere of the speculative philosopher to the sphere of the practical statesman. Burke's own words concerning Charles Townshend are applicable to himself: "He knew better by far than any man I ever was acquainted with, how to bring together within a short time all that was necessary to establish, to illustrate, and to decorate that side of the question which he supported."

We are told that Burke as a school-boy was very fond of Cicero—that he made the old Latin orator his model. Perhaps it would not be too much to say that Burke occupies the same relative position in English literature that Cicero occupies in Latin literature. But there is this essential difference: In nearly all Cicero's writings we detect the mercenary spirit; we are never quite able to rid ourselves of the idea that Cicero is sometimes insincere—that he will speak with as much facility on one side of a question as on the other; in other words, that personal ambition with him is the determining principle. On the other hand, we can trace sincere conviction and an honest conscientiousness of purpose through all Burke's writings.

So, to sum up: We have here a man liberally educated, intensely practical, endowed with fine reasoning powers, broad information, oratorical excellence, and keen foresight, and, above all, obedient to conviction of duty. With this light on his character, let us turn to that mooted question, Burke's relation to the French Revolution.

But perhaps the most intelligible and intelligent way in which to approach this subject is to institute a comparison between Burke's attitude towards the American Revolution and his attitude towards the French Revolution. By many competent statesmen of the day, not only in France, but also in England and America, these two upheavals were regarded as almost identical in motive power, in purpose, and in extent. The common principle for which America had contended and for which France was now pouring out its life-blood was the liberty of the individual; the purpose, the immediate removal of the tryanical power; the extent, the boundaries, each of its own country. Keeping this in mind, we shall see that it is somewhat difficult to reconcile, on a superficial glance, Burke's apparently conflicting views on these two great events.

From the beginning of the troubles which led to the American Revolution, Burke had taken the part of the colonists; throughout the struggle he consistently and logically maintained his position; and he lived to see the triumph of his principles at its close. Twenty years later, when the people of France rose in their degradation and desperation and sought to break the fetters and cast off the shackles that bound them to a life of ignorance and poverty, they found their most formidable English opponent in Edmund Burke. What now has become of his doctrine advanced in connection with American Revolution that in all disputes between the people and their rulers, "the presumption is at least upon a par in favor of the people?" Where now is that fine sentiment that, "Whenever the people have a feeling they commonly are in the right?" Can it be that this champion of liberty has deliberately turned his back on the people and is supporting the cause of tyranny?

We shall not attempt to show that Burke's actions in the one case are consistent with those in the other. Perhaps consistency of actions is not the only criterion by which a man's life should be judged. Though consistency be a jewel, perhaps it is not the only jewel nor the brightest one. However that may be, laying aside the question of the consist-

ency or inconsistency of his definite actions, let us consider for a few minutes the principles which form the basis of his actions under both conditions. We shall find that there are several broad, comprehensive currents of thought and opinion running through his discourses on both subjects—that the fundamental ideas of both are the same, though they find different modes of expression in each case.

First, let us notice Burke in his relation to the English Constitution. Though an Irishman by birth, he early learned to love the Constitution as few native-born Englishmen have done. This love indeed amounted to veneration and even to reverence. Most sacredly he cherished this corner-stone of government, and any attempt to change it was always watched by him with a vigilant eye and held in check with a strong, controlling hand. In the struggle with America, he perceived that the Americans were the real upholders of the Constitution, that their position was the truly English position, that the people of England in fighting America were striking a blow at their own liberties. The policy of the Crown as regards America, if pushed a little farther, would deprive British citizens of the rights and privileges of which they had boasted for so many years. The leaders of the French Revolution, on the other hand, were not content with overthrowing their own monarchy and setting up a republic at home, but constituted themselves the champions of "all peoples against all kings." Burke, with prophetic insight, discerned this tendency long before his contemporaries and began to prepare England against its advances. The sequel showed that he was none too early. Had the invasion of England by French ideas been successful, had the slow-moving but determined English been once aroused, it is difficult to say what the result would have been. How much of the credit for this escape of the government from disruption is due to Burke? I shall not attempt to say—it may be that the English Constitution to-day is a monument to his memory.

And now, turning to another phase of this question, we observe that Burke was always the apostle of expediency.

To his credit be it said that he taught more than a century ago the idea which has since come to be recognized as a fundamental doctrine of good government, viz.: The government should always conform to the temper, the character, and the surroundings of the people and not attempt to bend them out of their nature and subject them to artificial restrictions. Burke would lay down no general maxims which were not subject to exceptions and modifications: circumstances were the plumb-line by which all theories of government were to be tested. A man may have a right to warm himself when he is cold, but he has no right to set fire to his neighbor's house to kindle a flame. So a theory which was suitable to America may be altogether unfitted for France. If Burke was the champion of liberty, it was a liberty connected with order and justice. If the court of England in the case of America divorced liberty from justice, they found Burke crying out for justice; if the National Assembly of France, in their mad craze for liberty, forgot the primitive elements of order, they found Burke thundering upon them his powerful anathemas and biting invectives. Indeed, Burke often left the cold, intellectual field of law and appealed to the higher and broader feelings of the human heart. He himself said that "law is only beneficence acting by rule." If he sees mankind oppressed and threatened with slavery in America, his great loving heart throbs with sympathy; if he sees the representative of an honored and established monarchy in France dragged in the dust of humiliation and degradation, his sympathy is none the less deep, none the less sincere. So we see that this great doctrine of expediency is another connecting link between the treatises on America and the "Reflections on the French Revolution."

And again, let us seek Burke's conception of religion and the relation of church and state and see what effects, whether positive or negative, this may have had on his attitude towards France and America. In order for the rulers of the state to give their best service, "they should have high and worthy notions of their function and destination," says

Burke, "they should not look to the palfry pelf of the moment, nor to the temporary and transient praise of the vulgar, but to a solid, permanent existence, in the permanent part of their nature, and to a permanent fame and glory, in the example they leave as a rich inheritance to the world." Then, too, as obedience is the first lesson in learning to command, so our rulers must learn to respect a higher authority if they would demand respect for themselves. Moreover, the dignity of the church if upheld by the state is another step in the promulgation of universal virtue and hence of good government. These principles the new government of France openly disdained; on the contrary, they confiscated the property of the church, fostered atheism, and encouraged vice in every form. So we agree that as far as the enforce-forcement of this principle is concerned, Burke was justifiable in his position towards France. But, you say, Burke's propositions rests upon a supposed connection between church and state, and such was not the condition of affairs in America. True, but we turn again to the great doctrine of expediency—of the influence of circumstances. The population of England, which furnished Burke's illustrations, was homogeneous—the English were united as far as predilections of government and religion were concerned—and a union of church and state were perfectly natural. On the other hand, the population of America was heterogeneous—all nations, all races, all religions were represented among its citizens—and a union of church and state was neither practicable nor desirable. But public opinion in America took the place of law in England, and although there was no established church in America, the whole tenor of her life was towards religion and morality. So on this point also we must acquit Burke of the charge of inconsistency.

The last, and perhaps the most distinctively characteristic, principle of Burke's political philosophy remains to be considered: it is the great doctrine of conservatism. In all phases of his political life, in all his treatises on political subjects, Burke displays an adulation for the past, a rever-

ence for the established order of things, which, viewed with the search-light of modern criticism, appears almost fanatical. According to Burke, the present order of things represents all that was good, all that was expedient, all that was worth while, in statesmanship in the past, fused and condensed by the hand of tradition into one mass, and handed down to us as a glorious inheritance from our forefathers. The people naturally respect what is old and established, and if we destroy this object of their respect, we find it hard to replace it with another. "It is with infinite caution," says Burke, "that any man ought to venture upon pulling down an edifice which has answered in any tolerable degree for ages the common purposes of society, or on building it up again, without having models and patterns of approved utility before his eyes." But we must not understand that Burke was not in spirit a reformer. Only, that reform must be tempered, softened, chastened by due respect for the past. He tells us that "to innovate is not to reform," and that we must "approach to the faults of the state as to the wounds of a father, with pious awe and trembling solicitude." It is easy now to see why he so violently attacked the French Revolution; why he denounced it as "a chaos of levity and ferocity;" why he denominated its leaders as "a den of braves and banditti;" for the movement was an embodiment of principles diametrically opposed to these. As he himself said, their whole duty seemed to them to consist in destruction. On the other hand, the Americans were seeking the destruction of no government, but were merely struggling for the rights guaranteed to them by the constitution under which they lived. Theirs was really the conservative position, while the English Crown was seeking to introduce innovation. America stood for the established order of things, while England sought unlawfully to extend its prerogatives.

I have attempted this evening to show somewhat of the personality of Edmund Burke; I have attempted to outline the position of the greatest thinker of the eighteenth century on the two great political events of his age; I have attempted

to show that his apparent inconsistency is only superficial and that the underlying principles of both positions are identical. I cannot hope to have covered the field; I cannot hope to have exhausted the subject. My most sanguine expectations can only be that I aroused on the part of someone some intelligent desire to enter more deeply, more thoroughly, into some phase or phases of this subject. To such an one I wish to say: You are approaching a subject eternally fraught with human interest, for we must remember that Burke is preeminently a politician with ideas; that he is not a partisan, but a statesman; that he has not written for a generation, but for all time; that he has vivified and vitalized the fleeting questions of an hour by infusing and instilling into them the everlasting, undying principles of universal state-craft.

The Face of His Mother.

The legislature of a certain state was in session and the bill for discussion was one of vast importance. The State was buried in debt and the question of the day was how to relieve it. The debt was of long standing and on account of the pressing expenses of each year it was impossible to lessen it. The plan of some of the members was to subject the State to a heavy tax and so pay it off quickly. It so happened that the house was pretty evenly divided on this matter. Of the one hundred and twenty-one members sixty were for and sixty against the measure. The property owners did not wish to bear the brunt of the ill-will of the other element which the tax could not materially hurt. So the sixty-first vote was eagerly sought after. John Shipman, the youngest member in the body, found himself an exceedingly popular man. From a position of obscurity he became the most courted man in the assembly. The leaders of the two branches came from the same county that he did and each asked his support though in a different manner.

Let us digress a little with the leaders to better understand

the cause of the bill. Major Farrum, the leader of those in favor of the taxation was a man of unscrupulous character and whose chief quality was the intensity of his hate. The object of this hatred was Col. Shipman the leader of the opposition, a worthy man and one who possessed the respect of his fellows not only on account of his abilities but on account of the uprightness of his character. These two men had been political opponents for years. They were from the same town and had graduated at the same college. In college they were opposed to each other in everything. They ranked above their class-mates in natural ability so it was not surprising that in the matter of honors they should have been ranked against each other, but it so happened that when there was only enough for one Shipman received that. If two men were needed however, both were called. It continued thus after each began the practice of law in their home town. When the race was made for the legislature both went receiving an equal number of votes. They were returned for several successive terms, and when a vacancy came by the death of the Congressional Representative from that district it was not strange to see the two names put forward by their respective friends. The race was exciting. Their friends were driven almost to the verge of fighting when the two faced each other on the stump. The circuit had been made and now both were back at their home-place prepared to make the valedictory of their candidacy on the morrow. That night a man of foreign bearing might have been seen making his way to the house of Maj. Farrum with whom he was closeted for hours.

Next day there was great commotion. Major Farrum announced when his time came to speak that for reasons which he could not name then but which were very satisfactory he had deciced to withdraw from the race. No one was more surprised than Col. Shipman. Afterward he asked the major why he had withdrawn.

"You know, you bribed that foreign devil to play traitor and then threatened to expose me in my affairs. I will be even with you. I think that a tax on all property over a

thousand will settle you hereafter, as far as money matters go."

Although Col. Shipman possessed considerable property his debts were great and a tax greater than the present one would have made him almost a pauper. As it was it took all his salary and a great part of his income to obtain treatment for an invalid wife and sickly child. That is the reason that the next legislature was the scene of so much strife.

That accounts also for the sudden rise in John Shipman's stock of popularity. Col. Shipman was his uncle and it seemed that he should have had his nephew's support. But behind this there was a bitter family history. John's father and Col. Shipman were the only children in the family. John's father for whom young John was named married at the age of twenty-one against his father's wishes and left the community. After about three years he returned to find his brother in possession of all the property, for their father had just died and had disinherited him. He refused to see his brother after that because he thought the Colonel had prejudiced his father. He exacted a promise from his son that he would be revenged for the slight. Young John had waited long for a chance for revenge. Now it had come. Should he take advantage of it?

After adjournment that day Major Farrum came to him and asked for his vote. Then seeing his hesitation the Major asked him to call at his room that night to talk it over. He did not wish to push the boy then. He knew that he could influence him more in his room, and he was determined that the bill should pass; for defeat meant political ruin for himself and his followers.

That afternoon John studied the matter out. If he cast his vote he would be revenged on his uncle. He would see that wealth crumble to nothing and would be able to gloat in the chagrin of his uncle and the suffering that would be caused to his wife and child. That would be what his father would wish. Then before his mind's eye came the sweet face of his mother who would not harm anything intentionally.

It was filled with soft reproach and there were tears in her eyes. That night he entered the room of Major Farrum rather early.

"No Major, I shall not support your measure tomorrow," he said without taking a seat.

"Sit down and let's talk over this," said the Major.

"No, Major, that is final."

"Do you mean to say that you will ruin yourself politically by not supporting that little measure. Our side is going to be in rule. If you will support the bill you shall be governor in four years. What do you say?"

The boy sat there for hours as it seemed to the Major en-entirely oblivious of his surroundings. Then he got up and went to the door.

"I will tell you at the meeting tomorrow," was all he said.

When he got out there floated before his vision a glorious future. Governor, then probably Senator, and then who knew? Cardinal Wolsey's advice to Cromwell entered his head, "fling away ambition. By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then, the image of his Maker, hope to win by it?"

He tried to forget it. The face of his mother came before him again. He tried to think of future glory. He fought his better-self all right until at the house next morning. He went in undecided what to do. Something prompted him to look at his Uncle. His face was haggard and sorrowful. The face of his mother said "Would you make that any worse?" "Shipman J." called the clerk. There was a moment's hesitation. "No" came the voice and the face of his mother shone with a smile and he knew he had won.

Y. Z.

The Real Beginning of America.

(Anniversary Oration from Preston Society, Feb. 22, 1902.)

We are met to celebrate the birthday of one who long has been affectionately called the Father of his Country,

but the American nation did not begin with Washington. The entrance of America into a nation's estate will be the object of our interest this evening.

On the election of Andrew Jackson to the presidency of the United States in 1828, a new political force entered, we may almost say, violently entered our government, a force most conspicuously operative perhaps during the eight years of his administration. Then it was for the first time that this force made itself felt to any marked degree, but since then to the present day its influence continues to be felt and will continue to be down through the coming days of our government's activity. This new force was the people, the masses, the people's will, as Jackson would term it.

That there is an over-ruling Destiny, an all-wise Providence directing the affairs of the nations, those who study the history of governments agree. The hand of such an over-seeing Power shaping the course of our history, is most clearly visible.

It is unnecessary to more than mention the fact that in the long run it is far best for a country that the masses have a part, a prominent part, in the direction of the government and in the shaping of public policies. So at least democracy teaches, democracy as it refers not to the tenets of a certain political party, but to a broad principle in the theory of government. The affairs of the nation will still be under the direct control of a few men, however under the control of men representative of and responsible to the people. These the masses hold to strict account. The will of the people the representatives must do.

It is for the future and real welfare of our country as it is for that of any nation, that the masses rise to manhood's statue and demand their right to a share in governing the land. Mistakes, serious blunders in directing the affairs of state will be made by them, but mistakes and blunders are far more than counterbalanced. Experience is thus gained by the people and their education is being carried on. Then to them life means something. It means intelligent interest

in the affairs of their country and their development into good citizens.

But how fortunate it was that they should be excluded from governmental control for the first forty years of the nation's life, the formative years. On the other hand how fortunate it was that during those years, with John Marshall at their side, instructing them in those fundamental principles of safe navigation in dangerous political seas, how fortunate, I say, that such men as Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, the men who helped make our Constitution, were at the nation's helm, establishing precedents for the guidance of their successors, interpreting the Constitution and providing methods and means for translating its principles into the active, driving machinery of government. It is indeed fortunate that in the first years statesmen were in control, statesmen freed from the necessity of being politicians, over whom the influence of the masses in shaping political policies was very slight, thinking men of education in the theory of governments, and men not without that actual experience in state-craft, so necessary an element in the education of those who successfully work out the best forms of government.

A large part of the merely mechanical machinery for accomplishing the governmental function is carefully designed by wise architects, built and set in operation. Against many of the abuses incidental to the untrammeled direction of the affairs of state by the popular will, safe-guards are established.

Prior to 1828 the voice of the people had little influence. Either it did not make itself heard, or if heard, was not heeded. What was termed the "secretarial succession to the presidency" was established. By this succession the Secretary of State of every administration up to this time had become the President of the next. For the most part political affairs were managed by a "coterie of a few Eastern politicians." By these the country's President was practically determined upon and set aside for that office. Seemingly this power was becoming permanently established.

America did not cease to be Colonial America with the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, nor with the end of the struggle with England, nor yet in 1789 with the launching of our Constitution. The election of Andrew Jackson to the presidency marks the *new era* in our history. Till now America had continued to be Colonial America. There is a transition. Colonial America becomes national America.

For the year 1828 the total value of our exports did not exceed that for the year 1798, thirty years previous. Immediately this newly awakened spirit of nationality expressed itself in the wider extension of our commerce and in the building up of hitherto neglected manufactures. Railroads which have been the most important single factor in the nation's industrial history, were now projected and built. But perhaps most marked and perhaps most important is the expression of this new force as a power in politics, and *this* is our chief concern to-night.

Let us turn apparently aside and fix our eyes upon the West which even now had become the most important section of our country, most important for the part it is destined so soon to play in making national history. The capitol had been established at Washington, its founders little thinking but that Washington would long continue to be approximately the center of population. Thomas Jefferson had said it would be a thousand years before the West, then extending only to the Mississippi, would be thoroughly settled. By 1821 the original thirteen states had become twenty-four by the admission of eleven new states, nine of which were west of the Alleghanies.

But who were our new Western brothers? Let us turn back a moment and seek an answer.

Bold, hardy men, devotees of freedom in early times immigrated to the wilderness of our shores. These men were the embodiment of the ideal American spirit, synonomous with what is called the spirit of Democracy, and its expression into social life and political forms they came to America to work out for themselves. To an untamed land they came, the rugged wildness and hard conditions of which necessarily

they must struggle to master. This struggle was that which was to nurture and develope in them the American spirit and give it permanency in the American character. Along a narrow strip of the Atlantic sea-shore conditions are mastered and changed and a permanent home is made.

The struggle with and final breaking away from the old mother England, calls forth all the strength of the colonists. Then is the nation free to pursue its own course.

Barely is the last ship load of English soldiers safely out of sight, when the same spirit which had driven the early settlers to these shores, strives again in their hearts and impels some of them to leave the dearly bought comforts of the newly established civilization and again push their way Eastward. Those who go leave behind brothers possibly of a less bold and hardy type, by their position along the seaboard to be subject to the conservative influences of the institutions of the old world.

Let us follow those who crossed over the wooded Alleghanies into the land that was destined to be the training school of Democracy. This was then an isolated land; the rugged Alleghanies were barriers which shut out the rest of the world with its modifying influences. The Mississippi had not then become the great water-way it since has. See the first settler as he boldly pushes westward, blazing through the engulfing forest the road by which his team is laboriously following. There is the plash of the paddle and another we see seeking his new home in a frail craft. Untamed nature must again in this new land be conquered and made to be the servant of man. In this new land hearth-stones must be laid; life must be made secure from the deadly terror of the lurking savage whose cold scalping knife thirsts with the taste for blood.

This is the soil in which the spirit of Democracy thrives. The very air is surcharged with freedom. It exhales from the freshness of the surrounding forest.

The settlers are busy. There is much to be done. The new society must be organized; local affairs arranged; county and state governments established. No time have they to

think of the things of the nation; their own are demanding their attention. Out of this chaos of wildness, order and government succeed, and nine western states are admitted to the Union.

The Westerners pause and with amazement and admiration begin to look around about them upon the things they have accomplished. The sight acts as an electric shock. They awake to realize their power. The spirit of Democracy is abroad. *The national spirit of America is born.*

This awakening send a thrill pulsating through the veins of the entire country. Its effects are clearly visible. The right of suffrage is extended to a large number hitherto deprived of this right. In 1820, in nearly every state of the Union, the presidential electors were elected by the legislatures; in 1828 this is changed, and in all but two small states, these electors are chosen by a direct vote of the people. The old congressional caucus which formerly nominated the country's President, is abolished, and in its stead, nominating conventions of the people such as are held today, are called into being to nominate the presidential candidates.

The closing years of the 1820's and the years that immediately succeed, are the most critical in the development of our national government, years fraught with danger to the nation which was but now entering that dark and stormy period in which a confederation of states is welded into a solid Union, a difficult piece of welding which could be accomplished only after the blood of both North and South had flowed on many a gory field.

Their voices against man's holding man in bondage, the anti-slavery element in the country now, for the first time, raise high enough to be heard in political circles. For the first time, tariff becomes of vital national importance, a question for sectional strife. The advocates of states-rights with the advocates of nationalism cross swords. The opening shot of a long and bitter, and finally bloody struggle, is fired in 1833 when South Carolina passes the "Nullification Acts" making void in this state the then considered exorbitant

tariff. Our financial system now becomes of so much importance as to be a question on which national parties might divide.

It is now that the masses rise up and demand their right to control the government. There is a political revolution. Andrew Jackson is elected President. The people obtain their demands.

Nor is it a mere accident that the rise of the masses and the rise of these great national questions just spoken of, are contemporaneous. The one had its influence in producing the other. We almost catch a glimpse of a guiding Hand. This overruling Wisdom were as a wise chemist who, after many experiments and much studious research, at last finds a chemical mixture of great value. Several ingredients he pours into his mixing bowl. These he must first stir well together. But the mixture is not complete; still it lacks something. But watch him. The lacking ingredient he holds in his hand. Now he pours in some. Instantly a great frothing and bubbling begins, but the chemist calmly continues to stir. His labors have succeeded. The long sought for mixture he has now obtained.

In national affairs the lacking ingredient was the people. As the introduction of the lacking ingredient into the chemical mixture set up chemical action and a temporary commotion out of which came that which was eagerly sought for, so the entrance of the people into the government set up political action and froth out of which has come a better condition of national affairs. After years of bitter struggle the questions of slavery and states-rights have been settled. The national union of the free has been so firmly established that through the coming years it will long continue to stand. The old United States bank was loosely and harmfully, perhaps, corruptly conducted. At best banking then was an illy organized system. This was swept away, and in its stead we have the national bank of today.

Let us review the ground we but hastily have covered. The election of Andrew Jackson marks the twenty-first birthday of America; it marks the rise of the masses to man-

hood's estate when for themselves they must face the problems of national life and must work out their solution. Fortunately the young, growing country had been carefully disciplined and trained by wise statesmen, yet its coming to age is marked by a political revolution. Where do we look for the manly vigor which could effect so much? The West has been settled and becomes the home of the nationa spirit which thrills the entire nation and expresses itself throughout the country in political forms more thoroughly democratic than ever before. The power of the oligarchy of Eastern statesmen is broken. Now follow the critical days in the country's history, dark days of struggle. The slavery, the tariff, the nullification, and the financial questions press upon the nation for solution. The people send forth Andrew Jackson to solve for them these problems.

Up to this point, as we have considered it this evening, abstract is the expression of this national spirit. However, in closing, we cannot more than mention the concrete expression. The peoples across the Alleghanies were the embodiment of the American spirit. Their embodiment in turn we find in a man who pre-eminently is the incarnation of their life and thought. Out of the bosom of the new West the war of 1812 produced a country's idol, a nation's hero, a leader for the forces of the people. As a representative of the masses in a critical hour when they were groping in darkness for a leader which they must find, Andrew Jackson is not unakin to Abraham Lincoln. From among the people he came, a living embodiment of their honesty, courage of conviction, strength and vigor, of whom it fittingly has been said: "He is the embodiment of the Declaration of Independence, the 4th of July incarnate, the most American of Americans."

The Transportation King.

Probably the principal problem that is perplexing the minds of the people in this day of combinations is the railroads. Since the introduction of steam locomotion there has

been a constant and increasing tendency to monopolize its use, and much discussion has been created and many theories have been advanced as to the best plan by which the control of them may be shifted and equalized so as to promote the best interests of the masses, but as yet none have succeeded to any great extent, and this power is becoming more and more concentrated into the hands of a few for the oppression of the public.

During the formative period of railroads in the United States, which began about 1830, much encouragement was given railroads by the United States government. Land grants and subsidies were given them by both the United States government and by the separate state governments, and even the cities and towns gave them donations to get them to pass by. Up to this time transportation had been in a very crude state, and the people were ready to aid in promoting anything which predicted commercial advancement. It was stipulated from the beginning that they should be managed for the benefit of the public, regardless of their financial standing or their industrial surroundings. On this account railroads were boomed. People began to realize what a great part they were going to play in the evolution of commerce. Their fields of operation were broadened, and after the discovery of gold in 1848 in the west several Pacific companies were organized. The government gave the Union and Central Pacific companies the immense sum of $30,000,000 and 23,000,000 acres of land, and to the Northern Pacific it gave about 47,000,000 acres of land. Here was practiced a scheme to cheat the United States government out of an immense amount of money by collecting considerably more than was necessary to build the road and paying out the surplus in dividends, even before the road began operations. This money was taken by the managers, and so began an immense monopoly that resulted in empowering a few.

In the East something on the same order was carried out many years before in the case of the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company. This company for nearly forty years controlled transportation between New York and Philadel-

phia. By forcing rival companies to combine with them, and by a system of controlling the State Legislature of New Jersey, they kept a monopoly and cheated both the State and the public. These methods of railroad management were far from complying with the principle which they were based on. Combination and monopoly became and remain the governing principle all over the United States. It is an old saying that where combination is possible competition is impossible. So it is in the case with railroads. From the strong competition of the four great trunk lines from Chicago to the seaboard came a very powerful combination and a complete monopoly of the trade by which the public were as children in their hands. This was the beginning of the discrimination which is so strong among the companies. They totally disregard right, and fair and foul means alike are used to accomplish their ends. One of the chief methods of discrimination is to cut rates at competitive points and make back the loss by charging exorbitant rates where there is no competition. Sometimes merchants on the Chicago and Seaboard line found it cheaper to have their goods shipped in a roundabout way via competitive points than to have them shipped direct. All merchants, though, did not have this privilege even and had to submit to whatever the railroads laid on them. This was carried to small localities, and so oppressed the class who most needed the protection of the government and a cheap delivery of their goods. Can this be done by the very companies that were organized for the benefit of the public? Facts speak for themselves, and such instances as the above are being repeated every day. When traffic becomes so that a man can get transportation cheaper on a long road than he can on a short one there is something wrong in the management, and it should be remedied at once.

Again, there is a great discrimination between large and small companies. Take the Standard Oil Company, for instance. In its infancy an agreement was made by it with the New York Central, the Erie and the Pennsylvania Central Railroad companies that they should grant it rebates on

oil. These rebates sometimes amounted to $1.32 per barrel. The Standard received an additional rebate if any was given to another company. By such unfair aids and practices the Standard gradually forced competitors under their control or out of business. It even forced certain roads to refuse to carry oil for other firms. Once, indeed, it forced a certain road to carry its oil for ten cents per barrel and charge others thirty-five, and it also demanded twenty-five cents of this, threatening to withdraw its business if refused. Is this right? Is it right for the railroads to lend their assistance to a few giants that they may destroy their weak brothers and oppress the poor unoffending public? Many such instances are being brought out to-day, and the arms of the octopus are closing tighter and tighter around the masses.

Another method the railroad magnates have of cheating is by watering the stock. As in the case of the Erie railroads the managers sold the stock for from twenty to forty cents on the dollar and kept the proceeds. Sometimes by a fictitious report of the profits they sell a large amount of stock. Then the true state is made known, and outsiders who bought the watered stock rush in and sell. The managers buy it back thus at greatly reduced rates, and those inside make fortunes while those outside lose fortunes by being illegally treated. Would such things take place if the railroads were taken out of the hands of these Shylocks and put under the control of those who work for the public welfare? Most assuredly not.

Another great fault is the use of partiality to get political control. They attempt this by giving passes to men in power. One man does not like to pay his fare when another rides on a pass, for he realizes that he is paying the other passenger's fare. It is the case of the farmer and the lawyer. The farmer handed the conductor a ticket, and the lawyer a pass. Seeing the farmer's anger the lawyer tried to assuage him by saying, "You travel very cheaply on this road, my friend." "I think so myself considering the fact that I have to pay the fare for both of us," replied the farmer. The lot of the masses is that of the farmer. Bribes

and passes are given to politicians by the railroads, and they are paid for by the common people who are unable to afford the expense. With their armies of employees they are almost able to rule in elections. When a railroad man is against a non-railroad man they turn their influence for the railroad man, but if both are railroad men they wait until after election and yell with the victor. As someone has expressed it "they are Democratic in Democratic communities and Republican in Republican communities." They employ a very low standard of ethics making very strong attempts to promote their interests whether right or wrong. Being able to rule in elections, "both gratitude and fear tie the average politician to the powerful forces which can control his political destiny." Mr. Larrabee in his "The Railroad Question" gives three ways in which railroad legislation is controlled; by electing to legislative offices personal adherents to the railroad cause, by corrupting weak and unscrupulous members of legislative bodies, and by lobbyists and newspaper partisanship. Ought such principles to be allowed in a government founded on the basis, "of the people, for the people, and by the people?" Where will the spirit of "liberty, equality, and fraternity" go? Such actions should not be allowed in a free country. If this is allowed to go on what becomes of our government? It will soon be in the hands of a few magnates who are selfishly working to further their own ends and who have not the slightest interest in the "common herd."

Various remedies have been forwarded for the control of railroads with the best advantage to the public. Up to the present time the Interstate Commerce Act has done most good, but there is still room for great improvement. Publicity has been recommended. This ought to be done, as many things would come to light which are injuring the people. Another remedy fowarded is that the National government run competitive lines and improve water-ways. We think a better way would be for the separate states to take the roads under their control and act in connection with the National government for regulating them to the best in-

terests of the nation. Railroads were organized for public good, and the fact that they are now employed to defeat the masses and to increase private power and fill private purses is a sufficient proof that the government should take them in hand. The post-office system is based on the same principle. Should the post-office be leased to companies to promote private ends? People see what a great benefit government control of the mail system is. Why should not railroads thus be regulated that it may benefit the largest number of people? It is self-evident that it would be much better. Railroad managers say that railroads are private. If that is so what about their character? They are void. This is untrue though, as the charters plainly state that the railroads are to be run for the welfare of the public. If this usurping practice is kept up it will soon happen that the whole property and control of this country, which boasts freedom, will be in the hands of a few, and the masses will have no freedom of action or of thought. The only outlet is for the government to take the monster in hand before he does any further damage and thus prevent the people's government from "perishing from the earth." This system has been tried by other governments and has been found successful. Why should it not be so with us? B.

Class Poem--1902.

We're standing to-day on the threshold
  And looking with hope through the door
That leads from the life that's behind us
  To the future that stretches before.

We turn from the old life with sadness,
  And say our farewells with regret,
That now we are leaving forever
  The college we'll never forget.

Our school-days have been full of pleasures
  Which mem'ry will often recall—
In the future that stretches before us
  These mem'ries will come to us all.

To-day as we look through the door-way
  The future seems lovely and bright.
We're eager to enter upon it.
  Oh ! may we pursue it aright.

May all of us live in the future
  Lives beautiful, noble and true,
That in that Last Day up in Heaven
  The whole class of nineteen-and-two

Shall stand 'round God's throne reunited
  With those who have gone on before,
And hear the "Well done, good and faithful,
  Enter Heaven and live evermore."

FRANCES IONE LITTLEJOHN.

The Class of 1902.

We have come to sketch briefly a history of the four years of toil and sweat which are now behind us. Whether we have spent them to best advantage, is another question—they are gone forever. We have climbed step by step from class to class until the hour has come when we claim the right of being numbered among the "Honorable Alumni." What our future is to be, what degree of excellence we are to take in life, I would not attempt to say—we expect our Prophet to tell us.

For a little while, let us go back to the fall of 1898. That was the year of our class birth. We all remember the forty-seven stout, promising Freshmen who assembled in the recitation room of Dr. Carlisle. The object of the meeting was to appoint a committee to draft a class constitution and to enter into an election of officers. After many motions, several nominations and much discussion the election was as follows: T. Frank Watkins, President; N. L. Prince, Vice-President; Aleri Morrison, Secretary and Treasurer. The next thing in order, after the election, was to adjourn, but how. No one knew. No bit of information had been

given these "Fresh." by the upper class-men on that point and so they sat waiting and wondering what motion to make. Fortuately, however, "hunger rang the bell" and one brave Freshman rose and said: "I move we retire." It was unanimously carried. Suffice it to say the prettiest features about the class were two co-eds.

But the "Fresh." of '98 became remarkable "Soph." in the fall of '99. Their number was not so large, but they had grown considerably in truth and wisdom. Only forty-two were now in the class. In the early part of the term, they elected the following officers: President, T. F. Watkins; Vice-President, C. H. Varner; Secretary and Treasurer, D. C. Strother. This year the class became conspicuous for its great number of "profound" orators. For the "Soph. Ex." N. L. Prince, J. W. Dickson and D. E. Camak represented the Preston Literary Society; A. Morrison, C. H. Varner and F. H. Hudgens, the Calhoun Society. Their success was evidenced by much "slapping of hands" and by the presentation of a "profusion of flowers" to each speaker. Nothing else of great importance happened during the year.

Four more men joined the Junior Class in the Fall of 1900 and somewhat supplied the breach made by those who had failed to come back. The class was now beginning to be recognized for its "broad field of observation" and its "diversified reputation." Indeed, the Juniors were esteemed very highly by the Faculty and envied very indifferently by the Seniors. The officers elected this year were: President, N. L. Prince; Vice-President, F. S. DuPre; Secretary and Treasurer, T. C. Easterling. Out of thirty men and two co-eds in our class, four men were elected to "go up against" the query, "Resolved, That the present wealth of the United States is an agent making for her moral progress." C. H. Varner and A. Morrison represented the negative for the Calhoun Literary Society; T. Frank Watkins and D. E. Camak the affirmative and won for the Preston Society. The debate was the last great act of the Junior Class.

Now we come to our last year in Wofford—the Class of '02. Twenty-six of us enrolled in the Senior Class Septem-

ber 28, 1901, twenty-four young men and two young ladies. Perhaps this was our happiest year. While our class was not so large as some with which Wofford has had to do, we felt particularly proud of our number, composed, as we believe, of young men and women who felt the need and recognized the importance of an education, and who stood ready and willing always to assume any responsibility that might and could be expected of a Senior Class.

The election of officers this year resulted as follows: President, N. L. Prince; Vice-President, T. C. Easterling; Secretary and Treasurer, B. A. Bennett; Prophet, T. F. Watkins; Historian, T. C. Easterling; Poet, Miss Ione Littlejohn. The anniversary orators of our class were E. S. Murph from the Calhoun Literary Society, subject "A Politician with Ideas;" N. L. Prince from the Preston, subject "The Real Beginning of America."

But let us not forget to say something of how our class has always been represented on the athletic field. In our "Fresh." year we laid claim to four of the best men on the base ball team, Hudgens, DuPre, Bennett and Burbage. In the "Soph." year Burbage failed to return to College, but the other three held their places on the team for the rest of the course, and three better ball players could not have been found. DuPre became Wofford's famous "twirler," whose balls always puzzled the best batter. Hudgens distinguished himself as a catcher. He stopped everything in reach. Who ever thought that "Baby" Bennett could play ball when he came here a Freshman? But he did. He held 3rd base for four years, and a ball had to do some "tall" dodging to get by him.

Watkins represented the class on the foot-ball team and he did it well. He was manager for two years, and held an enviable reputation as a "full-back."

In tennis DuPre won the Moore trophy cup in his Senior year—the first year it was offered.

But our course has not been entirely free from sadness. Twice was the class called to mourn the death of two of its members, W. P. Dean and Aleri Morrison.

W. P. Dean, or "Dick," as he was better known to us, died of pneumonia shortly after Christmas of our first year. While out hunting during the holidays he caught a severe cold, which terminated in his death a few days later. "Dick" was one of the most promising young men of the class. He stood well in his studies and was liked by every one in College. He had more humor in him than any other man in the class, and it was always a pleasure to be with him. He was a true, conscientious student. His life was noble and beautiful.

Aleri Morrison died in his Senior year while in Atlanta, Ga., spending the Christmas holidays. Morrison's death was quite a surprise to all. The boys were expecting his return to college when a telegram came announcing his death. He had nearly finished his course, and had so conducted himself as to win the utmost confidence of students and Faculty. Whatever he undertook they expected it to be a success. Besides being a strong student he was an organizer and leader of men. His life, his example, was an inspiration and help to all who knew him. He was a Christian.

Now the scroll of our college career must roll together. Our college days at Wofford must cease. I have endeavored to give a brief sketch of our four years course. I trust it will assist many to recall the pleasant moments and victories of our class. It is needless to say that we have spent four happy, profitable years together. Truly our associations have been most pleasant.

Many important incidents have happened during our day.

We have watched the victorious arms of the United States over Spain. We have heard the glad news of Cuba's freedom. We have witnessed an account of the passing away of many remarkable men. We have read with abated breath the tragedy at Buffalo. In the last hours of our work, we have learned the news of the awful destruction of life and property in Martinique. Indeed, we have much to remind us of our college days. When we think of any one of the foregoing incidents, let us recall to mind the little class of "Twenty-Five," 1902.

GOOD-BYE.

The Powers That Will Be.

In the summer of 1930, I was an attachee of the campaign party which tours the State of South Carolina addressing the voters at the county seats every election summer just previous to the Democratic Primary. Very fortunately as it turned out, I kept a diary of my trip and I wish to read a few leaves from this which contain references to the class of '02 of Wofford.

CHARLESTON, July 6.

The campaign opened today in the City by the Sea. After an exciting meeting I went around to the magnificent home on South Battery of a dear old college and class-mate, Judge Ben Hill Brown, whom I had not seen for years. He is U. S. Circuit Judge of the South Atlantic Circuit. We expected him to study law when we were at college, and I always thought he would eventually go into politics.

He studied carefully the political condition of the state after leaving college and his acquaintance with the industrial situation of the period together with his natural independence and fearlessness drove him to espouse the then poorly understood, poorly championed cause of commercialism or industrialism. He organized a new or opposition party in the state, and finally led it into the Republican party as he saw that it was here only that it could be effective. As a reward for his services in this cause and a recognition of his distinguished legal ability he was eight years ago appointed to the position he holds. He has attracted much notice by the uniform correctness and fairness of his decisions and there are those who expect him to occupy a seat on the supreme bench when the present aged chief justice is retired, as the Republicans are again in the saddle.

After tea we strolled for hours along the historic old battery and how vividly it brought back that perfect day 30 years ago when he and I strolled along this same sea wall and heard the booming cannon salute President Roosevelt as he sailed down the harbor on his memorable visit to the Exposition.

ROCK HILL, July 20.

We had a splendidly conducted meeting today. It was presided over by Squire Munerlyn Hoke, county chairman. When I reached here last night I was met at the station by the Squire, another old class-mate, who drove me out to his big farm in the Catawba bottoms to spend the night with him. He has 400 acres of the best bottom corn in the state down there just beginning to tassel now, and as level as a floor; and the finest pastures that a man could wish to see while his herd of Jersey cows would make the fat kine of the Pharaoh's look like razor backs. I ate more of Munerlyn's good honey and drank more rich, sweet milk for breakfast this morning than I ever did before at one sitting, I think.

I also saw today another of the immortals in the person of Prof. A. T. Helms who fills the B. R. Tillman chair of mathematics at Winthrop. I scarcely recognized him on

account of his incomparable, flowing black beard. I remember that a few years ago he tried to get all the members of the old class to adopt this as a class badge. I have always hoped to see Helms teaching Math. in the Jno. G. Clinkscales chair at Wofford some day but the old fellow still likes woman-kind so much that he has thus far refused every offer from a male college.

July 30.

I today received a fine letter from Dr. D. S. Murph written from Comstock in the Maine woods where he is summering. He is probably the most widely known, certainly the most learned, man our class turned out. His latest critical work "A Comparison with a Promise," an exhaustive study in 92 volumes of the dramatic productions of Ninevah as compared to those of Babylon has won him a tablet in the Hall of Fame. He states in his letter that he will have to go to Boston in August to preside over the Annual Convention of the National Educational Association, whence he returns to Columbia University to resume his work as head of the Department of English.

My mail also brought me an invitation from Sam Lanham to drop in on him in his hunting lodge in the foothills of the N. C. Mountain if I passed within calling distance. Sam tried law for a while but finding it too zealous a mistress for even his energetic nature he gave up the "life strenuous" for his first love, literature. His "Plain Tales of the (N. C.) Hills" has its place alongside the cook book in every household in the commonwealth.

SPARTANBURG, Aug. 6.

At last we have reached the great Piedmont Section of the State and it is widely different from the low country. I remember some quarter of a century ago crossing the State of Massachusetts. I passed through the heart of one of the greatest industries of the world. I saw rising within sight of each other for miles hundreds of great cotton mills and squares upon squares of 3-story operatives' houses. I saw the magnificent avenues lined with the palaces of those who were enriched by the dividends made by the labor of the

many. I saw the lines of trolley cars which stretched without a gap from town to town from New York to Maine. I saw what a great industry had done and wondered if that industry then just beginning in South Carolina would ever so transform the red old hills of the upper part of this State.

The transformation has come. Piedmont Carolina is now as rich as central Massachusetts, and has been made so by the same agency. It has every mark of an industrial section and the class of '02 has had its share in the mighty work. I noticed in the trolley car which brought me from Chester to Spartanburg a sign reading "Piedmont Consolidated Interurban Traction Co." F. S. DuPré 1st Vice-President and Gen'l. Mgr.

I dined today with Dick Manning who is taking his ease now in his country villa on the East shore of Glendale Lake. He threw himself into the milling business in Spartanburg after a few years in the University of Virginia, which he devoted chiefly to deciding what to do in life. He has had much to do with keeping for the Lowel of the South her title. His work in forming the big mill combine in '24 has been compared to Morgan's organizing the Steel Trust in '01.

He drove me out to the Elysian Farms, the property of W. H. and H. B. Chapman. They are running a great stock and truck farm a few miles out of the city on the trolley line to Cowpens. This business, it seems, has become immensely profitable since there has grown up so large a manufacturing population to support.

The "good-looking Chapman," as Prof. Clinkscales used to call him, told me a romantic story about Henry Harris. It seems that Henry, after graduation, went to Montana to teach school. While out there he answered an advertisement of a "Rich, lovely but love-sick lady who wishes to correspond with a gentleman of education, culture and taste." The attractions were so great on both sides that Cupid's darts smote both their hearts and they were married. The fortune proved to be 97,000 shares in the "Last Chance Gold Mine," which some weary wayfarer from Silver City had given the lady for a piece of cold pie. Henry realized that

he had been duped, but as luck had it some years afterwards the old hole in the ground was found to contain gold after all and Mrs. Harris now owns her own balloon while Henry wears a large checked suit with dollar marks worked in the checks. He recently endowed the Henry R. Harris Jr. University on the Pacific Slope, and he says it is the richest in the world.

I went over to the Wofford Campus this afternoon. The College which is now nearing its three-fourth century mark has "come out of the woods" from a material point of view. The Campus is blossoming like a rose and is one of the prettiest spots in South Carolina. The new Science Hall, Auditorium and Library buildings form a quadrangle with the impressive old main building, now called College Hall, the image of which will ever be engraved in every Wofford man's heart.

In the magnificent new Library I found the Chief Librarian, Miss Nabors, superintending her corps of assistants who were just finishing a card index system of the 62,009 volumes. She tells me that Miss Littlejohn who aspired to teach French as a life work found it foreign to her desires in a few years after her graduation and that she is now mistress of a mansion on Lakeside Ave. in Gaffney.

I think I shall run down to Clinton tomorrow to see Paul H. Nash and his three grown sons. He has made a success out of his real estate business and civil engineering in spite of the limited field of his operations.

GREENVILLE, Aug. 10.

Greenville, too, has waxed weighty under the impulse of the industrial wave. As I went up town through the wholesale district this afternoon I saw over a large warehouse the sign "Strother & Austin, manufacturers and dealers in drugs." It was a happy thought for these two fellows who were such distinguished scientists in college to turn to the field of patent medicines and combine their great powers in this one establishment. I understand that Tom was the first man in the class to be married.

This being Sunday morning I dropped into the First Methodist Church and could scarcely believe my eyes when

I saw old Robert Sharp in the pulpit. I always had faith that our class would produce its worthy representatives in all fields of labor and I am delighted that Robert is meeting with such success in the ministry. He preached a very practical sermon.

August 12.

I notice in the Charlotte Observer of this morning that T. C. Easterling has won the Democratic nomination for Governor of that state. So the class will doubtless have its governor. He has made an enviable record in politics. He knew he would be C. C. C. P. for his county all along because he wanted to be. From that via the office of Comptroller General he has won the Gubernatorial chair. He will make a worthy executive for the old North State.

ANDERSON, Aug. 15.

I am tonight staying with Bishop Norman Lander Prince, the newly elected Bishop of the Southern church. Since I first knew that Norman was going to enter the ministry I had confidence that he would some day reach this position. His untiring zeal, good judgment and business capacity would, I thought, recommend him to the church. He had Dr. C. H. Varner to dinner also and we had a most happy reunion. Carroll is now Secretary of the Board of Missions of the church, having been recalled from Brazil to take charge of that work. The training he got in trying to hold together the insolvent treasury of the athletic association in college developed a business ability, which assures his success in this work. He tells me that Montgomery who read law and went west to grow up with the country after graduation is now a prominent member of the Salt Lake City bar and is thinking of going into politics and becoming a candidate for attorney general of Utah. Why will a man hunt for trouble?

Aug. 17.

As I left Anderson on the Black Diamond Flyer this a. m. I was treated to a happy surprise by the news butcher. He came through the car with a formidable looking volume on a kind of trucks. I examined it and found this title.

"A Complete List of the Postoffices and Cross-roads of the United States, a history of each and a family tree of the inhabitants for 129 generations" by W. Zimmerman Dantzler. So this is what the old fellow has been doing with himself in the long years when nobody has been hearing of him.

As I came through Greenwood I saw on the door of a handsome office this plate: "Hudgens & Bennett, Eye and Ear Specialists and Chiropodists." It did me good to see that our two old base ball captains are playing the game of life on the same team.

Barnwell, Aug. 21.

This has been a rare night. I am ensconced in the comfortable home of Julian Calhoun. He is president of the Barnwell Clearing House Association and I am informed that no clearing house in the country is as accurately run. In fact there is a report that not one mistake has ever been made in the accounts of the house since he established it in 1912. He was not on the auditing committee of the Preston Society two terms for nothing. Judging from appearances though he has cleared a snug sum though his house. To-night we talked for hours of the brave old days at Wofford in the first days of the century. Referring to my diary I found that I have this summer seen or heard from all of the class that we expected so much of. It was a great old class and we were proud of it. Its has been a good fortune. It has put its shoulder to the wheel and nobly done its part to build up the shattered fortunes of our mother state; more than that it has thrown out its terms to all the nation where there has been a man needed to do a man's work. But its days of achievement are nearly over. We have passed the turning post and are now on the last lap. May we all, every one of us, pass these remaining days so that when we shall go "take our places in the silent halls" we may go saying in one grand undying chorus: "We have run the race which was set before us, we have fought a good fight."

T. FRANK WATKINS.

Wofford College Journal.

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Editorial Department.

B. H. Brown, Editor.

The educational outlook is expressed by the presidents of the various colleges in the State as highly encouraging. From the increased attendance at both the male and female colleges it is seen that parents are feeling the need of education, and from the general scholarship of those entering, the presidents find that the preparatory schools are doing their work on a broader and more thorough scale. This is evident in both the city and the country schools. The students, from the interest taken in their work and from their desire to get others to come to college as evidenced by their private work, realize their responsibility. The teachers, too, feel the need of doing their work well, and are striving toward a higher and nobler goal, putting before the world finished pieces of workmanship, and feeling that it is left to them to a large extent what the future of our country shall be, politically and religiously.

The cheapness with which a college education can be gotten now promises the future business men to be college-bred

men. The self-made man has had his day. There is no reason in the statement that a college ruins a man for work. Some men would not be fitted for work if they never saw a college. By the conjoint working of the preparatory schools and the colleges and the men and women themselves the prospect of the future is that educated men and women will preside in the government and at the fireside.

• • •

Cyrano de Bergerac. The beef-trust centre is broadening. Chicago has entered a new field. Rostand's play, "Cyrano de Bergerac," which is being played with such marked success in this country, is claimed to have been plagarized from a Chicago play-wright. Samuel Gross, the author of "The Merchant Prince of Cornville," has received an injunction prohibiting the playing of the "Cyrano de Bergerac" on the American stage. It seems that Gross' play was copyrighted in this country and in London in 1895. It was not loaded with success, however, in either country. Rostand's play did not appear until 1897. It is very similar in several parts to "The Merchant Prince of Cornville." The large nose is characteristic of the heroes of both, and the balcony scene where Cyrano courts by proxy is identical. That the play is plagarized is denied by Rostand's friends. Anyway he will cease to receive royalty from "Cyrano de Bergerac" on the American stage, and at the same time his name will remain under a stain unless he can prove that Cyrano is the product of his own genius, and that the soul of that poet was nurtured in his own heart and mind.

• • •

Two Story Writers. Two men who have figured prominently in the list of short story writers have been lost to literature recently. Bret Harte and Frank Stockton have been before the reading public for nearly a half century. Bret Harte went West when the gold craze struck the East. While there he lived a prolific life, being by turns a school teacher, editor and miner. His first

work as an editor was cut short by an editorial he wrote condemning the massacre of some Indians. Finding the climate uncomfortable he migrated farther west and edited the *Californian* and wrote stories for the papers. It was not until '68 that his work was noticed however. Then he wrote "The Luck of Roaring Camp" which brought him into prominence in the East where his writings were solicited. After this came "The Heathen Chinee," by which he is known more than by any other poem. Many other stories and poems came from his pen which were widely read. He possessed peculiar genius which was at its best in the Western environment, but after he moved East and later to Europe it was noticed that there was a decline in his writing. They were in a different style. He needed to be mixed up with those he wrote about to give exercise to his best portraying ability. Frank R. Stockton, like Harte, began his career as a newspaper writer. His chief stories are, "The Lady or the Tiger," and "The Adventures of Captain Horn." The death of these two men is a distinct loss to American literature, though Harte has been abroad for several years. Their lives were strong examples of what a man with determination can do. They were of weak bodies, but the amount of work they did—not at all in keeping with their physical condition—was wonderful.

• • •

Rochambeau. The gift of the statue of Count Rochambeau brings a new figure before the minds of the American people. The mass of the people who have a warm place in their hearts for Lafayette know nothing of the veteran warrior who made the victory of Yorktown possible. We have several monuments to Lafayette, and many states have cities, hills and parks named for him. But for the fact that we have been presented a statue of Rochambeau our knowledge would have remained as limited as before. When the presentation was made a few days ago in the presence of the highest officials from the three departments of this government the friendship of the two great

republics of the world was made stronger. The chief speech of the day was by Senator Lodge who outlined the part taken in the revolution by Rochambeau, how harmoniously he had worked with Washington and how important the aid given by him was. He was instrumental in having the French fleet on hand in the harbor at Norfolk which was of incomparable value to the chief with "the handful of men." The French representatives spoke of the honor and dignity to which the United States had grown in the sight of the French people and of the friendship which with the exception of two or three misunderstandings is the same as exhibited a hundred and twenty-five years ago.

• • •

The Coronations. The chief events of interest in the international world for May and June are the coronations Alphonse XIII and of Edward VII. The one that is past is nothing compared to what the other will be in splendor and magnificence. Still it is highly significant in the political life of a nation. The weak, sickly boy who is to rule the Spaniards seems to have thrown off some of the antiquated ideas of his people and to have partaken somewhat of the spirit of twentieth century civilization. He is said to be opposed to the brutal bull-fight and to be seeking some means to divert the people's minds from it. He asks suggested horse racing, but as a Georgia newspaper asks would not something like base-ball serve. It may not suit the most blood-thirsty, but the excitement gotten out of a thing is proportional to the interest felt in it. If the Spaniards would throw themselves with as much zest into ball playing as they do in bull-fighting certainly base-ball would be far from retirement on account of slowness. The accession of Alphonso to the throne will probably not make any change in the present political status of the country. It is said that a Carlist movement is on foot, however, which will be postponed till the death of the young King on account of the love the people have for him.

Quite different from this hole of internal strife will be the

place of the other Coronation. England will be at peace so far as internal commotion is concerned. More people will be in London then than ever before to see the rich and impressive scene. The routine of ceremony of the coronation will be carried out to the utmost detail. The gorgeousness will be strongly in contrast with the scene in Spain. Once, however, Spain was powerful and her dominions were stretched almost as far as England's. Her treatment of her possessions caused her downfall. Who knows but that considering the way England is treating the Boers this may be the last show of such pomp of pageantry England will see?

• • •

Vale. This issue is the last to be gotten out by the present staff. Our work this year has been very pleasant, and we hope we have succeeded in a measure in making THE JOURNAL worthy of the college. In what we have done we have received help from others by gifts to incite interest in THE JOURNAL, and by voluntary contributions. We wish to thank all these for the aid they have given us.

On account of Commencement coming so early this year we decided it would be better to get out the last two together and make it larger. This will explain the May-June number.

We now turn over the editorial cap to our successors, and we do this with a great deal of trust for we feel that they are well fitted to produce a Journal next year that will rank among the highest in the field of College Journalism. To say that we are sorry to leave is a mere reiteration of what everybody says, but in our serious moments a feeling of sadness takes possession of us when we think no more as an undergraduate will we walk through the college halls.

"The Monarch may forget the crown
Which on his head so late hath been;
The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his own but yester e'en;
The mother may forget the babe
Which played so sweetly round her knee;
But forget thee will I ne'er Wofford
And all that thou hast been to me."

Exchange Department.

W. Z. DANTZLER, Editor.

The Carolinian for May contains sufficient poetry. The essay on "The Beauty or the Imperfect" was very thoughtful, while humor was dispersed in "Fritz's Letter."

The William Jewell Student has a very attractive cover, and the contents are usually of high grade. In the April number appears a poem on "The World's Need"—

The world doesn't need your theory,
  However grand or great;
It needs no long diversions
  On "irony of fate."

The world needs men who do things
  With zest, and power and might,
Who place no price on virtue
  In the contest for the right.

The world needs cheerful-hearted men—
  That optimistic class
Who meet the world's repining
  By bringing things to pass.

The world needs men of talent
  And preparation, too,
Who in the fiercest conflict
  Can plan and then can *do*.

The world has many thousand needs;
  But foremost of the van,
And chiefest of the thousands
  Is a good, industrious man.

The Stylus, as usual, contains articles full of deep thought and lofty language.

The College of Charleston Magazine has a rather slim literary department.

LEVELS.

Far overhead, in untried air,
  A lonely eagle sails,
And soaring effortless to where
  Presumptuous eyesight, baffled, fails,
On winds unfelt by earth-bound things,
He is borne up on quiet wings.

So, calm and strong, near unseen goals,
  The great-heart lonely swings,
Watched wonderingly by little souls
  Who only know life's little things,
And cannot understand what force
Lifts him unerring on his course.

—Nassau Literary Magazine.

A strange-made machine
Rolled through a ravine
Where a farmer on cracked mower sat.
The farmer enquired
Of the stranger inside,
"What kind of a kerridge is that ?"
"It's an automobile,"
He said with a smile;
"And, pray, what is that one *you* mount?"
The farmer replied,
As he heavily sighed,
"It's an oughter-mow-hay, but it won't."

—King College Magazine.

Bulwer: "No man is fit to win who has not sat down alone to think; and who has not come forth with purpose in his eye, with white cheeks, set lips and clinched palms, able to say, 'I am resolved what to do !' "

And again from Emerson: "Character is more than intellect. A great soul will be strong to live as well as to think. Goodness outshines genius, as the sun makes the electric light cash a shadow."—S. P. U. Journal.

The last issue of the S. W. U. Magazine was a splendid illustrated number, a fitting valedictory for the session.

Alumni Department.

ROBT. E. SHARP, Editor.

Hon. Geo. E. Prince, '76, of Anderson, is a candidate for Congress from 3rd District.

Mr. J. H. Bennett is president of a $50,000 mercantile firm at Clio.

Mr. L. J. Covington has recently entered the real estate business in Columbia.

Mr. W. C. Koger, '01, has an excellent position in a business house in Augusta.

Mr. K. D. Senn, '91, is one of the firm in Chiquola Drug Co., at Anderson.

Mr. W. T. Googe is head book-keeper for the W. F. Googe Mercantile Co., at Allendale.

Mr. Henry Izlar, '92, is practicing law with his father at Blackville.

Mr. J. K. Owen is teaching in the graded school at Rock Hill.

Hon. J. T. Green, '82, is a successful lawyer at Lancaster. He also has a branch office at Kershaw.

Hon. A. H. Dagnall, '95, is a prominent lawyer at Anderson.

Rev. M. Auld, '01, is preaching at Florence. A young but excellent preacher.

Dr. V. W. Brabham, '01, has spent one year in medicine a Baltimore. We predict a bright future for Vance.

Hon. I. W. Bowman, '97, is a very successful lawyer at Orangeburg. He is an influential citizen of that city.

Rev. T. G. Herbert, '90, is preaching at Greenville. He helped Mr. Grier in a meeting at Spartanburg not long since. He is an earnest, zealous preacher.

Hon. W. L. Glaze, '76, is one of the most prominent lawyers in Orangeburg. He is a lover of old Wofford.

We certainly sympathize with our oldest alumnus. He is in very feeble health. He has acted his part in life well, and has been an honor to the college and to the State. May his last days be by far his happiest and his best. Hon. Samuel Dibble, '56, is worthy of emulation.

Rev. A. Coke Smith, '72, who is pastor of the First Methodist Church at Richmond, Va., was made Bishop at the General Conference at Dallas, Texas. He is a magnetic man. His name is not unfamiliar throughout this and other States. His praise is on the lips of multitudes. Wofford stands proud of her two sons who are at the head of Methodism. It is grand to have good lawyers, doctors, teachers and preachers, but is grander to see a deserving man made Bishop. His fellow alumni receive this news with peculiar pleasure.

The hearts of the alumni have been saddened by the recent death of Mr. George Cofield. He was a member of class '57, and since that time has been a warm friend to his alma mater. He was on the Board of Trustees for years. He is the last but one survivor of his class. In his days in college they had first and second honors; he took second, Capt. Petty taking first. He died holding the office of presidency of the National Bank of Spartanburg. He spent his life in Spartanburg serving his fellowmen both in the city and at Wofford.

(From the Spartanburg Daily Herald.)

Geo. Cofield—1834-1902.

Our friend and brother, George Cofield, in years and service the oldest member of the Board of Stewards of Central Methodist Church, is now enjoying the home prepared for the children of God. His consecrated business talent and his liberality in spirit and in money were a constant source of strength to the Church which he loved so ardently. His up right life was as inspiration to all who knew him. His quiet

way of doing good has made a lasting impression upon our entire community. The influence that comes from an honest, sincere, just and positive life was his, as chairman of our board and among the large congregation with whom he worshipped for more than a generation. We as a board share with his family the benediction of his pure and strong character, and we extend to his wife and children our sympathy in their great loss. We esteem it a privilege to put ourselves as a board on record in recognition of the worth and work of the man whom we loved.

J. A. GAMEWELL,
D. A. DUPRE,
Committee for Board of Stewards.

His funeral took place in his home. His pastor, Mr. Grier, conducted it. Dr. Carlisle, President of Wofford College, had been requested to say a few words about one of his first students and his friend for many years. He said:

"I have known our deceased friend longer than I have known any person in this city, with one exception. I knew George Cofield as a schoolboy, as a college student, as a young man, as a man in middle life, and when three score years had weakened his manly frame. Fifty years ago, when I was teaching in Columbia, he came from his up-country home to the Academy. I recall him distinctly as a modest, reserved boy, clear-headed, quick-minded, well-behaved, doing good work, giving his teacher no trouble about his conduct or his lessons. When Wofford College opened in 1854, he entered in the first Sophomore class. The same traits marked his character there. He, with a few others, started the first Literary Society and gave form to the student life, and to the social life of the young institution. He always kept a high stand in all studies. Soon after graduation the great war came on, and he did his duty there, as he had done in other spheres. He was contented to obey without being anxious to command. He did not seek promotion or honor. When the war closed he began his business life in the small town of Spartanburg. He had the preparation that college

life and camp life could give. Added to this was the outfit given to him by his home training. His father, whom I knew only by reputation, must have been a man of solid worth and consistent piety, useful in the community. His mother belonged to a Scotch-Irish family, with marked characteristics that furnished business men of great abilities, in Columbia and Charleston.

His career as a business man is known more definitely to some present than myself. Today we have our flourishing banks. He was an important agent in starting the first in the town. We have had a score of Building and Loan Institutions that have done so much to build up our city. He helped to organize the first that was formed, and to give them the safe, business features that have assured their success.

He was not a man of many words. His wise judgment of men and measures was often called for and valued. He was "rich in saving common sense," which often rises to wisdom.

Those who lived on the direct road between his office and his home, were familiar with his figure as he daily went his punctual round of duty. On other streets he was seldom seen. When his business hours were over, his family circle, his newspaper and his books met his wants. The bank, his home and the church, which he passed daily, were the three centres round which his life revolved. He was regular in attendance on his church services as long his health permitted. He brought to his official duties here the same punctuality, wise counsels, and business good sense, displayed in other circles. He was not forward or demonstrative, but a consistent life showed his character and faith.

His was a type of character which the young men of our day may study with advantage in some important features. The legitimate lines of business satisfied him. I never heard of him falling into the dangerous current of those hastening to be rich. I do not think that personally or officially he approved or practiced venturesome schemes.

He was not anxious to fill a large space in the public eye. He did not seek for notoriety or fame. He left a good name which is better than either. I suppose the tributes in the

afternoon and morning dailies filled more room than he ever asked for in the newspapers in all the thirty years and more of his active business life. He was a quiet, worthy, consistent man, "whose virtues were rather felt than seen."

A few of his Seniors and his contemporaries are here today to join with the younger generation in offering our loving sympathy to the darkened home, and in uttering fervently over his casket the solemn benediction—PEACE TO HIS MEMORY.

Young Men's Christian Association.

NORMAN L. PRINCE, Editor.

Our New Home.

On Sunday, June 1, the special dedicatory services of the Young Men's Christian Association were held in the Association Hall. This beautiful hall is something of which the Association may well feel proud. A brief glance into its history might prove of some interest to the loyal and faithful friends of the college, who always hail with genuine pleasure anything that stands for progress and for the good of any department of college work. We say, "any department of college work," for the Association has assumed so much importance and has been such a positive factor in the upbuilding of gentlemanly, Christian character and in the creation of a healthy moral sentiment among the students that faculty and students alike have come to look upon it as an indispensable part of the college machinery.

This feeling too has not been confined to the campus but has made its way among the alumni and friends of the college. To such an extent has it become prevalent that one of Wofford's loyal sons, Rev. S. A. Nettles, of the South Carolina Conference, decided last summer that the Young Men's Christian Association must no longer hold its meetings in a recitation room, but must have a hall of its own—a place adapted to its use, a place where it could feel and be at home. Mr. Nettles is one of the best business men in the Conference and decided on this course as a profitable investment. He gave it not so much as a free gift from which he expects no return, but as an expression of the confidence which he feels in the Association work and of the belief that the returns in Christian character and in the development of Christian workers will amply repay his expenditure. It is

when viewed in this light that the Association feels its deepest appreciation of Mr. Nettle's generous thoughtfulness.

With a man of the stamp of Mr. Nettles, decision means action. So when the boys returned to college last fall, they found a handsome room on the third floor of the main college building almost ready for occupancy. The room was renovated entirely, enlarged, nicely furnished, lamps and window shades were hung, a splendid stove put in, and everything necessary to its equipment was done at Mr. Nettles' expense. About dollars were expended, and it was so well managed that splendid results were achieved. The Association has been in its new home for some time past, and the members always take real pleasure in showing their beautiful hall to visitors and in telling the story of the kindness of its donor. The Association has just closed one of the most successful years in its history, and the boys are very grateful to Mr. Nettles for the kindly aid which he extended to them in their hour of need.

So we come back to our original starting point, the dedicatory services on June 1. Mr. Nettles was present and made a splendid address, dwelling specially on the necessity of showing faith by works. This was a very appropriate subject, and his talk was much enjoyed by the students. Prof. Snyder in a few well chosen words expressed with heartiness and sincerity the gratefulness of the faculty to Mr. Nettles. President L. D. Thompson responded for the Association thanking Mr. Nettles for his splendid gift and for the faith which he has thus far shown in the Association work. The Association is now under most favorable circumstances and has entered on a career of prosperity which is indeed gratifying to its members and to all true friends of the college.

D. S. M.

Local Department.

D. S. Murph, Editor.

Base Ball.

Our ball team went to Knoxville, Tenn., where they played two games with the University of Tennessee on April 25 and 26, respectively. A local paper at Knoxville remarked that the 'Varsity expected to live on Easy Street while Wofford was there. But they were rudely awakened on the afternoon of the first game, the black and old gold waving above them with the score 8 to 7. The second game was still more decisive, the score being 17 to 4 in favor of the boys from South Carolina. Wofford pulled together beautifully with something like the results experienced in "ye olden time." When the results of these games was announced on the Campus, the hearty reception of the news, the yelling, singing, and speech-making reminded one of the famous days of '99 and '00. The boys of the team report excellent treatment by the Tennesseeans.

The great South-Atlantic States Music Festival annually attracts large numbers of the most cultured class of people from South Carolina and the neighboring States to Spartanburg. Wofford has always tried to do her part in entertaining these visitors. This year two games of ball were played on the College grounds.

On April 30, Furman came over from Greenville and crossed bats with the home team. There were no interesting features to the game, and Wofford added another victory to her list, having made 14 runs to Furman's 1.

On May 1, Trinity and Wofford met, and a battle royal ensued. The game was hard played on both sides from first to last. Trinity has a splendid team and made it hot for the home boys, but the latter finally won by a score of 4 to 3.

The last game of the season was played at Clemson College. The Clemsonites there defeated the Wofford boys to the tune of 6 to 3 in a clean, snappy game of ball.

Coach Moffett, Captain Bennett, and Manager Wilson have labored hard for the team, and their efforts are appreciated by the student body. Faithful service seems to have been their watchword, and the best interests of Wofford their chief concern.

Sophomore Exhibition.

On the evening of May 9, the Sophomore Class made its debut into the Spartanburg literary world by giving what is known as the Sophomore Exhibition. This is an annual event, but, as it comes the way of each class but once, it is always looked forward to with great interest, especially by the class concerned. The present class need never feel ashamed of their exhibition for it was in every respect a success. The selections were happily chosen, displaying great diversity of taste and excellent judgment on the part of the speakers. They were well delivered, also, and showed thorough, conscientious preparation on the part of the speakers. The reception was splendid. A number of young ladies from the city and Converse College remained for this interesting feature in the halls of the two Societies. It was well managed, and everybody seemed to enjoy himself or herself to the full extent. We give below the program:

PRESIDING OFFICER,
W. W. NIVER, JR.

PRAYER,
REV. MR. GREER.

MUSIC.

S. F. CANNON, Calhoun Society, Spartanburg County.
Subject—"Jefferson Davis," by Randolph Tucker

MUSIC.

J. C. HARMON, Preston Society, North Carolina.
Subject—"The Course of Empire," by James O. Norton.

MUSIC.

W. D. BURNETT, Calhoun Society, Spartanburg County.
Subject—"Fate of Virginia," by T. B. Macaulay.

MUSIC.

E. K. HARDIN, JR., Preston Society, Lexington County.
Subject—"The Hero of Santiago," by Isadore Raynor.

MUSIC.

J. P. LANE, Calhoun Society, Marion County.
Subject—"The Source of our National Life," by H. W. Grady.

MUSIC.

W. C. MOORE, Preston Society, Spartanburg County.
Subject—"Europe and America," by Brooks Adams.

Tennis.

An unusual amount of interest has been shown this year in tennis. Several new courts have been opened up, and some good players have been developed. To add to the already growing interest in the game, several merchants of the city offered some valuable prizes to be given to doubles. Mr. George Marshall Moore, a loyal alumnus and one who has always taken a great interest in Wofford's athletics, offered a beautiful silver trophy cup. This was to be held for one year by the best single player. The tournament, lasting for about three weeks, was played out with the result that

M. B. Stokes and W. S. Glaze won the prizes for doubles, and F. S. DuPré won the cup. It is expected that the interest thus aroused will remain a permanent addition to Wofford's spirit of athletics.

Notes on the Campus.

Dr. W. P. Few, a Wofford graduate, at present Professor of English at Trinity College (N. C.), paid the College a visit on May 1, coming down with the Trinity ball team. Dr. Few is always a welcome visitor on the campus.

The Calhoun Society held its regular elections on May 24 with the following results:

President, W. C. Owen.
Vice-President, W. K. Greene.
1st Critic, W. P. Way.
2d Critic, Geo. C. Hodges.
3rd Critic, T. J. Cottingham.
Recording Secretary, T. O. Lawton.
Corresponding Secretary, J. P. Lane.
Censor Morum, H. W. Goolsby.
1st Monitor, C. S. Felder.
2d Monitor, S. L. Davis.
Treasurer, G. W. Vaughan.

A number of the boys attended the Senior-Junior reception at Converse on Monday evening, May 26, and of course enjoyed themselves immensely. The Converse girls certainly know how to make a reception enjoyable.

The Seniors have adopted as their class hat a broad-brimmed sombrero. They look quite "swell."

The anniversary orators for the celebration of the two Societies on Feb. 22, 1903, have been elected:

Preston.—L. D. Thompson.
Calhoun.—D. H. Marchant.
Alternates.—I. E. Curry and T. C. Moss.

The following is THE JOURNAL staff for next year:
Editor-in-Chief, M. W. Sloan.
Business Manager, F. Earle Bradham.
Literary Editor, S. M. Dawkins.
Exchange Editor, I. E. Curry.
Alumni Editor, J. C. Redmon.
Local Editor, L. D. Thompson.
Y. M. C. A. Editor, W. C. Herbert.
Assistant Literary Editor, P. W. Bethea.
Assistant Business Manager, J. C. Harmon.

The Preston Society recently elected the following officers:
President, M. B. Stokes.
Vice-President, W. W. Boyd.
Recording Secretary, W. C. Herbert.
Corresponding Secretary, J. H. Hamel.
1st Critic, M. W. Sloan.
2d Critic, I. E. Curry.
1st Censor, A. D. Betts.
2d Censor, Julian Johnson.
Treasurer, E. K. Hardin.

Dr. John C. Kilgo, formerly a member of the faculty of Wofford College, and now President of Trinity College, recently gave to the Preston Society, of which he was a member when a student at college, a sum of money sufficient to make a splendid portrait of Bishop Duncan. Mr. Warren DuPré, of this city, has the matter in charge and will make all arrangements. The painting when completed will add a great deal to the appearance of the Preston Hall.

The Music Festival held at Converse College was very much enjoyed by those of the students who attended the concerts. The artists were fine. The chorus, too, composed entirely of home talent, was splendid.

The Athletic Association recently held a very important meeting. Among other things came the election of officers for next year with the following results:

President, Prof. H. N. Snyder.
Captain of foot-ball team, E. F. McWhirter.
Manager of foot-ball team, W. K. Greene.
Assistant Manager of foot-ball team, L. T. Leitner.
Captain of base-ball team, A. M. Brabham.
Manager of base-ball team, J. F. Wilson.
Assistant Manager of base-ball team, W. W. Boyd.

Wofford College Directory.

Jas. H. Carlisle, LL.D., President.

J. A. Gamewell, A. M., Secretary

D. A. DuPre, A. M., Treasurer.

Calhoun Literary Society

President, B. H. Brown.
Vice-President, T. C. Austin.
1st Critic, D. C. Strother.
Rec. Secretary, A. M. Brabham.
Treasurer. W. C. Owen.

Preston Literary Society

President, R. I. Manning.
Vice-President, P. H. Nash.
1st Critic, T. C. Easterling.
Secretary, L. T. Leitner.
Treasurer, I. E. Curry.

Wofford College Journal

Editor-in-Chief, B. H. Brown.
Business Mgr., T. C. Easterling.
Literary Editor, T. F. Watkins.
Exchange Editor, W. Z. Dantzler.
Alumni Editor, R. E. Sharpe.
Local Editor, D. S. Murph.
Asst. Bus. Mgr., T. E. Bradham.
Asst. Lit. Ed., L. D. Thompson.

Y. M. C. A.

President, L. D. Thompson.
Vice-President, W. C. Owen.
Secretary, C. L. Smith.
Treasurer, E. K. Hardin.

Gymnasium Association

President, 2nd Capt. C. H Varner.
Vice-President, E. F. McWhirter.
Sec. and Treas., R. C. Oliver.

Alumni Association

President, W. E. Burnett, '76.
Sec. and Treas., J. F. Brown, '76.

Fraternities

Chi Psi.
Chi Phi.
Kappa Sigma.
Kappa Alpha.
Pi Kappa Alpha.
Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

Senior Class.

President, N. L. Prince.
Vice-President, T. C. Easterling.
Sec. and Treas., B. A. Bennett.

Junior Class.

President, L. Q. Crum.
Vice-President, W. C. Owen.
Sec. and Treas., M. W. Sloan.

Sophomore Class

President, J. C. Harmon.
Vice-President, E. K. Hardin.
Sec. and Treas., E. F. McWhirter.

Freshman Class

President, H. Dial.
Vice-President, J. H. Hamel.
Sec. and Treas.,

College Hall

R. E. Sharp, Caterer.

Athletic Association.

President, Prof. A. B. Cooke,

Secretary and Treasurer, C. H. Varner

Football Department

Manager, T. F. Watkins.
Assistant Mgr., C. H. Varner.
Captain, E. F. McWhirter.

Baseball Department

Business Mgr., J. I. Wilson.
Assistant Manager, L. Lee.
Captain, B. A. Bennett.

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